

THE INAUGURATION
DAYS OF OUR PRESIDENTS

HAIL TO THE CHIEF!



1789-1965

Glenn D. Kittler

HAIL TO THE CHIEF!

THE INAUGURATION
DAYS OF OUR PRESIDENTS

by **Glenn D. Kittler**

Every four years, by authority of their Constitution, Americans are granted a day of pomp and circumstance. These glorious days are the inauguration days of America's Presidents. There are other historic days—days of tragedy and sorrow, when Vice Presidents succeed fallen Presidents. But these, stark and somber, are also inauguration days.

No two of these days have been alike. Yet, whether marked by pomp or by grief, these days have been forged from the same strong sense of continuity that the Founding Fathers envisioned. Each day has been a link in the unbroken line of authority that began with George Washington.

Hail To the Chief! takes the reader to each Presidential inaugural day. The day is vividly described, against a background that shows how the election of each man came about, what was the state of the country, and what were the reactions of friends and political rivals. There are also revealing intimate glimpses of the Presidential families.

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the Inauguration Days of Our Presidents



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(with Hy Steirman)*

MAIL TO THE CHIEF

the Inauguration Days of Our Presidents

GLENN D. KITTLER

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This book is dedicated to the American journalists who, for over 175 years, have witnessed and recorded the historic dramas which are depicted on these pages.

Also, for their assistance over the past four years in assembling the massive research, I wish to thank, in Washington, Elio Gasperetti and Paul D. Smith and, in New York, Norman and Janice Weinstein, Ruth Dallier, Dan Smith, and Bob Milanese.

G.D.K.



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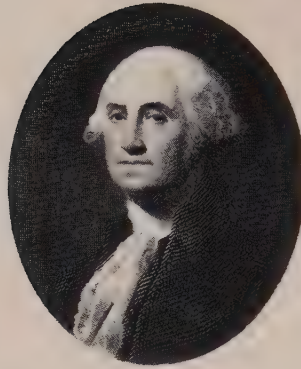
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HAIL TO THE CHIEF !

The Inauguration Days of Our Presidents

First



GEORGE WASHINGTON APRIL 30, 1789

Thursday, April 30, 1789, was a cool, clear day in New York City. A west wind swept crisply across the Hudson River, adding a tang to the mounting excitement. Since dawn, the festive crowd in front of Federal Hall had steadily increased, and by nine o'clock, when the church bells rang out, heralding the great event that was about to occur and inviting the people to mark it with prayers, the intersection of Wall and Broad Streets was a solid, cheering mob. At noon, on the Federal Hall balcony, George Washington was scheduled to take his oath of office as the first President of the United States, and this was an historic occasion well worth risking one's neck to see. With nowhere to go but up, the high-spirited crowd broke into nearby office buildings, filling the windows and lining the rooftops.

A joint session of Congress had been called for ten o'clock, but when the hour came many Congressmen were still battling through the crowd in the street. The brute force of a mounted escort was required to open a path for the carriage bearing Vice President John Adams. For less favored notables the trip down Wall

Street was a personal combat, and victory finally sent them skittering through the Federal Hall entrance, gasping and disheveled. Inside they found much of the same hysteria. The week before, an arrangements committee—three Senators and three Representatives—had been appointed to plan the details for the inauguration, and now, with the important moment at hand, the Committeemen suddenly realized that they had overlooked the simplest matters of protocol.

How should President-elect Washington be received at Federal Hall? How should he be addressed? Where should he sit? Who should accompany him out to the balcony for his oath of office?

The Congressional confusion came as no surprise to the crowd outside. The people were used to it. For the past five years the Continental Congress had languished at Philadelphia, accomplishing so little that it became a national joke. Actually, Congress was not entirely to blame. The Articles of Confederation which gave the Continental Congress its authority, also gave each state a veto, and in view of the many differences of opinion between the

states it was virtually impossible for Congress to pass a law.

Congressmen lost interest in their work and stopped attending sessions; for months at a time there were seldom enough members present to provide a quorum. The authors of the Constitution sought to remove the stumbling block by eliminating the veto and resolving Congressional decisions by a majority vote. This was the effort that seriously threatened the Constitution and caused it to win only slim margins of approval in most states; two states, Rhode Island and North Carolina, had still to ratify the Constitution—a predicament which made them foreign territories on Washington's inauguration day. The New York legislature renfained so sharply divided on the issue that the Federalist Senate and the Antifederalist House could not agree on a slate for the Electoral College, and as a result New York did not even participate in Washington's election.

As its last act, the Continental Congress decreed that its successor, the First Congress of the United States, should convene in New York City on March 4, 1789, to receive the results of the Electoral College vote. The negative attitude toward Congress evidently persisted, even among its new members. At the first session of Congress only eight of the twenty-two Senators were present; only fourteen of the fifty-nine Representatives. Lacking quorums, both houses adjourned; they adjourned repeatedly for a month.

* Actually, everybody knew the result of the vote. George Washington had been elected President, with John Adams as Vice President. But neither man could take office until Congress had been officially informed and then, in turn, officially informed the victors. Day after day the handful of Congressmen met in their separate chambers, took a roll call, acknowledged that they had no quorum, adjourned, then reconvened later in their favorite taverns. The nation's forty-two newspapers began to complain: where were the missing Congressmen? Finally, on April 6, enough of them showed up to

conduct the business at hand. Next day two couriers left New York on horseback, one rushing to Mount Vernon, Virginia, the other to Braintree, Massachusetts, to announce to George Washington and John Adams the news that both men had known for a month.

During the month that George Washington waited at Mount Vernon for the arrival of the Congressional courier, he spent his time putting his personal affairs in order. He was fifty-three years old. His health was impaired by chronic dysentery, recurrent malaria, and bad teeth. At the end of the war he had hoped to retire to his plantation, but first the Constitutional Convention, over which he presided, and then the Electoral College, which chose him to be President, put an end to that hope. Washington was considered a rich man, but he was actually land-poor. Often he found himself short of cash; he found himself so now, and he had to borrow five hundred dollars from a neighbor to settle some debts he did not want to leave unpaid. In his last days at Mount Vernon Washington wrote his inaugural address, and he practiced it aloud often. A natural shyness caused him to stammer and stumble over his words when called upon to speak in public; by rehearsing his speech repeatedly he hoped to avoid this embarrassment at Federal Hall.

The Congressional courier reached Mount Vernon on April 14. The next evening Washington gave a farewell dinner party for a few neighbors, and early on April 16 he left Mount Vernon accompanied by Colonel David Humphreys, his aide, and Tobias Lear, his secretary. Washington intended to make the journey to New York quickly and peacefully, with as little ceremony as possible. But a mile from Mount Vernon a deputation from Alexandria blocked the road, and Washington was asked to pause long enough to attend a reception that had been arranged for him. This was the start of an ovation that continued for three hundred miles. With Washington, the acclaim was as much for the man as for his office. He had been America's first war hero; he had

been the idol of his men, who knew he had borrowed thirty thousand dollars against his property to pay their salaries when Congress could not raise the money; his skill at compromise at the Constitutional Convention was greatly responsible for its success. Already he was a triumphant figure who would be heralded as "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen."

From Alexandria Washington went on to an even more elaborate reception at Georgetown, then on to Baltimore where the entire city turned out to greet him. Everywhere he was expected to take part in the extravagant wining and dining. He could not refuse; he could not even complain.

On the morning of April 18, Washington crossed from Delaware into Pennsylvania. Awaiting him was the Philadelphia City Troop of Horse, in full regalia and with full armament. Washington indicated that he disapproved of the military, warlike display, but he knew there was nothing he could do about it. At the head of the contingent were Governor Thomas Mifflin and Pennsylvania House Speaker Richard Peters, both of them eager to escort the President-elect across the state. Mifflin presented Washington with a magnificent white horse. At each town more militia groups joined the procession until, at Chester, it was the size of an invading army.

Between Chester and Philadelphia the cavalcade reached the Lower Schuylkill River at the point known as Gray's Ferry. The ferry was actually a floating bridge, decorated now with bunting and banners. Archways at either end were covered with laurel, evergreen, flowers, and flags, and hidden in the first archway was a small boy camouflaged in shrubbery. By prearrangement, Washington was the first to ride onto the ferry. As he passed under the arch, the boy dropped a crown of laurel that landed neatly on Washington's peaked hat and so startled him that he almost lost control of his enormous white horse. The boy shouted: "Long live George Washington!" With that, cannons

fired from both sides of the river, great crowds came running over the hills and down both banks, and a band blared from Gray's Inn on the far shore. And once again the march was halted by a huge feast and celebration.

Philadelphia, then the biggest and richest city in the country, lived up to its reputation. The banquet at City Tavern was described in the newspapers as "grand and plentiful" at which "numerous patriotic toasts were drunk." The celebrated and uncelebrated alike moved slowly along an endless receiving line to meet Washington and shake his hand. The adulation shown him surpassed hero worship; he was virtually a new god. The next morning, as he was preparing to leave for Trenton, a rainstorm broke and Washington was offered a carriage in which to ride, but he refused it, announcing that he preferred to ride in the open as the men of his escort were forced to do, and this inspired a reporter to rhapsodize:

"How different is power when derived from its only just source, viz., the PEOPLE, from that which is derived from conquest or hereditary succession! The first magistrates of the nations of Europe assume the titles of gods and treat their subjects like an inferior race of animals. Our beloved magistrate delights to show, upon all occasions, that he is a man and, instead of assuming the pomp of master, acts as if he considered himself the FATHER—the FRIEND—the SERVANT of the PEOPLE!"

At Trenton Washington was heralded as a savior as well. At the south entrance to the city stood an enormous arch, twenty feet high and twenty feet long, supported by thirteen evergreen pillars. In its cupola of flowers were the dates 1776 and 1777, marking Washington's two victories at Trenton—the capture of the Hessians and the repulse of the British army at the bridge. A banner bore the words: "The Defender of the Mothers will be the Protector of the Daughters." As Washington passed under the arch, thirteen Trenton women formed a line, strewing flowers in his path as they sang a greeting to him.

The increasing fervor of the receptions from town to town unnerved Washington, and he sent word ahead to New York that he hoped to be able to enter the capital quietly. But it was too late. When on Thursday, April 23, Washington reached Elizabeth, New Jersey, he found awaiting him a large delegation of Senators and Representatives, public officials of New York and New Jersey, mayors and councils of towns along the bay, and Federal executives. The waterfront was jammed with cheering crowds. Offshore a fleet of small boats was ready to accompany Washington on his trip across the bay, but before the trip could begin, he had to be introduced to the many dignitaries who had come to greet him.

Finally Washington was led to a forty-seven-foot barge, manned by thirteen harbor pilots in white sailor suits. A tent stood astern, in the event that Washington might want to escape the winds of the broad bay. Instead, he took a place among the oarsmen, standing there and waving at the accompanying small craft as the barge swept through the Kill van Kull, around the tip of Staten Island, and out into the bay. The harbor was as crowded as the roads from Mount Vernon had been. All the boats were gayly decorated; some carried choirs that sang to Washington as his barge raced by; from others came showers of petals that were caught by the wind and blown back at the people who had thrown them. Among the boats was the Spanish man-of-war, the *Galveston*, strangely quiet and drab; but as the barge came abreast, all hands went to work. Up shot flags and banners and bunting: the ship was dressed in seconds. From her battery came a roaring thirteen-gun salute—so staggering and dramatic an effect that some of the dazed pilots rowing the barge dropped their oars and stared, recovering their composure when the *North Carolina*, up ahead, blasted its own salute.

The barge reached the Battery, then swung into the passage between Manhattan and Governor's Island; both shores were lined with people. Onward the barge

went, into the East River, to Murray's Wharf at the foot of Wall Street, where a crimson-carpeted staircase had been erected from the dock down to the water-level. On the dock, under a crimson canopy, was Governor George Clinton, waiting to welcome George Washington back to New York as the country's first President-elect.

After the confusion of introductions, to which Washington had grown accustomed in the week since leaving Mount Vernon, an army officer stepped up, saluted, announced that Washington's carriage was ready and that the Presidential escort, composed of Grenadiers of the First Regiment, was his to command.

Washington replied: "I need no escort except the affections of my fellow citizens, and I prefer to walk."

The common-man gesture had the same dazzling effect on the crowd as had Washington's decision to ride in the rain in Philadelphia. When the news spread, the emotional mob sent up a roar that could be heard on the ships out in the bay. Linking arms with Clinton, Washington made his way through the crowd, up Wall Street to Pearl, along Pearl, past the Governor's mansion, to Cherry Street, then around into Franklin Square—a walk of over a mile, with the cheering throng at his heels the whole distance. His home was to be Franklin House, built by Walter Franklin, a wealthy merchant whose widow had married Samuel Osgood, Postmaster General of the new government. The Osgoods had moved to their country estate in order to turn their home over to Washington; Franklin House, the first Presidential residence, remained a New York landmark for a century, until it was displaced by the approaches to the Brooklyn Bridge.

Foreign ambassadors were at Franklin House, anxious to meet Washington and to congratulate him. That evening Washington attended a dinner in his honor at the Governor's mansion. It was "open house" everywhere in New York that night. Public figures who did not rate an invitation to the Governor's exclusive party held dinners of their own. In tav-

erns all food and drink were free. People wandered from house to house, tavern to tavern, party to party; strangers embraced on the streets.

At Federal Hall, construction workers rushed to complete the renovation of the building that had formerly been New York's City Hall and was now being made over into the Capitol at a cost of \$32,500—all of it raised by public subscription. At Franklin House crowds gathered day and night, hoping for a glimpse of Washington. He stepped outside and waved to the people several times a day, as callers arrived or departed. On two or three occasions when his time was his own, he rode through the city on horseback to see for himself how the war damage had been repaired and removed since he had last been in New York, and on all these occasions he was followed by a cheering crowd. Sometime during the week, Washington showed his inaugural address to James Madison, who decided it was too long and helped Washington edit it down to the 1425 words of its final form.

At last, six weeks late, the day came—Thursday, April 30. And with it came the Congressional confusion over protocol, which now delayed the inauguration even longer.

How should Washington be addressed? Someone suggested "Excellency"; someone else wanted "His Highness"; others were for "His Highness, the President of the United States and Protector of their Liberties" or "His Serene Highness" or "His Mightiness." At Elizabeth he had been addressed as "The President General of the United States." Experts hurriedly read through the Constitution and discovered that its authors had not taken this crucial question into consideration. As respectful as everyone was prepared to be toward the Presidency, the flowery, regal titles made most men cringe, and the debate continued until someone suggested a simple "Mr. President." It was adopted.

Now, how to receive Washington? Should he be invited to sit down? Where? Adams regarded the crimson chair which symbolized his office. There was not room

for two men on it. Should he surrender it to Washington? He admitted to the Senate: "Gentlemen, I feel great difficulty how to act. I am Vice President. In this I am nothing, but I may be everything. But I am president, also, of the Senate. When the President comes into the Senate, what shall I be? I wish, gentlemen, to think what I shall be."

Again the discussions and debates erupted, and they were not resolved until someone suggested that maybe Washington wouldn't want to sit down. After all, he would be coming to make a speech and he would undoubtedly stand up to give it.

The speech was to be made before a joint session of both Houses. What to do with the Representatives when they came into the Senate chambers? Should they be left to stand, as members of the House of Commons stood when in the House of Lords for a joint session of England's Parliament? Someone pointed out that the Commoners stood merely because there were no seats for them in the House of Lords. How should the Speaker of the House be received? It was suggested that the Senate sergeant-at-arms go to the door carrying the Senate mace and there receive the Speaker, but then the Senators realized that they did not have either a sergeant or a mace.

At this point the Senate door was swung open and the House Speaker, followed by the Representatives, came hurrying in, and the Speaker had his own problem for the Senate. According to schedule, the Congressional escort was supposed to be at Franklin House at eleven o'clock to accompany Washington to Federal Hall for his inauguration at noon. Since it was now well after eleven, shouldn't the escort be on its way?

The escort of three Senators and three Representatives went downstairs to a waiting carriage. Because of the jammed streets, the carriage traveled slowly, and the escort arrived one hour and ten minutes late. Other contingents of the inaugural procession had by now been standing in Cherry Street for over two hours. Reaching Franklin House at last, the Con-



April 30, 1789: Washington delivering his first inaugural address in the Old City Hall, New York (now the Treasury Building). Engraving by H. S. Sadt after T. H. Matteson. Collections of the Library of Congress.

gressmen hurried inside and found Washington waiting patiently at the door. Only enough time was spent in shaking hands to allow the coachmen to turn the carriage around and guide it into its parade position. Then Washington entered the carriage with the escort for the trip back to Federal Hall. The nearer the parade approached Federal Hall the more difficult progress became. Wall Street was a solid mass of people. The leading military unit had to break ranks and force an opening through the crowd. At Federal Hall Washington paused only a moment at the door to acknowledge the cheers.

Inside, Washington was led quickly to the second floor where Adams awaited him at the Senate door. Once in the chambers, an unsmiling Washington accepted the applause of the joint Congress. After it came an awkward silence. Washington glanced around for a place to sit down, saw Adams' crimson chair, stepped to it and sat down—which settled that problem. He became aware that the men near him were apparently awaiting some sort of signal, so he caught Adams' eye and said: "I am ready to proceed."

Again there was confusion. Nobody had thought of arranging these last steps of the inauguration procession. Realizing this, Washington merely walked to the balcony doors at the far end of the room, with Adams falling in close behind and Chancellor Robert R. Livingston, of the New York judiciary, behind Adams. Secretary of the Senate Samuel Allyne Otis quickly took a place beside Livingston. Then the Congressional escort moved into position. A few steps ahead of the others, Washington went out on the balcony, and at the sight of him the great crowd burst into an ovation. This gave the principals time to jostle for room on the balcony; other Congressmen watched from adjoining windows.

A small table covered with crimson damask stood near the railing, and on it was a Bible borrowed from St. John's Lodge, Free and Accepted Masons. Otis picked it up and stepped between Washington and Livingston. At a nod from

Livingston, Otis opened the book. The crowd became quiet as Washington placed his left hand on the Bible, raised his right hand, and looked at Livingston. The authors of the Constitution, aware of the religious sensitivities in the country, allowed for a President either to "swear" or merely "affirm" his oath; Washington used the word "swear" as he pledged:

"I do solemnly swear that I will faithfully execute the office of the President of the United States, and will, to the best of my ability, preserve, protect and defend the Constitution of the United States."

There was a silence; then Washington said: "I swear, so help me God." And he bent over and kissed the Bible. This was unexpected and sent a murmur through the crowd.

Livingston waited a moment, then said softly: "It is done." He turned to the crowd and shouted: "Long live George Washington, President of the United States!"

The crowd broke into a storm of cheers that served as a signal to the rest of the city. Church bells rang. From the fort and from ships in the bay came the roar of cannons. Washington accepted the ovation for several minutes, then turned and led the men on the balcony back to the Senate chamber for the inaugural address.

It was a well-written speech, direct, eloquent; and the heart of it was aimed at both the Federalist and Antifederalist extremists who, Washington knew, were still dissatisfied with the Constitution and were impatient to get to the battle of amendments. A united and effective government and the rights of freemen should, he said, be the Congressional guides in any alterations that might be made.

The day's schedule next called for a visit by Washington and other principals to St. Paul's Chapel for a religious service to be conducted by Episcopal Bishop Provost, who had been named the chaplain of the Senate. This proved to be the only time a religious service was officially part of an inauguration. Though many people had left the Wall Street area, there was still a great crowd in the street. Washing-

ton's carriage, removed from Federal Hall during the oath-taking, could not be brought back. It was Washington who suggested that they all walk to the chapel, a suggestion that did not go too well because the church was located at Broadway and Fulton Street, over seven blocks away. Washington started to walk; Congressmen and other dignitaries straggled after him, and many latecomers were still arriving at St. Paul's when the service was over and Washington was climbing into his carriage for the ride to Franklin House.

That night the city again was loud with celebration. Bonfires burned in every street. Federal Hall was a blaze of light. In the windows of most homes and shops were 11 lighted candles, one for each state in the Union. Large transparencies, illuminated from behind, hung in front of theaters and in parks, showing Washington's profile and scenes from his career. The transparency at the Spanish embassy had moving parts and attracted enormous crowds. The doors and windows of the French embassy were festooned with colored lanterns, and French wine was served to the lingering admirers.

Parties were given nightly for the next week, but it was not until Thursday, May 7, that America's first inaugural ball was held. Some three hundred political and social leaders attended the affair in the Assembly Rooms at Broadway and Wall Street. Martha Washington, busy at Mount Vernon closing down the house and preparing for her own triumphant journey to New York, missed the ball, and thus

it fell to Mrs. Peter Van Burgh Livingston and Mrs. Alexander Hamilton to be Washington's partners at the opening cotillions. Washington enjoyed dancing; he was soon back on the floor doing the minuet with Mrs. James Homer Maxwell, of the prominent New Jersey family.

New York, now the political capital of the United States, quickly became its social capital as well. For the next weeks the rich and influential arrived from Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Atlanta, even from abroad, to give parties and dinners for any reason they could dream up, and Washington attended most of them. When Martha Washington arrived in the city at the end of May, the round of festivities started all over again. Settled in Franklin House, Martha Washington established her own routine of entertaining—teas on Tuesday afternoons, dinners on Thursday evenings, dances on Friday nights. Franklin House was soon too small to accommodate all the guests who managed to finagle invitations to the Washington parties, and so, in February, 1790, the Presidential household moved to the larger McComb mansion on Broadway near Trinity Church.

Thus New York settled back to bask in the exciting privilege of being the home of America's First Family and of American inaugurations. Thursday, April 30, 1789, had been a great day, indeed, and it had opened a great era. However, as far as New York City was concerned, the era would soon end and the great day would never come again.

Washington's Second Inauguration March 4, 1793

As soon as it was clear that the United States of America would become a reality, the problem arose of where to locate the Federal Government. In the first days of the Republic, political factions began to appear—the industrial North as against the agrarian South, the federalists as against the states'-righters, the pro-British as against the pro-French—and these were to affect the choice of the site of the government. Jealousies among the states were also a factor: obviously there would be a profound exchange of influence between the state where the Government settled and the Government itself. Early offers of land-grants to the Government came from Kingston, New York, Nottingham, New Jersey, and the legislatures of Pennsylvania, Virginia, Maryland, New York, and New Jersey. Implicit in the states' offers was the understanding that the conceded land would pass from the jurisdiction of the legislatures to the House of Representatives, and this was extremely generous in view of the reluctance of the legislatures to give up anything.

The two leading protagonists in the dispute were northern, pro-British federalist Secretary of the Treasury Alexander Hamilton and southern, pro-French states'-righter Secretary of State Thomas Jefferson. They were to find themselves at opposite poles of practically every political conflict that occurred during their public careers. That two such contrary men should serve in George Washington's Cabinet was evidence of his effort to launch the Republic on an even keel, encompassing all factions, seeking unity but allowing for differences.

Gradually the agreement was reached that the Government should be centrally located. To Hamilton, this meant central as to population, which would have put

the Capital in the North; to Jefferson, it meant central as to geography, which would bring the Capital into the South. The decision was really Washington's, but he left it to his two Cabinet members to work out a compromise. The compromise came out of an entirely different area. Jefferson, as sensitive to states' responsibilities as much as states' rights, maintained that each state should pay its own bills that had been incurred during the fighting of the Revolutionary War. Hamilton, on the other hand, felt that the bills should be absorbed by the Federal Government. Regardless of which position was fairer, underlying each man's attitude were his personal feelings regarding the division of authority between the states as individual entities and the Federal Government as the centralizing power. Hamilton was for a strong central government; Jefferson was not. Jefferson feared that letting the Federal Government pay the bills would be a surrender of more power to the Government, which was what Hamilton wanted. So there was another stalemate.

It was resolved one summer evening in 1790, when friends of both men got them together for dinner at Jefferson's home in New York. In this calm atmosphere they were able to reach a compromise. If Jefferson was willing to have the war debt paid by the Federal Government, Hamilton would be willing to have the Capital located in the South. A few days later Congress passed a bill authorizing the Federal Government to move temporarily to Philadelphia for ten years while the City of Washington was being constructed in the District of Columbia on the banks of the Potomac, where an area of ten square miles had been conceded by Maryland and Virginia.

In other matters Hamilton and Jefferson remained at each other's throats. Keeping peace between them was one of George Washington's major problems as his second inauguration day approached. Once again Washington was unanimously elected; once again Adams won the majority of Electoral College votes for Vice

President. Congress being in session, both men were in Philadelphia for their inauguration, this time on schedule, on March 4, 1793.

The President's popularity still soared. A periodical of the day referred to him as "our beloved and venerable George Washington." If ever an American leader could have become king, this was the man. But he had not even wanted to be President, considering the office a personal sacrifice he was duty-bound to take because the country had chosen him. To preserve his personal independence he refused to let Congress buy him a house in Philadelphia, renting his own and furnishing it himself. He was a self-contained, reserved man; he never shook hands with anyone, acknowledging greetings, even at receptions, with a bow. The Washingtons entertained frequently and lavishly, but they rarely held open house, as was the custom with other political leaders. Sooner or later the Congress, the Cabinet, and the judiciary were all dined at the Washington home, but on invitation only. Even the Friday afternoon levees were practically formal affairs.

As always, President Washington so completely outshone John Adams that accounts of the inauguration day made little reference to the Vice President. So impressed were some observers by Washington's cool dignity that they reported the event as being devoid of pomp and ceremony, almost somber. On the contrary, it was an occasion of high spirits. A great cheering throng gathered in front of Congress Hall, adjacent to Independence Hall. Washington arrived in a magnificent carriage drawn by six white horses and accompanied by outriders and incense carriers. Ahead rode two men on white horses, each man carrying a long white lance with which to hold off the crowd. As Washington stepped from his carriage, the crowd sent up three cheers.

Entering the building, he went to a room opposite the Senate chamber, where he waited a few minutes until it was noon. He was wearing a black velvet suit with gold buckles, yellow gloves, powdered

hair, a cocked hat with an ostrich plume, and a sword in a white leather scabbard. The buckles on his shoes were diamond-incrusted. Precisely at noon he stepped into the Senate room. Everybody arose and applauded him as he made his way to a chair at the presiding officer's table. Hamilton was there, and Jefferson, members of both Houses, the Supreme Court, the foreign ministers, invited guests. Presumably Adams was also there, having already been sworn in as Vice President. When Washington sat down, the applause stopped and all others sat. Then Senator John Langdon of New Hampshire, temporary presiding officer, stepped forward and turning to Washington said, "Sir, one of the judges of the Supreme Court is now present and ready to administer to you the oath required by the Constitution, to be taken by the President of the United States."

Then Washington arose to give his inaugural address. It was, as a formal address, the shortest in history. There was no reason why the man should give an account of himself; everybody knew how he felt, what he planned. In his 135-word speech, he said that his administration would continue as before.

Chief Justice John Jay being abroad on a government mission, the oath was administered by Associate Justice William Cushing of Massachusetts. After the oath, there was a moment's silence; then the spectators arose and applauded as, with a bow, Washington turned and left the room. He went directly to his carriage, entered it, and, to another rousing three cheers from the crowd, returned home.

A few days before, messengers had hurried through the city delivering this invitation:

THE MEMBERS OF THE SENATE AND HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES OF THE UNITED STATES ARE RESPECTFULLY INVITED TO A BALL ON THE 4TH OF MARCH, 1793, TO BE GIVEN BY THE DANCING ASSEMBLY IN HONOR OF THE UNANIMOUS RE-ELECTION OF GEORGE WASHINGTON, THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE PRESENT FORM OF GOVERNMENT OF THE UNITED STATES, AND A PARTING LEAVE WITH THE MEMBERS OF THE PRESENT CONGRESS.

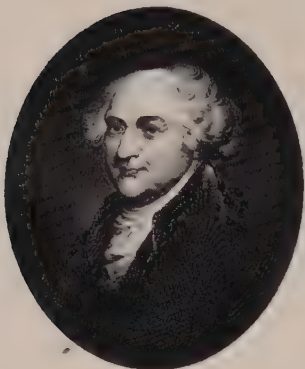
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It was, in effect, the first inaugural ball—the first, at least, to be held on the inauguration day itself. Privately sponsored, it was above political party lines and was attended by all the dignitaries then in the city. The Washingtons themselves attended. The reception line was short, with only principals approaching the President for an exchange of bows. When the music began, George Washington, who loved to dance, was the first to take his place for the opening minuet.

March 4, 1793: Washington took the oath as President for the second time in the Senate chamber of Congress Hall in Philadelphia. This view is of the Senate Chamber today, recently restored by the National Park Service. The chamber is now identical in arrangement and furnishings to the room in 1793. *Independence National Historical Park.*



Second



JOHN ADAMS
MARCH 4, 1797

There was nothing in the Constitution limiting a President's number of terms. Had George Washington wished, he could have run a third time and easily won. But he was tired and he was ill. He had given most of his life to his country, in war and in peace, and now he wanted to go home. Although he felt that too long a Presidency by any man might bring about the kind of regal dynasty he opposed for America, his primary reasons for retiring were personal. He had done his duty; he had earned some rest; it was time now for others to take on the burden and the leadership.

Washington's most natural successor was John Adams, and Adams would have been the first to agree. His eight years as Vice President had not been happy. Proud, pompous, ambitious, he was thwarted on all sides by the dynamic George Washington, perhaps even neglected by him. In eight years Adams had attended five, maybe six, Cabinet meetings. Otherwise he had rarely seen Washington and was never consulted by him. Politically overlooked, Adams was not considered worth the trouble of political courtship. He had scarcely

any prominent political friends in Philadelphia. This gnawed at him. It was, in truth, in view of his vital contributions to the birth of the new republic, unfair and unjust, and yet he had brought much of it on himself. He could be a tactless, overbearing, sour man. Also, as the first Vice President, he became the first man in history to discover what a vacuum this office could be. His letters to his wife, Abigail, from whom he was separated much of his two terms, were frequently bitter with resentment of the second-place treatment afforded him. For a while, when he was alone, which was most of the time, he had lodgings in a boarding house in the city, and the only distinction he enjoyed there was that he sat at the head of the dining table. Now he had a chance to sit at the head of the Government.

There were two political camps in the country. The Federalists, as their name implied, favored a strong central government, and they leaned toward England in the international scheme of things. The Republicans, whose name grew out of their affection for the young French Republic, which they openly wanted to assist

militarily during its struggle for life, were states'-righters. Led by Thomas Jefferson, they were the forerunners of what eventually became known as the Jefferson Democrats. The power behind the Federalists was Alexander Hamilton. On Washington's announcement of his retirement, both groups plunged into the contest to fill the vacant office.

The authors of the Constitution had not foreseen the development of political parties in America. The Constitution prescribed that the President and Vice President should be chosen by members of the Electoral College in each state, and the number of College members should be the same as the number of Representatives the state had in the House. The candidate who received the most votes would become President; the candidate with the second most votes would become Vice President. The possibility that these two might be at political odds with each other, belong to opposing political factions, was not taken into consideration, and yet this was precisely what happened in the election of 1796, when John Adams had as his Vice President a man whose views almost completely conflicted with his own—Thomas Jefferson, head of the opposition.

Adams was the first of only three Vice Presidents in the history of the country to succeed their surviving leaders, the others being Jefferson and Van Buren. Eight other Vice Presidents were to become the nation's Chief Executive, but they did so when the Presidents died in office.

Rising to the Presidency did little to change Adams' personal life during the weeks remaining until his inauguration. He continued to live at the boarding house. Because of his new dignity he received a flurry of dinner invitations from prominent Philadelphians, but probably because of his personal unpleasantness these quickly ran out and he was soon back at the head of the boarding house table. His main concern seemed to be the expense of furnishing the Presidential mansion after the Washingtons vacated it, taking with them the personal household

effects with which they had outfitted the building. Adams wrote his wife that this outlay alone would bankrupt him. He needn't have worried; Congress granted him fourteen thousand dollars to equip the house.

Thomas Jefferson apparently was in no hurry to go to Philadelphia. He preferred, in fact, to postpone his oath until Congress reconvened in May, but he realized that his absence from Adams' inauguration might be misconstrued as sulking over his failure to win the Presidency. Even so, he did not leave Monticello until February 20, arriving at Philadelphia on March 2. That day he paid a courtesy call on Adams at his lodgings; next day Adams returned the call.

Considering Adams' love of pomp, his inauguration turned out to be an extremely drab affair, at least for him. Jefferson had wanted no special ceremonies for himself, and there were none; Adams would have loved ceremony, but he didn't get any. There was no show of any kind, not even a band. No inauguration official escorted Adams from his lodgings. Not one member of the Adams family was present. Adams bought a new carriage, which he described as "simple but elegant enough," but which the Philadelphia press dismissed as unfitting for a President since it was drawn by only two horses.

It was a Saturday. The weather was fair. Adams had not slept well, but whether this was out of the anxiety of becoming President or fury over the neglect shown him was never clarified. When he left the boarding house, he was wearing a gray broadcloth suit he had purchased especially for the occasion; he wore a sword around his waist, and he carried a new hat. His only attendant, aside from the coachman and footman, was a personal servant who had been with him for years and now rode on horseback alongside the carriage.

Thomas Jefferson was already at Congress Hall, having arrived with several Republican attendants promptly at eleven. He was given an ovation as he stepped from his coach and four, and cheers fol-



March 4, 1797: Congress Hall and Chestnut Street in Philadelphia as they appeared at the time of John Adams' inauguration. *Engraving. Collections of the Library of Congress.*

lowed him through the building to the Senate chamber. He was greeted by Senator John Langdon of New Hampshire, president pro tempore of the Senate, and the two men shook hands, smiling, as the Senators stood and applauded. When silence came, Langdon gave Jefferson the oath, which set off another outburst of applause, and then Jefferson gave a brief speech in which he spoke flatteringly of Adams and humbly of himself. He then led the Senate across to the House of Representatives.

The House gallery was full. On the floor many Representatives had surrendered their seats to women who had been unable to get into the gallery. When Jefferson appeared at the door, everyone rose and gave him another ovation that continued as he made his way to the dais and shook hands with House Speaker Jonathan

Dayton, a New Jersey Federalist, and then took the chair at his right. Excited chatter filled the room as everyone now awaited the hero of the hour.

It was George Washington, that moment arriving at the building in a coach and four, with outriders and wand carriers and incense burners and a great procession of the military and prominent Philadelphians. The noisy welcome outside reached the House chamber, turning the rumble of anticipation into thunder. For most, this would be the last chance to see George Washington, a man who had become a legend in his own time, and it was an occasion to be cherished. This, to be sure and despite all else, was Washington's day. It was for him that the crowd had come. When he appeared at the door, he was alone. Alone he walked slowly to the dais. Everyone rose and cheered and

applauded, and the salvo persisted long after he had shaken hands with the principals on the dais and taken his seat.

Out in the hall, John Adams waited, waited and fumed. He had never cared much for George Washington and he lacked the magnanimity to share this day, his day, with this man or any man. When the applause ebbed sufficiently, Adams entered the room on the last waves of it and received a fresh outburst for himself. Again the people rose, including Washington, and loud applause accompanied Adams' quick steps to the dais where, unsmiling, he shook hands all around and then took his seat. There was no master of ceremonies, no one to introduce the new President. Adams merely waited until his reception had subsided, then stood up and read his speech.

It was considered a good speech, and it was longer than both of Washington's put together. There had been discontent with the Constitution in some quarters, causing the fear in others that it might be abandoned and extensively revised. Adams now proclaimed his respect and love for the Constitution and his determination to uphold it at all costs. The speech was warmly received. Finished, Adams took his seat again and remained there until the room became reasonably quiet. Then he stepped from the dais to the well in front, where Chief Justice Oliver Ellsworth was ready to give him the oath of office. There had been no Supreme Court at the time of Washington's first inauguration and no Chief Justice at the time of his second, and this served to make John Adams the first President to be sworn in by the presiding officer of the highest court in the land.

There was nothing more to be done. It was time for Adams to go. The applause following the oath still resounding, Adams

began to back out of the room, bowing again and again as he departed. Reaching the corridor, he went directly to his carriage. The crowd outside gave him three cheers as, alone but for servants, he rode off to the boarding house. Washington came out a few moments later and he, too, was given three cheers as he rode away with his colorful entourage. Jefferson led the Senate back to its chamber to finish the business of the morning before adjourning the body until May 15.

No gala reception had been arranged for the new President, no banquet, no ball, nothing. The public attention was still focused on George Washington, and no one had thought to make any festive plans for John Adams. That evening the Philadelphia business community sponsored a gigantic banquet for Washington, described later as the most impressive such affair ever held in the city. Jefferson, of course, as a Republican, was not invited to the feast honoring the Federalist, but he had not expected to be and spent the evening in the house of James Madison, where he was staying, and he left Philadelphia soon afterward for home. And John Adams had not been invited to the banquet, either. Whether this was deliberate or an oversight was never established.

After his inauguration, the second President of the United States took his lunch, as usual, at the head of the table in his boarding house. He then went to his rooms. His only caller for the rest of the day was George Washington, who stopped in briefly in the afternoon to say good-bye. After his usual dinner the new President returned to his rooms. He went to bed early, but he could not sleep and he got up and wrote his wife a letter that began: "My Dearest Friend: Your dearest friend never had a more trying day. . . ."

Third



THOMAS JEFFERSON
MARCH 4, 1801

It had been agreed in 1790 that the Federal Government should move to its permanent headquarters in the District of Columbia in ten years. Somebody should have added: "Ready or not." The place was far from ready. As the Adamses approached the Capital in November, 1800, they got lost in the woods and spent two hours trying to find Washington City, and what they found they didn't like. Of the Executive Mansion, Abigail Adams wrote a daughter in Massachusetts: "There is not a single apartment finished, and all withinside, except the plastering, has been done since Briesler (the Adams butler) came. We have not the least fence, yard or any other convenience without, and the great unfinished audience room I make a drying-room of, to hang up the clothes in. The principal stairs are not up, and will not be this winter."

A mile and a quarter away, at the other end of Pennsylvania Avenue, stood the unfinished Capitol, with only the north, or Senate, wing in usable condition. The House met in a temporary brick structure appropriately nicknamed "The Oven." Clustered near the Capitol were several

small hotels where Senators and Representatives resided temporarily when Congress was in session, refusing at this point to bring their families to this hot, damp, mosquito-ridden mudflat. In one such edifice, Conrad and McMunn's Hotel, some two hundred paces from the Capitol, on what became the site of the House Office Building, lived Vice President Thomas Jefferson. Scattered between the President's House and the Capitol were about four hundred small frame homes, occupied mostly by laborers who were trying to transform the mudflat into a city.

John Adams assumed that he would be re-elected, as Washington had been. However, Alexander Hamilton, the real power in the Federalist Party, loathed Adams and plotted to replace him with C. C. Pinckney of South Carolina. Hamilton's efforts to undermine Adams succeeded only in splitting the Federalist vote. As a result, when the Electoral College ballots were totaled, Thomas Jefferson and Aaron Burr, both Republicans, were tied for first place; Adams was in second place, but out of the running. Republican leaders expected Burr to concede the race to Jefferson, his

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good friend, accepting the Vice Presidency for himself, but, with victory so close, Burr decided to fight it out. The Constitution prescribed that the decision should be made in the House of Representatives, with each State having one vote. At the time, there were 16 States, and on the first House vote Jefferson had seven, Burr had seven, and two—Maryland and Vermont—were tied. This stalemate persisted for 35 roll calls taken during a week of fierce political in-fighting that put an end to the friendship between Jefferson and Burr. On the next ballot Delaware, which had favored Burr, abstained, costing him the vote. Then Vermont went to Jefferson, followed promptly by Maryland, giving Jefferson the majority and giving the country its third President. John Adams had not been idle during the turmoil. Realizing that his public career was at an end, he awarded himself one last fling by making a rash of what became known as “midnight appointments”—filling all available Federal jobs with his loyal Federalist friends. The most important of these was the office of Chief Justice of the Supreme Court. Adams gave this to John Marshall, rabid Virginia Federalist, cousin to Thomas Jefferson. In years to come, a number of Republican (Democrat) Presidents were to go their rounds with John Marshall who, as he established himself as a great jurist, gave the Presidents a chance to establish their own greatness. Only Cousin Tom gave him a real fight.

On Monday, March 2, Jefferson wrote to Speaker Theodore Sedgwick: “I beg through you to inform the honorable House of Representatives of the United States that I shall take the oath that the Constitution prescribes for the President of the United States before entering on the execution of his office on Wednesday, the fourth instant, at twelve o’clock, in the Senate chamber.”

Sedgwick was not present for the ceremony. Neither was John Adams. At dawn that morning both men rode out of town, Adams crushed because he had not been re-elected, Sedgwick crushed because, in the week of voting, he had failed to sway

the House from Jefferson to Burr, both men crushed because they firmly believed that the country was now doomed.

Also at dawn the Washington artillery fired a blast over the city, heralding the day and waking up everybody for it. By breakfast, carriages were bringing spectators from towns in Virginia, Maryland, and Pennsylvania. There had not been time for either of Jefferson’s two daughters to reach Washington; presumably the President’s only relative present for this momentous event was his cousin, the Chief Justice.

At ten a company of riflemen arrived from Arlington with a company of artillery. They proceeded to Jefferson’s hotel, where a marching demonstration was performed. This, plus a natural curiosity, brought hundreds to the hotel, and everyone waited for the President-elect to make an appearance. Meanwhile the Senate chamber was filling up; by eleven it was packed with a thousand people, which the local press acknowledged as the largest crowd ever assembled in the city.

At noon Jefferson, accompanied by prominent Republicans who had been arriving at the hotel for over an hour, stepped through the door and was greeted by cheers from the throng. He was plainly dressed; he wore no decorations of any kind. He had requested that the entire ceremony be conducted with what he called “Republican simplicity,” and he made himself the first example of it. The Capitol was just a short distance away. After a wave or two at the crowd, Jefferson began to walk to the Senate building, his entourage flanking him, the soldiers marching behind. As Jefferson entered the building the Washington artillery fired another cannonade.

Vice President Aaron Burr had already taken his oath from the temporarily presiding officer and he was sitting in the chair of the Senate president when Jefferson came into the room. Applause and whistling broke out; Burr arose and surrendered his seat to Jefferson. Taking it, Jefferson sat smiling at the cheering crowd, waiting for quiet, and when it came he

waited another minute or two before standing up to read his speech. He spoke softly, so softly that he was not heard beyond the first few rows, and people wondered if he was shy or in awe or ill. Actually, the audience had not come to hear a speech but to witness an event, and perhaps Jefferson realized this. That morning he had given a copy of the speech to the *National Intelligencer* with approval to publish it in a special edition of the paper after he had delivered it—and this became the first “extra” in the history of the American press. It was a calm speech, sober and conciliatory, and after reading it, even Jefferson’s severest critics conceded that maybe there was a chance for the country.

Finished, Jefferson sat down to solid applause, though he knew most of the people hadn’t heard a word he said. As the noise subsided, his eyes met Marshall’s, seated with the other justices just in front of the dais, and the two men nodded, indicating each was ready. They rose simultaneously and approached each other at the clerk’s desk, where Marshall administered the oath to the first President to be inaugurated in the nation’s permanent capital and the first President to have his election decided by a battle in the House.

Moments later, as the applause still rang, President Jefferson led Burr, Marshall, and department heads out of the Senate chamber and down the road to his hotel. They all went inside briefly for a round of congratulations, after which the guests departed, leaving Jefferson alone. He had not lunched as yet. Going to the hotel dining room, he saw that his place at the big table was already occupied by a stranger who had come to witness his inauguration. In the pleasant excitement of the occasion, no one looked around to see the President of the United States standing at the door and glancing about for a chair. Finally a woman noticed him and offered him her place. When he refused, she said she had finished lunch anyway and was about to leave. He took her chair.

In the afternoon he went to John Marshall’s house for tea, and the two cousins spent an hour together. Jefferson then returned to his hotel where he remained quietly for the rest of the day. Outdoors, however, there was considerable merriment. There were parties in numerous homes, the taverns were full, and scores of bonfires burned in the streets. Those who were there said later that it had been a grand day.



March 4, 1801: Thomas Jefferson arriving in Washington for his first inauguration. *Courtesy, Bettman Archive.*

Jefferson's

Second Inauguration

March 4, 1805

Things were different now. Jefferson's popularity was a national fact that sent tears to Federalist eyes. He had brought about the Louisiana Purchase, doubling the size of the country for the price of fifteen million dollars. He had restored the dignity of the American fleet, plagued for years in the Mediterranean by Tripolitan pirates and forced to pay tribute. The war started by Tripoli had been won, the tributes ended, and the U.S. Marines had the start of a song. Furthermore the Twelfth Amendment was now ratified, creating the Vice Presidency as a specific political entity for which a candidate campaigned, thereby precluding a repetition of the chaos that was part of Jefferson's first election. There was peace in the land, prosperity and a bright future.

Aaron Burr was out of the way. Rarely an asset to the administration, he was also at odds with the Federalists for his double-dealing. His personal dispute with Alexander Hamilton reached the point where it had to be resolved with pistols. Hamilton lost. Now a murderer, Burr amazingly eluded trial, brazenly appearing in Washington to carry out his Vice Presidential duties. But Jefferson was free of him: a man indicted for murder certainly could not campaign for public office. George Clinton of New York was chosen as Jefferson's running-mate.

The desperate Federalists had difficulty finding a Presidential candidate willing to run as a sure loser. They decided finally on C. C. Pinckney, who had lost in 1800. Rufus King of New York was their Vice Presidential candidate. Out of one hundred seventy-six Electoral College votes from seventeen states, Jefferson won a hundred sixty-two votes (92.05 per cent), carrying fifteen states.

When he had first entered the Executive Mansion, Jefferson, being a widower, had no hostess for social events, and so he re-

lied on Dolley Madison, the wife of his good friend and Secretary of State, James Madison. Actually, there were few such events. Jefferson disliked crowds and discontinued the weekly levees that had been held by the Adamses and Washingtons. There were no dances at the mansion, no banquets except for visiting heads of states, no public receptions except on the Fourth of July and New Year's Day. However, Jefferson was far from anti-social. He preferred small dinner parties and, particularly after his two daughters began living at the Presidential house, he gave two or three a week. He found that at them he could get his points across more emphatically to political figures, and he used the dinners for this purpose. Jefferson once described himself as practically a teetotaler and a vegetarian, but this must have been one of the exaggerations he enjoyed expounding about himself to the gullible. Soon after his first election he imported one of the best chefs of Paris, famed for his meat courses, and in 1804 alone Jefferson's wine bill was \$3,000, more than 10 per cent of his salary—and he was not a rich man.

Despite this, Jefferson retained his Republican simplicity. Anybody could tour the Executive Mansion at any time, even wandering down to the President's office in the basement for a chat. He continued to dress simply, shunning all displays of pomp. Though there were fourteen servants in the big house, Jefferson had no personal butler. He preferred to travel alone on horseback when out on business or pleasure. He had a secretary, who was more of a file clerk; Jefferson usually answered his mail himself.

Understandably, then, his second inauguration was as unceremonious as his first. Now living over a mile from the Capitol, he rode there this time accompanied by his secretary and a groom. Once again he entered the building unannounced save for a blast from the artillery on the mall. As before, his speech was simple and direct, this time more of a state-of-the-union report, and again he spoke it softly. Then he took his oath and left. He knew that

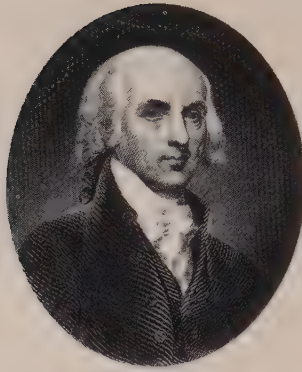
there were many hundreds of people in the Capital who had come to witness his inauguration and who had only this occasion to inspect the Executive Mansion; so he advised the Washington press that the building would be open on inauguration evening to any who wished to see it. By the time the visitors arrived, they had all

drunk themselves into a rowdy mood. The East Room was still unfinished. When the crowd was led into it and saw the tools of the carpenters and painters lying about, there was a rush for souvenirs that left the room an even worse shambles. But it was a lot of fun, and everybody once again said it had been a grand day.

March 4, 1805: The Capitol, Washington, D.C., at the time of Thomas Jefferson's second inauguration. *Collections of the Library of Congress.*



Fourth



JAMES MADISON
MARCH 4, 1809

Someone at a party said that the law should require Presidents to have wives. This was said both in relief, as the Jefferson period of small and exclusive dinners came to an end, and in hope, as the Madison period of open-house parties began. There had been people of station living in Washington for eight years who had not set foot in the President's House because Jefferson had not regarded them as suitable dinner guests. Jefferson, to be sure, was not a snob; he simply was incapable of small talk and could not bear the presence of anyone who required spoon-fed conversation. James Madison, shy, bookish, intellectual, was even more inclined than Jefferson to be a recluse, but his wife was the complete opposite, and it was she who offered the hope that at last the Capital would have a busy social life, centered at the Executive Mansion.

Like George Washington, Jefferson could easily have had a third term but he, more than Washington, stressed that two terms were enough for any man. During the writing of the Constitution, Jefferson had proposed that a President should serve a seven-year term and thereafter be ineli-

gible for the office. He lost his point, but he nevertheless had it in mind when, having finished eight years in office, he had to make a decision about another four. Jefferson preferred James Monroe as his successor; Monroe had served as Jefferson's envoy to Spain and England. However, a Party caucus early in 1808 chose Madison who, as Jefferson's Secretary of State, had worked closer with Jefferson and thereby presented a more specific public image of being the heir apparent to the popular Republican-Democrat leader. George Clinton, Vice President during Jefferson's second term, was re-nominated for that office. The Federalists, again at a loss against the thriving Jeffersonians, put up the same ticket which had been defeated so badly in 1804—Pinckney and King. Madison and Clinton won easily, with Madison garnering almost 70 per cent of the Electoral College votes.

As Madison's first inauguration neared, the militia stationed in the city volunteered to accompany him from his home to the Capitol. This, in effect, constituted the first inaugural parade in Washington, although there were no bands, no floats.

The Madison home being about three blocks behind the Executive Mansion, the President-elect suggested that he stop by to pick up Jefferson so that they could ride in the same carriage down Pennsylvania Avenue to Capitol Hill. Jefferson declined, saying: "Today I return to the people and wish to join them in doing you honor." Thus, that morning, when the militia was in place and Madison entered his carriage, Thomas Jefferson, on horseback, was part of the group of Washington dignitaries who followed the carriage on its slow journey down the Avenue.

Some ten thousand visitors had come to Washington, a human avalanche in a community which then had only a five-thousand population of its own. The House chamber, now finished, was bigger than the Senate room, so Madison had decided to take his oath there. Bleachers had been set up along the walls of the House floor, to be used by women on a first-come first-served basis. By early morning the corridor outside the House chamber was a tumult of feminine impatience. Because of Dolley Madison, these women, the wives of Congressmen, diplomats, and department heads, had arrived in all their finery, but by ten o'clock turbans were unwound, feathers had wilted, and silks were in shreds. The House door was to be opened at eleven. Long before that, the ladies in the corridor had built up such a shrill pressure that, in order to save the new building from internal combustion, it was decided to let them in a half-hour early. The doorman barely had time to step aside to avoid being trampled in the stampede. Upstairs, the wives of lesser luminaries waited with equal fury to get into the gallery; they, too, were stopped short of creating utter chaos by being allowed into the chamber earlier than planned.

By the time Madison and his escort reached the Capitol, the Congressmen were all in their places. Benches had been placed in front of the Speaker's desk for the Supreme Court, the Cabinet, and the diplomatic corps. There was a special chair for Dolley Madison. There was also a special chair for Jefferson. He did not use it.

In the excitement of Madison's entrance, Jefferson seemed to disappear, and he was next seen near the rear of the chamber, seated with the Virginia Representatives. Once again he had refused to take the spotlight away from his successor.

Madison reverted to the procedure George Washington had originally followed, taking his oath of office first. It was administered by Chief Justice Marshall. Then Madison ascended to the Speaker's desk to deliver his inaugural address. He was pale, he appeared nervous, his voice quivered, and at first he was scarcely audible, but he gained composure as he went on. In his speech he referred to the conflict growing out of England's interference with American shipping, and he pledged that this would be resolved amicably and in America's favor. Actually, it was resolved by a war. Madison praised Jefferson and expressed his own sense of inadequacy in following in such illustrious footsteps, and he trusted in God to grant the country a long future as glorious as its brief past.

Chroniclers of the event made special note of the fact that James Madison was the first President to be attired completely in American-made clothes at his inauguration. His oxford-cloth jacket had been made in Hartford, Connecticut; his merino wool breeches had been made from cloth spun on the farm of Chancellor Robert R. Livingston of New York, who had administered Washington's first oath of office, and his silk stockings and black shoes came from Massachusetts.

His speech finished, Madison went out to the mall where his militia escort greeted the new Commander in Chief with a rifle salute. Madison then reviewed the troops before going to his carriage. Meanwhile, Dolley Madison had gone on to the house on F Street, where a reception was to be held. At the Capitol, numerous dignitaries mounted their horses and accompanied Madison to his home. For the rest of the afternoon, people arrived for the reception in such numbers that the street became jammed with carriages and the house so crammed with guests that some had to wait outside for others to leave.



March 4, 1809: James Madison, fourth President, rides to his first inauguration with an escort of militia. This constituted the first inaugural "parade" held in Washington.

Thomas Jefferson remained at the Capitol until the Presidential entourage had departed. He then mounted his horse and rode down Pennsylvania Avenue alone. Along the way, he was recognized by three staunch Federalists, and one of them reportedly said: "See, gentlemen, how soon a great man becomes neglected and his services forgotten in America when he ceases to be the fountain of patronage and power. Yonder comes Thomas Jefferson. Whatever may be his politics now, they were of the right sort in 1776. Honor to whom honor is due!" And with that, the three of them got on their horses and escorted Jefferson to the Executive Mansion.

Later in the day, Jefferson went to the Madison reception. He seemed to be in a happy mood. Someone said to him: "I think, sir, you look so happy that I may with more propriety give you joy than express regret on the present occasion." To which Jefferson replied: "Indeed you truly may. I am at this moment more to be envied than my friend." Further evidence of the lasting affection for Jefferson was displayed that afternoon. When, after his courtesy call at the reception, he returned to the Executive Mansion, many of Madison's guests stopped by to bid him farewell again. Women were particularly attentive to the tall, handsome Jefferson, still well preserved at sixty-six, and one

man said: "Mr. Madison may be leading the country now, sir, but the ladies will continue to follow you." Jefferson replied: "They will have to, as I am too old to follow them."

That evening the first inaugural ball was held in Washington. Sponsored by the Washington Dancing Assembly, it was conducted at Long's Hotel, on First Avenue, on the present site of the Library of Congress. The number of guests was limited to four hundred, drawn from the high society of Washington, Georgetown, Baltimore, and Philadelphia, and to be on the list was considered the social achievement of the era. The dancing was to begin at seven. Eager, many of the guests arrived early. Each had tried to outdo the other in the elegance of their carriages and of their attire.

Thomas Jefferson was among the first to arrive. As he entered the ballroom, the orchestra struck up "The Jefferson March," written especially for the occasion. Jefferson approached one of the program officials and asked: "Am I too early? I haven't been to a ball in forty years, so you must tell me how to behave." Observers took this as an evasion: he had purposely arrived early so that he could receive the Madisons instead of being received by them. When the Madisons arrived near eight, Jefferson was the first to greet them.

The orchestra played "The Madison March," also especially written for the Ball, as the new President's party slowly crossed the room, nodding, shaking hands. Some of the women could not resist a curtsy; many of them were already referring to Dolley Madison as "Madame Presidentess." Even among Republican-Democrats, monarchism was slow in dying. Sofas awaited the Madisons at the far end of the room, but neither sat down. There were too many friends who wanted to chat.

Early in the evening, Thomas Jefferson slipped away unnoticed. At nine the Madisons and their principal guests were led into the banquet room. Some fifteen minutes later it was announced that the Madisons had departed and that the banquet room was now open to everyone. The dance continued until midnight.

On the afternoon of March 11, Thomas Jefferson, riding in his own coach and accompanied by only one servant, left the Executive Mansion for the last time, at the height of a blinding blizzard, and made his way home to Monticello. Hours later, when the snow had stopped and the city was dark and cold and quiet, as its new occupants, the Madisons inspected the Executive Mansion for the first time, unaware that they would live to see this beautiful building reduced to ashes.

Madison's Second Inauguration March 4, 1813

The atmosphere in Washington on Madison's second inauguration day was far different from on the first such occasion. The country was at war—"Mr. Madison's War," as his critics called the War of 1812—and the war was going badly. It had evolved principally out of the British attacks on American ships carrying cargo from the West Indies to the ports of France and Spain during the Napoleonic Wars;

captured American sailors were being impressed into the British Navy. Another source of harassment was the British incitement of American Indians against settlers who were trying to colonize the unclaimed West. When Madison declared war, he had no idea how ill prepared his country was for it. The British soon found out, and for two years it looked as though England might win back her former colonies.

The traditionally pro-British Federalists of New England were especially opposed to the war, and they tried to use the general apathy toward it as a political weapon in the 1812 election. They accused Madison of willfully starting the war in hopes of being re-elected on a wave of war-time patriotism, though certainly there was no truth to this. They also blamed Madison and his war for the business slump that had struck several Northern cities. Actually, these were the complaints of a fading political party that was on the threshold of oblivion, the political power of the country having passed from the big cities to the agrarian community. This was to be the last election in which the Federalists would demonstrate any strength, and the strength came not from the Party but from the unpopularity of the war. The election was very close, with one state determining the result. Out of 217 Electoral College votes, Madison got 128. Had Pennsylvania cast its twenty votes for Federalist DeWitt Clinton, the outcome would have been reversed.

Despite the war, the slump, and Madison's weak showing, the Capital greeted another inauguration day with the usual festivity. This was probably due to Dolley Madison's influence. Her Wednesday evening levees had given the White House* its first pomp, her dinners were high adventures in French cuisine, with a personal waiter for each guest, and her afternoon teas made more news than Capitol Hill.



* The Executive Mansion was not painted white until 1817. It was burned by the British in 1814, and when it was rebuilt, it was painted white to conceal the marks of the fire.

She never missed the chance for a fete, and one such occasion became a White House tradition. When her son, Payne Todd, told her that on a visit to Egypt he saw children rolling eggs around the bases of pyramids on feast days, she invited Washington children to roll eggs across the White House lawn on Easter Monday, and this became an annual event. An inaugural celebration, therefore, was too great a social challenge to be dimmed by the mood of the people or the threat to the land.

The day unfolded much like Madison's first inauguration, from the military escort to the Capitol to the ball that night at Long's Hotel. One major difference was that the military escort was actually on active duty, assigned to defend the city. Another major difference was in the tenor of Madison's inaugural address.

This time he did not apologize for his inadequacy. This time his voice did not quiver. This time it was necessary for him to create the impression that he had the country's affairs in firm control. Speaking

in almost a reproachful tone, he argued that his declaration of war had been both justified and inevitable in view of the years of British harassments on both land and sea. He tried to paint a happier picture of the national morale and unity than actually existed, saying: "When the public voice called for war, all knew, and still know, that without them it could not be carried on through the period which it might last, and the patriotism, the good sense, and the manly spirit of our fellow-citizens are pledges for the cheerfulness with which they will bear each his share of the common burden." He had to admit that the British were winning the war on land, but he pointed to American sea victories—Old Ironsides had sunk two big British frigates—and he said: "Nothing is wanting to correspondent triumphs (on land) but the discipline and habits which are in daily progress." They were not, but Madison hoped his speech would stir them.

However, it was too late. The British were coming again.

March 4, 1813: At James Madison's second inaugural ball, popular Dolley Madison helped him receive well-wishers.



Fifth



JAMES MONROE
MARCH 4, 1817

Mr. Madison's War had been declared on June 18, 1812, and on its battlefields were men who were themselves one day to occupy the Executive Mansion—Andrew Jackson, William Henry Harrison, Zachary Taylor. Perhaps it was the war itself that launched these men to prominence. Little else came out of it. Had there been better communications between Washington and London, there might have been no war at all. Actually, bad communications accounted for the irony that the most dazzling American victory of the war—at New Orleans, led by Jackson—was fought after the war was over.

The peace treaty, signed on Christmas Eve, 1814, did little to give Americans any sense of victory. It was not until Jackson's triumph at New Orleans, two weeks later, on January 8, that a feeling of achievement blazed across the country and restored the national pride. With peace came prosperity, and Madison's last two years in office were spent in an atmosphere of more popularity than he had ever had before.

Much of this popularity was reflected upon James Monroe. He was the governor of Virginia when Madison appointed him

Secretary of State in 1811. After the capture of Washington in 1814, Secretary of War John Armstrong fell into such public disfavor that he was forced to resign; Madison turned the War Department over to Monroe, giving him two Cabinet positions for the remainder of Madison's second term. In view of Monroe's popularity, there seemed to be no question that he would be the Republican Party's unanimous choice for the Presidential candidacy in the 1816 election, but there was question indeed. A pattern had apparently developed. Virginians who had served as Secretary of State were moving up to the Presidency. First Jefferson, then Madison, and now James Monroe. Moreover, three of the first four Presidents—Washington, Jefferson, and Madison—had been Virginians. People wondered how long this was going to go on. So sensitive were public feelings on this point that even the Republican Party was seriously split. Leading the Party's dissenters was Treasury Secretary William H. Crawford of Georgia, spokesman for the younger faction of Republicans. At the Party caucus that year, Crawford captured fifty-four votes for the

nomination; Monroe won by the slim margin of eleven votes, giving him sixty-five. Nomination for the Vice Presidency went to Daniel D. Tompkins, Governor of New York. Monroe did much better in the Electoral College vote, however, obtaining the one hundred eighty-three votes of sixteen states, with Rufus King, again the Federalist candidate, receiving the thirty votes of Connecticut, Delaware, and Massachusetts.

After the burning of the city by the British, in August, 1814, the people of Washington feared that the Government might move elsewhere. To prevent this, funds were raised by public subscription for the hasty construction of a temporary Capitol building at First and A Streets, Northeast. Called Congress Hall, the red brick building was completed in four months; the Senate chamber was on the first floor, the House on the second. As inauguration day neared, President-elect Monroe indicated that he would take his oath of office in the House chamber, since it was bigger than the Senate room and could accommodate more people. House Speaker Henry Clay, annoyed that he had not been appointed Secretary of State, promptly announced that Congress Hall, having been built speedily, had also been built poorly and that the floor of the House chamber simply could not support the weight of all the people who would want to get into the room to witness the inauguration. An architect could easily have determined the truth of this, but Monroe, recognizing the implicit truth, did not want to make an issue of it. "Very well," he said. "I'll take my oath of office outdoors."

George Washington's first oath had been administered outdoors, on the balcony of Federal Hall in New York, but this had been done primarily because of the auspiciousness of the occasion. The six subsequent inaugurations had all taken place indoors, in either the Senate or the House. The circumstances of Monroe's first inauguration changed this, moving the ceremony outdoors, where inaugurations were to be held from then on, except when the weather or some crisis intervened.

For this event, an elevated platform was erected in front of the building, with seats for the principals and plenty of room on the lawn and in the streets for the spectators.

The British fire had reduced the Executive Mansion to a shell of four walls. When the Madisons returned to Washington after the British withdrawal, they had no place to live. However, nearby on New York Avenue, stood the beautiful Octagon House, residence of the French ambassador. Fearful that the looting British might attack Octagon House, the French staff had hurried off to Philadelphia. The British, probably to avoid another international incident, had left the building alone. The French now offered it to the Madisons as a temporary Executive Mansion, and it was there that Dolley Madison almost immediately resumed her parties. After a year the Madisons moved to a house at Pennsylvania Avenue and Nineteenth Street, a smaller house which nevertheless was big enough to be known as "The House of a Thousand Candles," and they were still there as Madison's second term came to an end. The reconstruction of the Executive Mansion had been progressing slowly because of the great expense involved and the great care being taken.

The Monroes had a house at Twentieth and I Streets, Northwest, where they had lived during the seven years of Monroe's Cabinet membership. At eleven o'clock on the morning of inauguration day, Vice President-elect Daniel Tompkins arrived at the Monroe home and went inside. That same moment, leading business and professional men of Georgetown and Washington gathered in front of the Franklin Hotel. Many of them had been military commanders during the war; now returned to civilian life, they were to escort Monroe and Tompkins to Congress Hall. Mounting, they rode to Monroe's house.

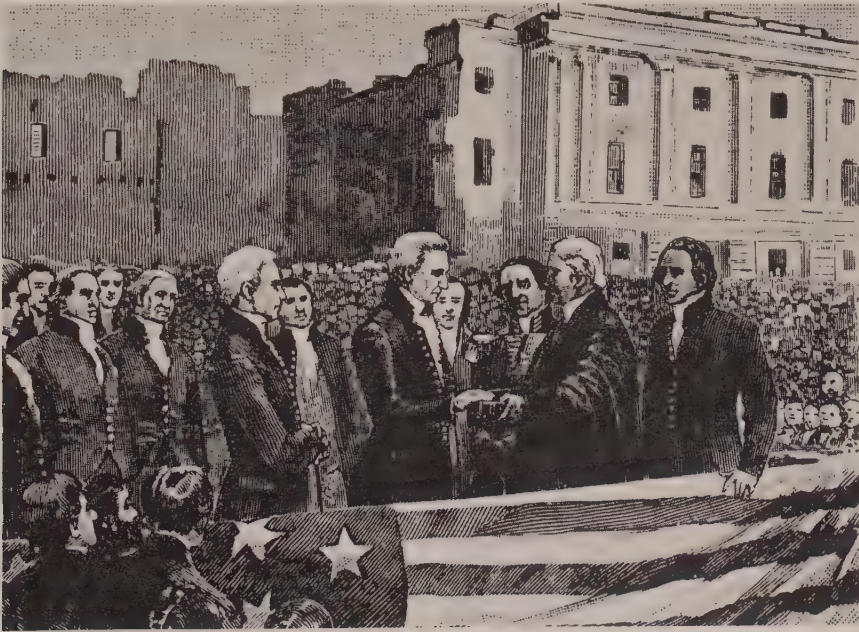
At eleven-thirty, Monroe and Tompkins came out of the house and entered the same carriage, the only President-elect and Vice President-elect to ride together to their inaugurations. Meanwhile, James Madison, unescorted, had left his home for

Congress Hall, arriving at the same time Monroe's carriage drew up. In formation in front of the building were a Marine Corps unit, two companies of infantry from Alexandria, the Georgetown Rifles, and a battery of artillery from Fort Warburton. As Monroe stepped from his carriage, he was given a military salute.

The Senate had convened at eleven for a brief period, then adjourned to go upstairs to the House where Vice President Tompkins was to take his oath. As a concession to Clay, the audience was kept at a minimum: the gallery was closed. The Senate took places in front of the Representatives, who occupied the body of the room. In the well at the Speaker's desk, the Supreme Court justices sat at a table. Flanking them on one side were the Cabinet members; on the other, the diplomatic corps. Two chairs had been set aside for Monroe and Madison, and along the wall at the back of the room a few seats had been placed for the wives of the principals. With Clay at the Speaker's desk was John Gaillard, presiding officer of the Senate. As Madison, Monroe, and Tompkins entered the room at noon, everyone arose and applauded them. The man leaving the Presidency and the man assuming it

both stepped aside as Tompkins was escorted to the Speaker's desk. Tompkins took a chair between Clay and Gaillard, and then Madison and Monroe went to their seats. It was Clay who called the assembly to order and explained the purpose of this special meeting, which everybody knew. Then Tompkins and Gaillard stood, faced each other and, as they held a Bible between them, Gaillard administered the oath. After the applause following this, Tompkins spoke briefly about how honored he was, how humbled, and how hard he would work. Now president of the Senate, he proclaimed the adjournment of the special session of the Congress and invited all present to proceed outside to the platform for the inauguration of James Monroe.

The weather was unusually good for Washington at this time of the year, a warm and sunny day, not a cloud in the sky. It was impossible to estimate the size of the crowd, but surely, because of the circumstances, it was the biggest crowd yet to witness a Presidential inauguration and hear an inaugural address. The military contingents in front of the building had been drawn back to make room for the Congressmen and guests who did not rate



March 4, 1817: A contemporary engraving depicting the first inauguration of President James Monroe. *Bettmann Archive.*

seats on the elevated platform. When James Monroe stepped forward and was recognized, a thunderous ovation exploded from the spectators, and after it gradually subsided he began his speech.

It was more the speech of a Federalist than a Republican, and some listeners wondered if there were deeper reasons for Monroe's choice of ex-Federalist John Quincy Adams, son of the second President, as Secretary of State than had been apparent. Monroe favored a stronger central government, Federal aid for the development of the States, a larger standing army, a national bank. Toward the end of his long speech, he gave the first hints of what was to become known as the Monroe Doctrine, when he referred obliquely to the South American nations, then winning their independence from European countries. Startling though some of these ideas might have been to die-hard Republicans, they were nevertheless indicative of the diffusion of political ideas that was beginning to occur and which were, in the next generation or two, to give the political parties new names and new postures.

Before such a crowd and at such an hour of national pride, purpose, and prosperity, Monroe's speech was marked for frenetic approval from its first words. When it was finished, Chief Justice Marshall had to wait and wait for the cheering to decrease to a level that would afford an air of proper dignity for a President of the United States to take his oath of office. When the moment came, the words were scarcely out of Monroe's mouth when the militia fired another salute, the artillery at the Navy Yard and Fort Washington boomed in the distance, and the Marine Corps band, present at an inauguration for the first time, burst into a brassy tribute.

Smiling, bowing, waving, shaking hands, the new President went to his carriage and, accompanied by his escort of leading citizens, made his way across the city to his home. Almost immediately guests began to arrive for the reception, which lasted until three o'clock in the afternoon. That evening the Washington Dancing Assembly

sponsored another ball at Long's Hotel; the Monroes attended, as did the Madisons. President Monroe wore a satin coat and knee breeches, white silk stockings, and gold-buckled shoes—a mode of dress that was to go out of style during his administration. Soon long trousers with stove-pipe legs would become proper formal dress for men. Monroe was the last President to wear the stiff cravat called a stock.

In all, the day passed unusually well. The air of satisfaction that permeated the country introduced what the *Boston Columbian Centinel* called "the era of good feeling," and the label persisted even though many reasons for the good feelings did not.

Monroe's Second Inauguration March 5, 1821

The Monroes continued to live in their town home until the autumn of 1817 when the White House, after over three years of repairs, was finally ready for occupancy. The first public reception was held there on New Year's Day, 1818, followed promptly by the announcement that there would be no more. Elizabeth Kortright Monroe disliked crowds; she was, also, in poor health and refused to burden herself with social obligations. This sharp reversal in the White House social whirl from the Madison days irked Washington's high society and understandably dimmed the personal affection the Capital held for the Monroes.

In other areas, however, James Monroe's popularity remained undiminished. He was able to survive severe criticism when, in 1818, General Andrew Jackson, acting without official orders, led his army into Spanish Florida and led the country to the brink of war. The criticism mounted when Monroe did not reprimand Jackson for his recklessness. Actually, though it had

not been planned to do so, Jackson's attack brought about the peaceful acquisition of Spanish Florida by the United States, and Monroe came out of the event more popular than before.

In light of this, Monroe's personal triumph in his second election appeared justified. Of the 232 Electoral College votes cast, Monroe received all but one. The lone dissenter was William Plumer, Sr., of New Hampshire who, casting his vote for John Quincy Adams, said that no one but George Washington should be accorded the high distinction of a unanimous election. No other President ever came so close to it.

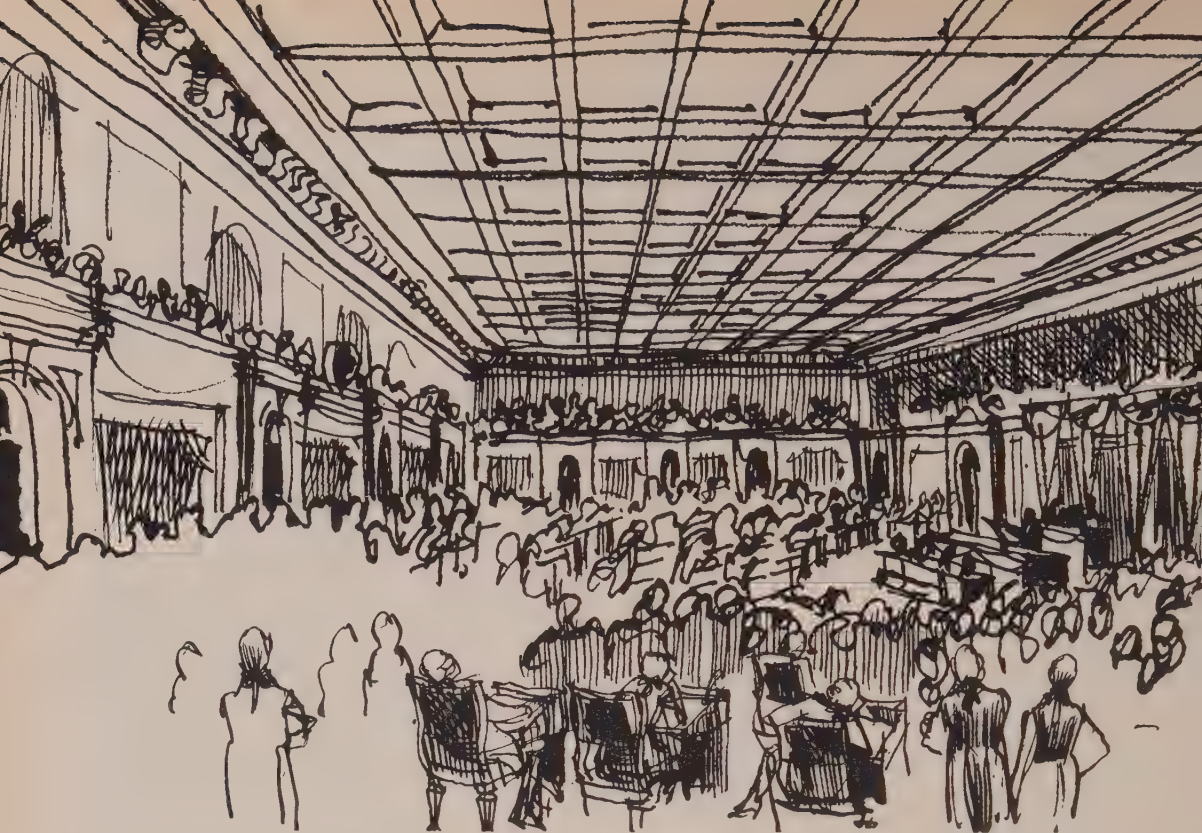
Reputedly the First Congress chose March 4 as Inauguration Day because, quadrennially, it was the day of the year which least frequently fell on a Sunday. In 1821, it did. Out of respect for the Sabbath the second inauguration of James Monroe and Daniel Tompkins was postponed to Monday, March 5. Their terms, however, officially expired at noon on Sunday. In effect, then, the country was without a President or a Vice President. Foreseeing such an eventuality, brought on by any number of circumstances, the Congress on March 1, 1792, had approved a bill which, in this situation, passed the responsibilities of the Chief Executive to the president pro tempore of the Senate and then, should this office be vacant, to the Speaker of the House. In 1821 the president pro tempore of the Senate was Senator John Gaillard of South Carolina. Thus by the coincidence of March 4 occurring this year on a Sunday, Senator Gaillard became the only man in history to serve as President of the United States for a day. The circumstances were to arise again, but the situation would be different and no other man was to experience this unusual distinction.

It was a bad day. Snow had begun to fall on Washington on Saturday evening, and by Sunday noon the city was snow-bound. Sunday night the snow changed to rain, continuing through the next day. Because of the success of Monroe's outdoor inauguration, the same plans had been

made again and the elevated platform had already been constructed. But clearly the ceremonies could not now be conducted out in the cold rain and the deep slush. Word was sent to Congress Hall: the President would take his oath of office in the House chamber. This time Henry Clay did not complain, although the grounds for his first complaint remained: nothing had been done to strengthen the floor.

Even the historical significance of a Presidential inauguration could not brighten the drab day. The entourage that accompanied Monroe to Congress Hall was smaller on this day, primarily because most of the men did not want to risk having their well-bred chargers slip from under them in the mud and break a leg. The citizens who did escort the President shivered under heavy coats on what seemed an interminable ride to Congress Hall. Even the military contingent, assigned to greet Monroe, had been dismissed. Arriving, Monroe quickly entered the building and proceeded to the House chamber. Vice President Tompkins had already taken his oath and had led the Senate into the House where, surrounded by the usual dignitaries, he awaited the President. The gallery had been opened and was full of men and women in dark, damp clothes; it was with effort that they put enthusiasm into their welcome as Monroe came into the room.

He spoke at great length, longer than he had the last time, longer than any previous President had, longer than most future Presidents would. He touched on many of the points of his first inaugural address, expanding on them, again stressing the importance of a strong national defense, again urging neutrality in world affairs but hinting at resistance to European aggression in the hemisphere, again suggesting means to stabilize the economy through Federal cooperation. By the time he finished over an hour later, heads were bobbing in the humid, stuffy room, and the opportunity to stretch while standing to applaud was received with heavy sighs of relief. Moments later the room grew quiet again as Chief Justice Marshall ad-



March 5, 1821: A torrential downpour the day of James Monroe's second inauguration forced a crowded indoor ceremony in the House chamber, despite weakness in the structure of the galleries.

ministered the oath. The ceremonies over, the spectators filed out again into the rain.

There was no inaugural ball that night. None had been planned. Everybody knew the Monroes would not attend because of Mrs. Monroe's dislike for social affairs, and it seemed senseless to have an inaugural ball at which the President would prob-

ably be represented by his Secretary of State. In the end, what with the rain and the slush and the cold, most people were glad to be able to stay at home on such a night. Anyway, this was Washington: there would be another ball soon enough, for some reason or other.

Sixth



JOHN QUINCY ADAMS
MARCH 4, 1825

Like father, like son.

John Quincy Adams held more Government positions than any other President. At fourteen he was private secretary to Francis Dana, American minister to Russia, and from then on there was scarcely a period of more than a few months when he was not engaged in Government work of some kind. He served as Ambassador to Portugal, Prussia, Russia, and England; he helped negotiate both peace and commerce treaties with England; he was a member of the Massachusetts legislature and the U.S. Senate before becoming Secretary of State and President, and thereafter he was a Massachusetts Representative to Congress for seventeen years. Like his father, he devoted his life to his country. Like his father, he remained popular with his regional constituents. Like his father, he lost the support of his Party. Like his father, he was an extremely difficult man.

The basic problem with the younger Adams—he was the only son of a President to become President himself—was his elusiveness in the area of Party loyalties. Born and bred a Federalist, he drifted to Re-

publicanism when his own Party began to fade. Actually, he considered himself apart from political ties. As Secretary of State, a position which enabled him to bestow considerable patronage, he was unmindful of Party debts when he made appointments. "I have neither the talent nor inclination for intrigue," he once said. Politicians remembered this when the time came to choose candidates for the 1824 election.

Like his father, John Quincy Adams expected to be his Party's choice for the Presidency, but as with his father his Party had other plans. Republican leaders favored Treasury Secretary William Crawford, while various State organizations backed better known contenders like Andrew Jackson, Henry Clay and John Calhoun. With Federalism virtually a memory, the election became a question of which Republican would be the next President. It was, however, from the former Federalist strongholds that Adams drew the strength that gave him a surprisingly good showing in the election. He came in second behind Jackson, both in the popular and Electoral vote, and it was his good fortune that

Jackson lacked sufficient votes in the Electoral College for a majority victory. According to the Constitution, it then devolved upon the House to choose the winner from the three leading contenders—Jackson, Adams and Crawford. As in the Jefferson-Burr contest, the House vote was to follow the unit rule.

It was Henry Clay, the great compromiser, who actually won the election for Adams. Still eager to become Secretary of State, Clay maneuvered feverishly behind the scenes for three months to win support for Adams in return for the appointment. By the time the House met in February, Clay had lined up for Adams 12 of the necessary 13 votes. Though Adams had won New York, its 34 Representatives were now evenly divided between him and Jackson. On the day of the vote, Clay buttonholed aging New York Representative Stephen Van Rensselaer, pledged to Jackson, and painted such a horrendous picture of what life would be like under the Tennessee war hero that, when the moment came to ballot, a quaking Van Rensselaer gave his vote—and the Presidency—to John Quincy Adams. Clay became Secretary of State and Van Rensselaer, having infuriated New York Jacksonians, became an outcast.

The animosity of the election did not dim the excitement over the forthcoming inauguration. People began to arrive in Washington five days before the event, crowding the hotels and rooming houses, packing the restaurants. The weather was good. Traces of a February blizzard had disappeared under a warm sun. The Capitol had been rebuilt and, roomier, was ready for the many who would want to witness the first inauguration in it.

Early in the morning the streets were thick with strollers making their way to the Capitol, and by nine o'clock there were far more people at the building than the House chamber would hold. Fights broke out as men tried to maneuver their women nearer the doors. To preserve peace it became necessary to open the doors and let the gallery fill up so that those who could not get in would give up the effort.

At eleven James Monroe left the White House and rode in a carriage to the Adams home at 1333 F Street, thus becoming the first President to escort his successor to his inauguration. Another innovation: John Adams was wearing a black suit made in Massachusetts; that made him the first President to be inaugurated in long pants. There was another "first"—one never to be repeated: former President John Adams, now ninety, came down from Braintree for his son's inauguration, the only father and son to have this experience in American history.

At eleven-thirty the principals left the Adams house and went to their carriages; Adams' was the last in the line. A cavalry unit headed the entourage. Behind Adams' carriage was the citizens' escort—the leading business, professional, and high-society men of the city—and this time they were said to number into the thousands. Behind them came an artillery unit and, on foot, all the military units of the area. It was the largest escort up to that time.

As the long line approached the Capitol at noon, an unusual event was occurring inside. A motion had been approved by the Senate that the honor of giving the oath of office to Vice President-elect Calhoun should go to Senator Andrew Jackson, since—at fifty-eight—he was the oldest member of the Senate. Actually, age had nothing to do with it. Jackson had almost become President himself; he had garnered the highest popular vote; his friends had proposed this honor out of affection for him. Calhoun was taking his oath when the blare of the Marine Corps band outside indicated that the Presidential entourage had arrived. Adams led his party to the Senate chamber where the procession was formed for the walk across the crowded rotunda to the House. When some of the crowd tried to rush into the House, the doors were slammed shut and several Senators were locked out.

At twenty minutes past twelve the House marshal called out that the President-elect was at the door, and a House escort went to greet him. Adams proceeded first, followed by Monroe, then the Su-

preme Court justices, then Calhoun leading the Senate. As the gallery gave him an ovation, Adams went directly to the Speaker's desk and took his seat. He waited until the others had found their places and silence had been restored; then he arose and read his inaugural speech. Adams praised the Monroe administrations and promised to adhere to his predecessor's policies, particularly the Monroe Doctrine—of which Adams was suspected of being the author rather than Monroe. Observers noted that Adams seemed highly emotional as he spoke. His voice cracked several times, and his hands shook so badly that the crackling of his manuscript pages almost drowned him out. He could not avoid referring to the unusual circumstances of his election; he knew of the gossip that he had made a deal with Henry

Clay; he now declared that though he realized he was "less possessed of your confidence than any of my predecessors," he would execute his office free of Party ties and of election debts.

The speech over and well received, Adams stepped down to the table at which the Supreme Court justices sat. Though Adams was a religious man—he read two Bible chapters every morning, plus commentaries on them—there is no indication that a Bible was used when he took his oath. The *Washington National Intelligencer* reported: "The President-elect then descended from the chair and, placing himself on the right hand of the judges' table, received from the Chief Justice a volume of the laws of the United States, from which he read, in a loud and clear voice, the oath of office."

March 4, 1825: President John Quincy Adams was the first President to wear long pants at his inauguration. And 90-year-old John Adams was the only ex-President to witness his son take office.



Amid applause and cheers, Adams turned to James Monroe and shook hands with him. Then, to everyone's surprise, Andrew Jackson came forward quickly and was the next to take Adams' hand and shake it firmly. This was the only congenial gesture between the two men ever recorded.

The same escort accompanied Adams back to his house, except for Monroe, who returned to the White House. For most of the afternoon Adams received well-wishers at his home. Before dinner he went to the White House to pay his respects to the Monroes. An early dinner was served at the Adams home, but for the family only, and it was a light dinner because of the festivities scheduled for the evening. The Washington Dancing Assembly was giving a ball and supper at Carusi's Assembly Rooms at 11th and C Streets. Gaetani Carusi and eighteen musicians had been brought over from Italy in 1805 by Jefferson for the purpose of augmenting the Marine Corps band and giving outdoor concerts during the summer months. This excellent idea ran afoul of Marine regulations which prohibited civilians from playing in the band, and most of the Italians went home. Those who remained formed a small orchestra of their own, working at various society events for years, until in 1821 Carusi built the social center that was to become the scene of many later inaugural balls.

The Washington *National Journal* described the ball as "a very splendid affair, and very numerously attended." The Adamses were there, the Calhouns, the Monroes, the diplomatic corps, the military, many of the city's blue bloods. Andrew Jackson was not there, nor were any of his close supporters. That night Jackson gave a banquet of his own, and his friends who had been seeking excuses to avoid the Adams ball could now say they had been previously engaged.

Seventh



ANDREW JACKSON
MARCH 4, 1829

It had been a mud-slinging campaign, the first of its kind, and it had taken a heavy toll.

Having won the popular vote in the election of 1824 only to lose the election later in the House, Andrew Jackson and the forces with him were alert to every opportunity to prevent a recurrence of another such development. Their principal target now was the Party caucus, at which the standard bearer was usually chosen, and the Party delegates to the Electoral College were then expected to support him. This, Jackson argued, was illegal because it took the choice of the Presidential candidates out of the hands of the people and put it into the hands of the Party and, as had been clearly demonstrated by Crawford's poor showing in 1824, the Party's choice was not necessarily the people's.

Jackson evidently argued effectively: there was no Party caucus in 1828. Instead, and for the first time, Presidential nominations were made at state conventions. Once again the country had only one major political party, the Republican Party, but it was split internally; so once

again it was a matter of the man. One wing, called the National Republicans, backed a ticket of Adams and Clay; the other wing—the Democrats—backed Jackson and Calhoun. As election day neared, the mud-slinging began, and since the press remained the most effective way to reach the populace, the name-calling started to appear in the newspapers and magazines.

The Jacksonians actually had little ammunition. They accused Adams of having made a deal with Clay in the 1825 House election, of subsequently virtually surrendering the Presidency to Clay and of using patronage to surround himself with a pack of lackeys. The Adams-Clay faction resorted to much juicier material. They accused Jackson of brutality during his military career, in the treatment of his soldiers and in the execution of British collaborators in the War of 1812. But their most vicious attack, though the circumstances were true, was a distortion of an innocent predicament. Jackson's wife had, in 1785, married a Captain Lewis Robards. In 1790 the Virginia legislature authorized Robards to initiate divorce proceedings



March, 1829: President-elect Andrew Jackson on his way to Washington. Wood engraving, Harper's Weekly, 1881. Collections of the Library of Congress.

against Rachel, who mistook the authorization for the divorce itself and, in 1791, married Jackson. Two years later she discovered that Robards had not completed the proceedings and that she was still married to him. Robards then went ahead with the suit, the divorce was granted, and Jackson and Rachel went through another marriage ceremony in 1794. The fact remained that for more than two years Rachel Jackson, however unaware of it, had been a bigamist, or at least was living with a man to whom she was not properly married. The Adams-Clay wing made political hay out of it all, publishing the story on the front pages of their newspapers. When copies reached Rachel Jackson, she suffered a heart attack.

She was still ill in bed on election day. Jackson won the popular vote by 647,286 to 508,064, and in the Electoral College by 178–83. Of the victory, Rachel Jackson said: "I am pleased for my husband's sake but not for my own." In view of the stories about her she dreaded facing Washington society, but this turned out to be an experience she did not have to undergo. Anticipating his wife's recovery, Jackson announced that the two of them would go to Washington in January, where he would begin to choose his Cabinet. The Nashville Jacksonians planned a farewell dinner for December 22. That evening the tables were set and many of the guests were in their places when a messenger arrived with the news that Rachel Jackson was dead. The banquet was canceled. She was buried the

next day. A week later Jackson left for Washington alone.

From Nashville to Pittsburgh he traveled by riverboat. At each stop great and silent crowds came to the wharf to see him. When he presented himself on the deck, there was resounding applause, but no cheers, no warwhoops: the man was in mourning. At Pittsburgh he hired a two-horse carriage for the rest of the journey overland. Reaching Hagerstown, he sent word ahead that he wanted no reception, no demonstration when he entered Washington, and he requested that rooms be reserved for him at the National Hotel. Continuing on his way, he arrived at Rockville, where he was met by General John H. Eaton and his wife, who took him in their carriage to the Capital. Mrs. Eaton, the former Peggy O'Neale, was to become the object of gossip that would rock Jackson's entire administration.

Despite Jackson's instructions that there be no special welcome for him at Washington, the people themselves planned to meet him at the city limits and walk with his carriage to the hotel. Suspecting something like this, Jackson and the Eatons left Rockville early and reached Washington four hours before they were expected, thereby avoiding the crowd. Even so, word of their arrival spread quickly and a company of artillery was hastily formed in front of the Franklin House to accompany Jackson the short distance to the National Hotel. The hotel had been completed the year before, and John Gadsby, its archi-

tect-owner and friend of Jackson, was waiting at the door when the carriage pulled up. The two men shook hands, then went inside. Jackson said that he did not want to see anyone for the rest of the day.

It was impossible to keep people away. The curious loitered in front of the hotel for hours, hoping for a glimpse of Jackson, but he remained in his suite. The politicians were at his door, eager to capture his ear before others did. There was more than patronage at stake. The pressing political issue of the day pertained to the tariff. Here, again, the Party was split, with the wing of free-traders led by Calhoun and the protectionists headed by Senator John M. Berrien of Georgia. Jackson intended to balance the controversy by dividing his Cabinet evenly between both sides, but when he appointed Martin Van Buren, the popular New York governor, to be Secretary of State he weighted his administration in favor of the protectionists. Years later it was adjudged by many that the feud between Calhoun and Van Buren over tariffs was the seed of the Civil War.

In different circumstances it would have been proper and expected that Jackson should pay a courtesy call on Adams at the White House, but Jackson considered Adams responsible for the newspaper stories about Rachel and therefore responsible for her death, and he would have nothing to do with the man. Adams steered clear of Jackson. It was becoming a custom for a ball to be held at the National Hotel on George Washington's birthday, with the President as the guest of honor. This year Adams attended; Jackson, President-elect, did not.

John Quincy Adams spent inauguration day alone at home. Like his father, he took no part in the ceremonies or celebrations for his successor.

It was a warm and balmy day. At dawn cannons roared over the city, proclaiming the great event. By ten o'clock Pennsylvania Avenue was jammed with carriages and pedestrians, all making their way to the Capitol. Jackson, in a show of his "common man" popularity, had turned

down an offer of a coach-and-six and announced that he would walk to the Capitol. On inauguration morning fifteen aging veterans of the Revolutionary War asked Jackson if they could be his guard-of-honor on the walk and he replied that it would be his honor to have them accompany him. Jackson was indeed a common man. The first President to be born in a log cabin, he marked a social breakthrough in the line of his high-born Virginia and New England predecessors.

About eleven Jackson left his suite, went into the hotel lobby where the war veterans awaited him, and then stepped outside into the crowded street. People recognized him and began to applaud; there were no cheers or howls. The crowd parted respectfully as Jackson moved out into the middle of the street to begin the walk to the Capitol. He was a tall man, well built, towering above those around him; he did not wear a hat, and the breeze caught his long white hair, fluffing it and making him look even more awesome. The wave of applause accompanied him up the Avenue, and as he passed on, the people fell in behind him, until there was a line of thousands at his heels by the time he reached the Capitol building.

He was to be inaugurated outdoors. The platform, erected on the steps of the East Portico, was already almost full, and in front of it a great crowd stretched across the mall. At the Capitol windows gaily dressed women jostled for glimpses of the scene below and for a look at the solid mass of walkers coming up the Avenue with Jackson. Reaching the building, Jackson went around to a basement entrance where he was met by a Congressional escort that accompanied him upstairs to the Senate chambers. Calhoun had already been sworn in. The procession was formed.

In the last minutes a thin layer of clouds had gathered over the Capitol. At noon, as the procession crossed the Rotunda, cannons roared on the surrounding hills, and their reverberations seemed to cause the clouds to disperse. At the precise moment that the procession came out onto the platform and the people saw Jackson, the sky

suddenly cleared and a brilliant sun shone. This was too dramatic a manifestation for any more restraint. The crowd sent up a prolonged shout, sustaining it like a magnificent orchestral chord as Jackson made his way to the front of the platform.

Jackson waited, unsmiling, until the shout diminished, then began his speech. It was a short speech, conservative, promising reforms without revolution; it touched favorably on the subject of States' rights, which was probably Calhoun's influence more than Jackson's personal conviction. Jackson spoke softly, so softly that only those nearest him could hear, but this made little difference to the spectators, estimated at twenty thousand. The sight of Jackson folding his speech and putting it into his pocket was the only way most people knew that the speech was over, and again a resounding cheer rent the air.

Chief Justice Marshall came forward, meeting Jackson in front of a table covered with a scarlet cloth, on which the Bible lay. Marshall read the oath of office and Jackson repeated it; then the new President turned, picked up the Bible, kissed it, replaced it, turned back to the crowd, and bowed.

As Jackson left the platform, everybody on it moved in to shake his hand. The same occurred inside the building, and when Jackson finally reached the door the whole mob pressed in on him. Slowly, with difficulty, in what was almost a riot, he was literally passed from hand to hand, down the crowded mall and to the gates that opened onto Pennsylvania Avenue, shaking hands, letting people pat his shoulders or his arms, letting them speak to him affectionately, look up at him reverently. When he reached his horse, the mob was so thick around him that he could not mount. The fifteen elderly veterans had long before been swept away; some policemen fought their way to Jackson and pushed the people back far enough to let him get on the horse. Immediately the throng closed in again and walked all the way to the White House.

There was a reception. Washington blue bloods thought it would be for them alone, but the hordes had taken over and

followed Jackson straight into the White House. Refreshments had been laid out on long tables in the East Room. Whatever his own plans might have been, Jackson now was herded into the big room and trapped between two battles, one for food, the other for his hand. At one point Jackson was pinned against the wall by the assault of unleashed admiration. At another point he was carried across the room in a fresh assault on the food. When it became clear that a riot had broken out and Jackson was in danger of serious injury, several men encircled him and, linking arms, plowed a path to a window. Jackson climbed through the window to safety, mounted his horse, and dashed away to the peace of the National Hotel.

His departure did not dampen the riotous spirits in the East Room. All afternoon fresh crowds fought their way inside. Women fainted, bloody male noses were a common sight, limp children were handed out the windows. Drapery was ripped down, costly handmade French furniture crumbled under exhausted revelers now eager to sit down, cut glass and china worth thousands were shattered. The food quickly disappeared, much of it on the mushy floor, but the punch, thickly laced with whiskey, kept coming and coming, and the mob grew wilder and wilder. The desperate White House staff could think of no way to get the people out of the building, until someone suggested toting the tubs of punch out on the lawn. It worked. Each newly mixed tub was placed farther from the house, and the last few were put beyond the gates to keep the late arrivers from reviving the fury on the grounds. Then came the enormous chore of cleaning up the worst mess the White House had experienced since the invasion of the British torchbearers.

There was a ball that night, but Jackson did not attend. Instead, he dined in his own suite with Calhoun. Jackson's absence was attributed to his continued mourning for his wife, but in view of what he had gone through in the mobbed East Room that afternoon, his absence might also be attributed to his concern for his own life.

Jackson's

Second Inauguration

March 4, 1833

Jackson's dinner guest that first inauguration night developed into his worst enemy in Washington circles. Jackson and Calhoun differed in many areas, particularly regarding tariffs and the legal supremacy of the central government over the states, and a new difference gradually developed between them over Martin Van Buren. Jackson's choice of Van Buren as Secretary of State had been a compromise, but the Secretary soon became one of the President's closest friends and confidants, exerting much more influence than Calhoun, and thus becoming a rising contender as Jackson's successor. Calhoun sought revenge by bringing to a boil some gossip which linked the wife of War Secretary Eaton to a number of Washington men, including Van Buren. The Capital quickly blazed with the gossip, and it even became a Cabinet argument. Insisting that both Peggy Eaton and Van Buren were innocent, Jackson announced that any-

body in his Cabinet who felt otherwise could resign. They all did, except Van Buren. Only Jackson's personal popularity saved his administration from toppling, and on the strength of that popularity he boldly chose Van Buren to be his running-mate in 1832. The two wings of the Party—now actually two separate parties—held national conventions for the first time, the Republicans choosing Clay and John Sergeant of Pennsylvania, the Democrats backing Jackson and Van Buren. Election Day saw another Jackson landslide, vindicating both him and Van Buren. Calhoun became a Senator from South Carolina.

Perhaps the most distinctive feature of Andrew Jackson's second inauguration was its peacefulness. Prepared for rowdy enthusiasm, the city enlarged its police force, with a special unit assigned to the White House. As Jackson rode to the Capitol, Pennsylvania Avenue was lined with a happy, cheering crowd that was held back by more policemen. Jackson took his oath of office in the House chamber—the ninth and last Presidential oath administered by Chief Justice Marshall, who died two years later.

After the oath Jackson went out to the platform on the Capitol steps to read his

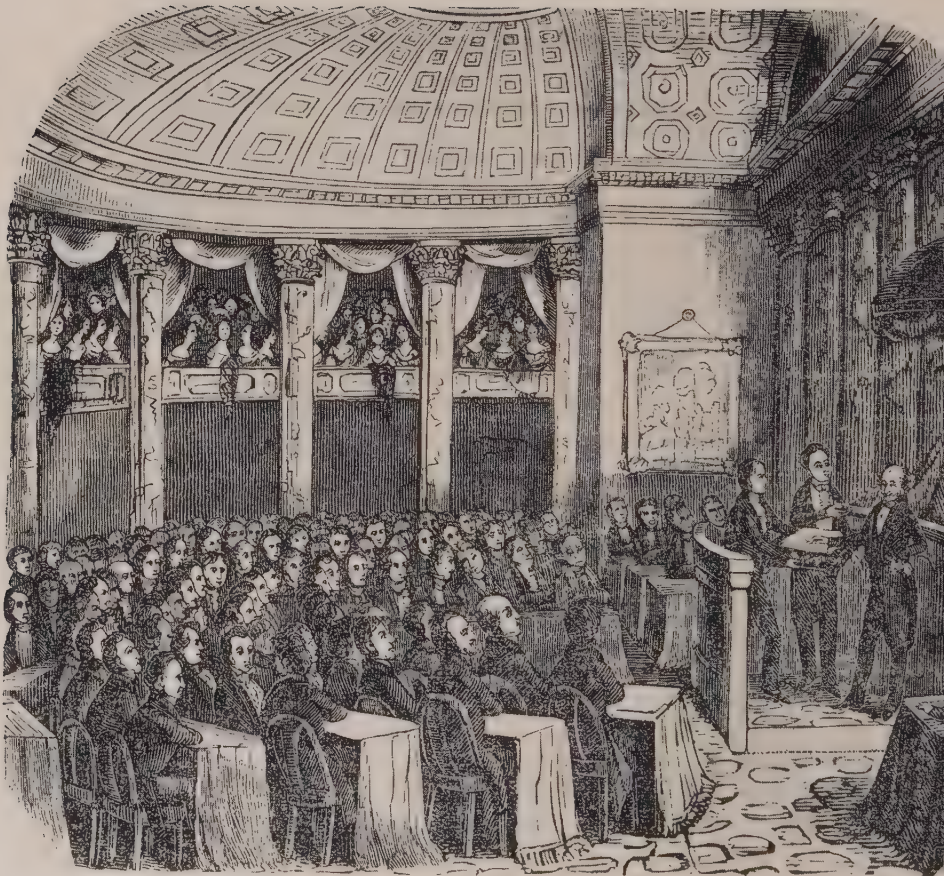
March 4, 1833: The dignity and orderliness of Andrew Jackson's second inauguration reception was in marked contrast to the rowdy rioting at his first reception four years before.



inaugural address to the huge crowd gathered there. It was, again, a brief speech, and one vital point of it was aimed at South Carolina where, under Calhoun leadership, the legislature had passed a bill exempting the state from the tariff laws that Congress had passed. Jackson argued that no state could remove itself from the laws of the land. The situation was extremely sensitive; the threat of civil war was serious, and by clarifying his position in his address Jackson let it be known that he was ready to go that far. A few days later the South Carolina bill was rescinded

by its legislature, and there was peace for a while.

There was peace that afternoon at the White House reception, as the special guards kept the guests moving through the building at a quick pace. There was peace, too, at the inaugural ball that evening, which Jackson briefly attended. The Eatons were there, but not for long. Hoping to sustain the peace for his second administration, Jackson soon appointed Eaton the governor-general of Florida, then sent him farther away by making him the ambassador to Spain.



Eighth



MARTIN VAN BUREN
MARCH 4, 1837

The election of 1836 was the first in which the Whig Party acted as a major influence in national politics. It was comprised of three groups, two of them being the remnants of the National Republican Party and the anti-Jacksonian Democrats. The third group was the Anti-Masonic Party, which had come into being in New York State in 1826 when William Morgan, a renegade Mason who wrote a book exposing the secrets of Freemasonry, mysteriously vanished and his unsolved disappearance gave rise to a public movement against the Masonic organization. The movement took on political overtones: fifteen of its leaders were elected to the New York legislature in 1827 on an anti-Masonic platform. The Whig Party took its name from the English Whigs (*whiggamor*-cattle driver) who in the seventeenth century were a group of landed gentry and commercial interests that united to oppose the usurpation efforts of King James II, and the American Whigs derisively referred to Jackson as King Andrew. Even so, the Whig unity was not complete as the next Presidential campaign came around and a state convention was held in December, 1835, in

Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. The dominant Anti-Masons maneuvered the nomination to General William Henry Harrison of Ohio, war hero and uncommitted Presidential aspirant, but the factionalism was revealed when three other names were added to the Whig ticket—Daniel Webster of Massachusetts, Hugh Lawson White of Tennessee, and Willie Person Mangum of North Carolina. There were also three Vice Presidential candidates, most prominent of whom was John Tyler of Virginia.

The Democrats were less divided in their choice. Because of his closeness to Jackson, Martin Van Buren was nominated on the first ballot. Richard Mentor Johnson of Kentucky won the Vice Presidential slot after several ballots.

The popular vote was close, and had there not been so many Whig candidates it might have come out differently. Over one and a half million votes were cast, and Van Buren won by less than thirty thousand. The Electoral College gave him fifteen states with one hundred seventy votes, while the Whig candidates won in eleven states with a combined one hundred eleven votes. The Vice Presidential race was even

closer, with Democrat Johnson getting one hundred forty-seven votes, one less than a majority. Thus for the first and only time it fell to the Senate to choose the Vice President, and Johnson was elected by thirty-three votes to sixteen for his Whig opponents.

Martin Van Buren, born in 1782, was the first President to be born an American citizen; his seven predecessors had been British subjects at birth. He was also the last Vice President to ascend to the Presidency after his predecessor left it alive. Among his other distinctions was the unsavory one of probably being the first political boss in the country. From the time of his first political office—appointment as surrogate of Columbia County, New York, in 1808—he made a business of politics, accruing personal power on the way up until he controlled his state. It was he who, despite the growing Whig strength in Albany, put New York in Jackson's column in the 1828 election. Shrewdly he maintained a pose of neutrality in political frays, letting others exhaust their energies before making his own decisive moves. When he went to the Capital as Jackson's Secretary of State, a New Yorker said of him: "Within forty-eight hours, Mr. Van Buren will know everybody's opinion, but nobody will know his." Perhaps it was this elusiveness that eventually earned him the epithet of "The do-nothing President."

Actually, Van Buren took office under a severe handicap. He inherited a financial slump that had occurred during Jackson's last months in office, and that lingered through most of his own administration. Added to this was management-labor strife that deepened the slump, spreading unemployment, and the blame for all these troubles fell more upon Van Buren than Jackson. Of course, none of this was foreseeable. Van Buren had high hopes for himself and his administration. The story goes that on the day the electoral votes were being counted before both houses of Congress and the opposition total rose steadily, Speaker Henry Clay leaned over and pointedly said to Van Buren: "It is a cloudy day, sir."

"The sun will shine on the fourth of March, sir," Van Buren replied confidently.

It did. The March morning was bright and brisk. The dawn cannonade unleashed the holiday spirit that had been simmering for a week. For the first time, political clubs in cities across the land sent delegates to Washington for the inauguration, adding to the city's already festive air. Restaurants and bars were doing capacity business all day—at soaring prices that people paid with loud but good-hearted complaints. Hotels were full; so were boarding houses, and every home that had an extra bed or sofa or merely space on the floor also had its temporary tenants. Hundreds slept on bales of hay in the market houses. A group of Bostonians paid to take turns sleeping in the reclining chairs of a barber-shop.

All this enthusiasm was for Andrew Jackson rather than for Martin Van Buren. To the people, Jackson was another Washington, another Jefferson, which made Van Buren another John Adams or James Madison, a lesser light at his own inauguration. Though Jackson's administrations had suffered from slumps, unemployment, and controversies, the man himself remained a hero and could easily have had a third term had he wanted it. He would have rejected the idea. He was now almost seventy; his health was failing; he had developed tuberculosis in his last year of office and almost died. He was relieved now to be able to pass his political burdens on to someone else.

Most likely it was this relief that contributed to Jackson's own high spirits on Van Buren's inauguration day. By early morning there was a crowd at the White House eager for a glimpse of Jackson, and frequently he stepped to a window to see the crowd. Already the full length of Pennsylvania Avenue was lined with spectators. Thousands more had taken places on the Capitol mall for the ceremonies on the east steps, scheduled for noon. At ten-thirty a volunteer brigade of cavalry and infantry formed on the street in front of the White House. It was joined by mounted representatives of the various political organiza-

tions from across the land, and the entire escort was marshaled by General John Van Ness, mayor of the city.

Van Buren arrived at the White House at eleven. This was to be the first inauguration at which the President and President-elect would travel together from the White House to the Capitol, and a special phaeton had been made for the occasion, a gift to Jackson from the Democrats of New York. It was constructed from original oak beams of the frigate *Constitution*, the unpainted wood highly polished, the fine grain brought out by a coat of varnish. On each side was a panel bearing an etched presentation of "Old Ironsides" under full sail. The driver's high box in front was bordered with a deep hammercloth; the passenger seat was just wide enough for the portly Van Buren and the broad-shouldered Jackson. On this day the phaeton was drawn by four of Jackson's own iron-gray carriage-horses wearing elaborate brass-mounted harnesses. It was, a contemporary observer remarked, a dashing turnout, and the historic phaeton and its passengers were cheered on the journey to the Capitol.

At the Capitol, Jackson and Van Buren were led directly to the Senate chamber to watch the inauguration of Vice President-elect Johnson, where again it was Jackson who got all the cheers from the packed galleries. After the brief ceremony the procession of dignitaries moved out to the platform on the East Portico. The spectators, numbering some twenty thousand, were almost silent until Jackson appeared; then they went wild. He was led forward to the railing where, bracing himself on a cane, he waved his crape-bound white fur hat as he bowed again and again. In comparison, the reception given Martin Van Buren was lukewarm, and interest in his long inaugural address quickly dwindled because most people could not hear him. From time to time Marshal Van Ness took it upon himself to let the vast audience know Van Buren had made a good point—

he waved his baton in the air, and this brought on a cheer that sounded more like a low moan. However, the oath, administered by Chief Justice Roger Taney, brought Van Buren an ovation. After taking the oath, Van Buren kissed the Bible, and the first person to offer him congratulations was Andrew Jackson.

Jackson and Van Buren rode together back to the White House, where Jackson was to reside for four more days before leaving for Tennessee. Additional police were already at the White House, prepared for the mob. As a precaution, no refreshments were served while, for three hours, thousands of the Washington visitors were raced through the East Room for a quick look at Jackson and Van Buren and, if lucky, a handshake. At four o'clock the diplomatic corps, headed by the Spanish minister, Don Calderon, called in a group, and the Spaniard gave a short congratulatory speech on behalf of them all. In his reply, Van Buren inadvertently referred to his distinguished guests as "the democratic corps," a slip that sent ice through the blood of these men who all represented tottering monarchies. When his error was brought to his attention, Van Buren tried to correct it apologetically, but the damage had been done.

That evening there were two inaugural balls, one at Carusi's, the other at the Washington Dancing Assembly Hall. Because of his ill health, Jackson remained at the White House. Van Buren attended the celebration at Carusi's, where the social upper crust had gathered. The fact that he was a widower, with no wife to rule the Washington social world and set the country's fashion trends, was regretted by the capital dowagers who inwardly longed for a queen, but this sad shortcoming was quickly forgotten when Van Buren entered Carusi's accompanied by his four sons, who were to live with him in the White House, all of them in their twenties, all of them rich, all of them eligible bachelors.

Ninth



WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON MARCH 4, 1841

There certainly were enough political issues facing the country to turn the Presidential campaign of 1840 into a sizzler. Convening in Baltimore, the Democrats, writing the first Party platform, touched on the major issues: the tariff, the Government bank, abolitionist agitation in Congress, slavery itself, management-labor conflict, hard money versus paper money. Moreover, the nation was still gripped by unemployment and an investment slump. Yet none of these critical matters figured prominently in the campaign—a campaign which took a very peculiar turn.

The Democrats again chose Martin Van Buren as their candidate. Because of the unpopularity of Vice President Johnson, he was not renominated at the national convention, but nobody else was named either. Nominations for this office reverted to the states, with Kentucky selecting Johnson, Virginia naming Littleton Waller Tazewell, and Tennessee backing its governor, James Knox Polk. The Whigs, again meeting in Harrisburg, again nominated William Henry Harrison, with John Tyler as his running mate.

General Harrison's excellent war record

was just about all the average American knew about him. He had, however, a highly varied political history. He had been secretary of the Northwest Territory, territorial governor of Indiana, superintendent of Indian Affairs under three Presidents; he had served twice in the House, and was briefly Jackson's Ambassador to Colombia. Meanwhile he had also risen to the rank of major general in the Army. But it was well known in inner circles that Harrison was driven to public service not so much by patriotism as by poverty. He came, actually, from an aristocratic Virginia family, which he left at the age of eighteen, in 1791, to go West to fight the Indians, and thereafter he struggled to remain self-supporting. He married at twenty-two and proceeded to sire ten children, of whom he once complained: "My nursery is filling up faster than my treasury." This plight, plus his preference for comfortable living, frequently forced him to seek public office whenever he could get elected or appointed. Regardless of which Party was in power, Harrison never hesitated to ask for a job.

It was Harrison's political switch-hitting that led the Democrats to accuse him of running for President merely because he wanted the twenty-five thousand dollar a year salary. A Baltimore newspaper predicted that if Harrison were given "a barrel of hard cider and a pension of two thousand a year he will, our word for it, sit the remainder of his days in a log cabin by the side of a 'sea coal' fire and study moral philosophy." The accusation backfired. Clever Whig campaigners began stumping for Harrison as the "log-cabin, hard-cider" candidate, and he was suddenly the hero of the common man. In truth, Harrison's home at North Bend, Ohio, was a large, comfortable, well-furnished frame structure, and though there might have been some hard cider around for the hired hands, there definitely was an excellent supply of the best wines for the General himself. But the image of the sturdy frontiersman had been created, and it held. Adding to it was an innocent act of generosity by Martin Van Buren, son of an innkeeper who was now being depicted by the Whigs as a high-living New Yorker in league with Eastern financiers and industrialists. With his own money Van Buren had purchased new tableware for the White House, including some gold spoons. Cartoons of him using the spoons began to appear in the Whig press, with the question: "Is this the kind of aristocrat you want to run your country?"

Thus were the vital political issues of the day disregarded in favor of a campaign based on complete distortions of the personalities and backgrounds of the two men involved. A gullible public believed what it read. In November Harrison won almost 80 per cent of the electoral vote, and he was thereby swept from his fictitious log cabin with its hard cider into the White House with its gold spoons.

Harrison, at sixty-eight years and twenty-three days, was the oldest man to become President. He was the last President to have been born before the American Revolution, on February 9, 1773. He was the only President whose father—Benjamin Harrison—had been a signer of the

Declaration of Independence. He was also the only President to study medicine, which he did briefly in his teens at the University of Pennsylvania before going West to the Indian wars.

On January 26, 1841, Harrison was at Cincinnati ready to board the steamer *Ben Franklin* on the first leg of his trip to Washington. An enormous crowd came to the wharf to see him off. It was a clear day and very cold, but nobody seemed to mind. Just before the departure Harrison came on deck and addressed the people. His final words proved to be prophetic: "Gentlemen and fellow citizens, perhaps this may be the last time I may have the pleasure of speaking to you on earth or seeing you. For now, I will bid you farewell; if forever, fare thee well." It was to be fare thee well.

The journey to Washington was a stormy one, both in terms of the weather and the thunderous ovations Harrison received. A blizzard followed him all the way to the Capital, but it did not prevent Harrison from making speeches at every stop, participating in parades and attending banquets. Loving all this activity, he neglected his health, usually appearing outdoors without a hat or coat, presenting himself as the rugged hero he truly believed himself to be. He regretted only that his wife, ill at home, was missing this display of his triumph, but witnessing it was his grandson, Benjamin Harrison, who himself was one day to experience the same triumph.

On Tuesday, February 10, Harrison became the first President-elect to enter Washington by train. The station was then at the corner of Third Street and Pennsylvania Avenue, and Harrison's train arrived at the height of another snowstorm. The parade that had been arranged for him had to be canceled. Even the reception ceremony planned at the station did not take place, but this was because the multitude which, despite the storm, met the train rushed it as soon as it stopped, creating such disorder that any ceremonies were out of the question.

Harrison was taken directly to City Hall

where Mayor W. W. Seaton and he exchanged brief speeches of welcome; then the President-elect went to his suite at the National Hotel. That afternoon at four-thirty he attended a big banquet in his honor, and the evening was spent in his suite receiving the Whig leaders privately.

On Wednesday Harrison paid a courtesy call on Van Buren at the White House and later in the day Van Buren returned the call at the National Hotel. This must have been a trying experience for both men. Van Buren was convinced that, had the campaign adhered to political issues, he would have won, which was probably true, and now he had to exchange courtesies with the man who would soon be eating with the gold spoons that had cost him the election. Harrison, on the other hand, who ought to have been aware of the false premises of his victory, could not have enjoyed the presence of the man he had derided out of the White House. The two of them never saw each other again.

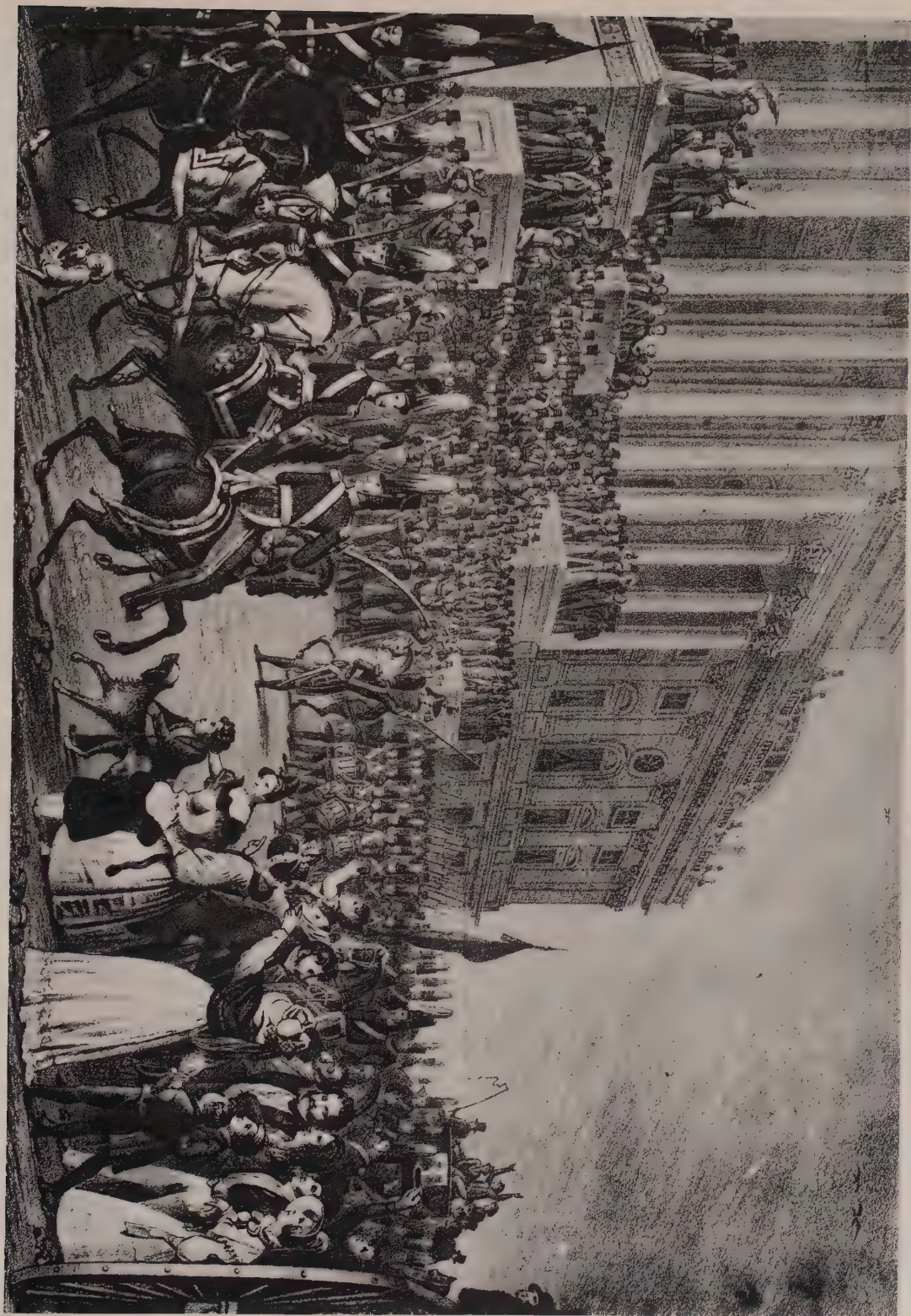
The following Monday Harrison unexpectedly visited the Senate chamber, entering unannounced, and John Calhoun reported: "I did not see him when he came in, nor did I know that he was in the chamber. I felt someone tap me on the shoulder and turning around, lo and behold, it was the President-elect. I felt the awkwardness of the situation to both himself and myself and rose and led the way to the lobby to avoid standing on the floor of the Senate conversing with him and attracting the eyes of all. He followed and immediately began the most familiar kind of conversation as to the course he intended to take, which, however, was soon interrupted by others coming up.

"This little incident is characteristic of the man. They keep him in one perpetual round of visiting and speaking. When I compare all this to the imminently critical condition of the country in many respects, I am at a loss to anticipate what may come. The only hope is that he may be perfectly passive and leave it to the strongest about him to take the control. As bad as it may be, it cannot be as bad as the absence of all control."

The perpetual round of visiting and speaking continued. A preinaugural ball was held at the National; Harrison attended, spending most of his time in the bar, expounding to Congressmen on the problems before the nation. That night he took the mailboat for his visits in Virginia. The welcome at Richmond outdid everything else thus far, with cannonfire all day and fireworks all night, banquets and balls:

Thursday, March 4, was a cold, blustery, overcast day, the threat of snow in the air, but even a sudden return of the Ice Age could not have chilled the warm spirit permeating the Capital. Daniel Webster recorded: "A monstrous crowd of people is in the city. I never saw anything like it before. Persons have come five hundred miles to see General Harrison and they really seem to think that the country is rescued from some terrible danger." An official estimate put the total of visitors at sixty thousand, more than the city's population, many of them ready to brave the freezing temperatures to march in the parade.

At dawn twenty-six cannons were fired, one for each state in the Union, and people were soon out on the streets to take up advantageous positions along Pennsylvania Avenue. Because of the weather, owners of buildings along the Avenue had rented their window space for five hundred dollars to anybody who wanted to watch the parade from indoors. For a dollar, a person was allowed to step to the window for a glimpse. The parade began to form at ten, the biggest parade thus far and the first to resemble what inaugural parades eventually became. Because of Harrison's victory over the Shawnees at Tippecanoe in 1811, the Whigs had given him the name of the battleground as a nickname and the clubs adopted it as part of their own names. Also for the first time floats were part of the parade, most of them brought in by the Tippecanoe clubs, and most of these were log cabins on wheels, decorated with cider barrels and 'coonskins. There were other firsts. Governors of Whig states rode in the parade.



March Fourth, Eighteen Forty-one 49

Carriages were provided for the diplomatic corps. Volunteer militia units came from all parts of the country. There was a special group of veterans who had fought under Harrison against the Indians and the British. One carriage was marked: "Former President of the United States," but nobody rode it. Jackson, in Tennessee, was too ill to travel to Washington; John Quincy Adams, now a member of the House, stayed home; Van Buren, having moved from the White House, remained at the home of friends all day.

The Tippecanoe clubs of Baltimore presented Harrison with a fine carriage and four horses but he did not use them for the parade. Instead, again without a hat, gloves, or topcoat, he mounted a magnificent white charger and rode over to the Treasury Building for the two-hour parade, past the White House, up the Avenue and to the Capitol.

Harrison and his Congressional escort waited in the President's office in the Capitol Building while Vice President-elect Tyler took his oath of office in the Senate chamber. Harrison and Tyler had met only once, briefly, during Harrison's visit to Richmond the week before. After a short speech by Tyler, Harrison was led into the chamber to congratulate him, and the procession was formed to move across the Rotunda out to the East Portico. A deafening shout greeted Harrison when he appeared on the platform.

It took General Harrison one hour and forty-five minutes to read the inaugural address that has remained the longest in history. For all its length the speech boiled down to what the Whig leaders had put

into it: that Harrison would be submissive to Party membership in the Congress.

Chief Justice Taney administered the oath, after which President Harrison again declined the carriage, mounted his horse, and rode slowly down jammed Pennsylvania Avenue to the White House. For three hours he shook hands with the thousands who filed through the Executive Mansion. There were three inaugural balls that night—one the usual Washington society event at the Dancing Assembly Hall on Louisiana Avenue; another the Native American Inaugural Ball at the National; the third the People's Tippecanoe Ball at Carusi's, which a thousand people paid ten dollars each to attend. Harrison attended them all, dancing with the wives of prominent Whigs at each one.

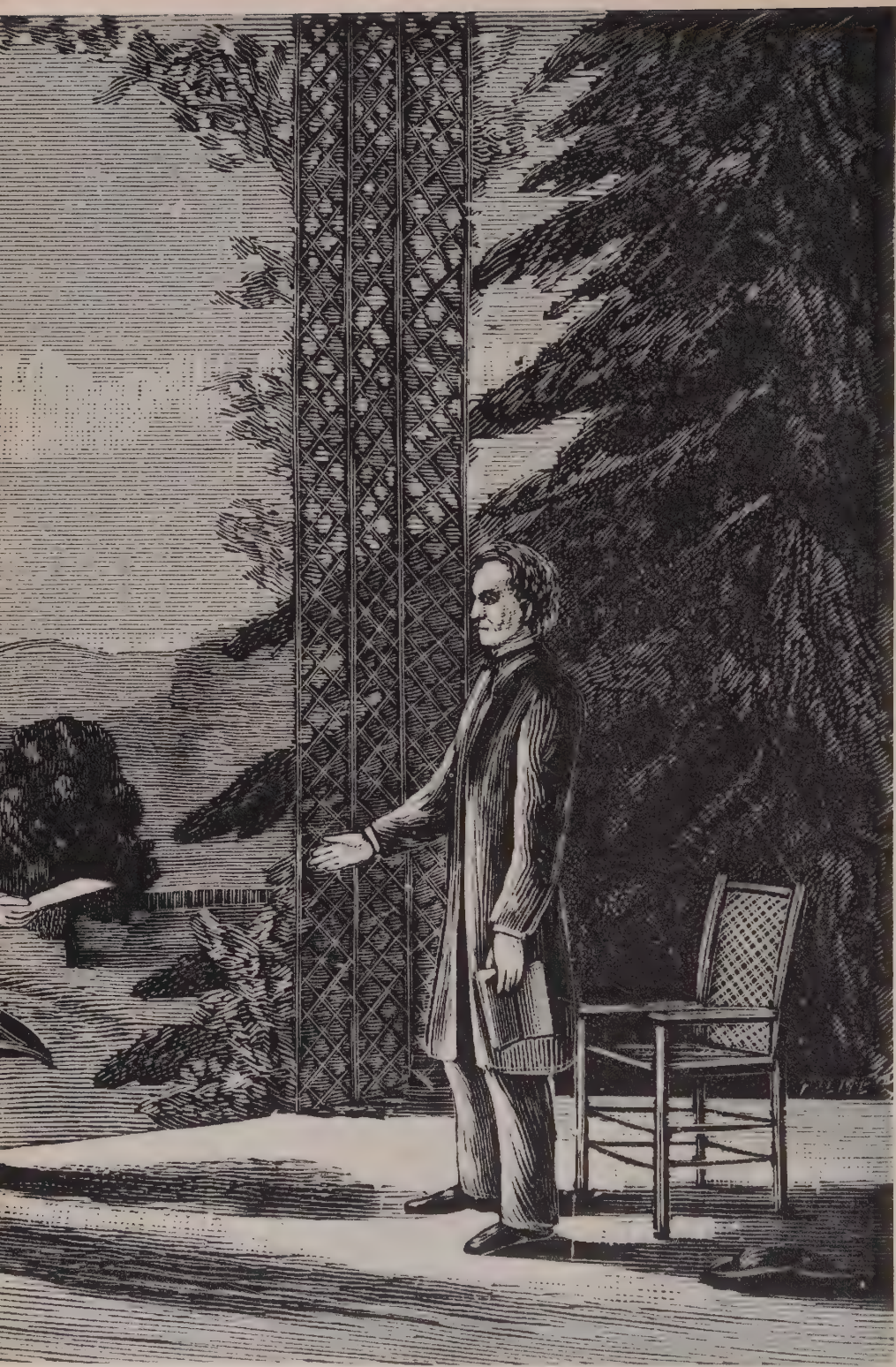
President Harrison had always been an early-to-bed, early-to-rise man. These past six weeks he had continued to be early to rise, but the social and political circumstances of his new life had kept him up until beyond midnight every day. This loss of sleep and his efforts to present himself as a rugged individual by not dressing properly for the cold, wet weather took their toll. On inauguration night, having danced at three balls, traveling through the cold night from one to another, he was exhausted when he returned very late to the White House. He went quickly to a fire, and as he stood there rubbing his hands a shudder passed through him and he groaned softly.

A servant asked: "Are you all right?"

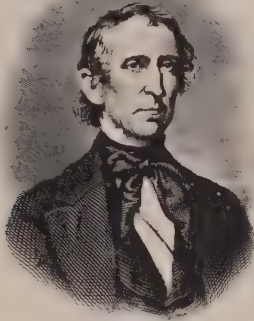
"Yes," he said. "Just a chill." But it was much worse than that.



April 5, 1841: John Tyler receiving the news at his Williamsburg, Va., home of President Harrison's death.
Collections of the Library of Congress.



Tenth



JOHN TYLER
APRIL 6, 1841

John Tyler discovered early that the Vice Presidency could be an empty adventure. He had been one of the anti-Jackson Southern Democrats who had gone over to the Whigs, and he was a worthy convert, an experienced politician. He had served in the Virginia legislature and become Governor; he was a Representative during Monroe's first term and a Senator during Jackson's administration. As one of the three Whig candidates for the Vice Presidency in 1836, he had come in second with a respectable forty-seven electoral votes, and in 1840 he had been carried into the office on the wave of Whig popularity. He had been nominated, he knew, as the Southern balance to the Northern Harrison. He knew, too, that when the Senate was not in session the Vice President did not have much to do, but he did not expect, during his first weeks in office, that he would have absolutely nothing to do. Bored and a little piqued, he went home to his plantation at Williamsburg.

President Harrison, on the other hand, was busier than he had ever been, but he was busy with trivia. He had not yet taken

on a personal staff, which meant that it was up to him to interview the hundreds of people who came to the White House each day seeking jobs and favors. And when these people were gone they were followed by the politicians who came to talk to Harrison—to talk at him, actually—late into the night. He was becoming a very weary man.

It was the custom at this time for men to do the family shopping, going to the Marsh Market very early one or two mornings a week to buy the fresh foodstuffs that had been brought in during the night from surrounding farms. A servant accompanied the master of the house to carry the purchases during the shopping tour, then place them in the carriage to be taken home later.

William Henry Harrison, President of the United States, did the shopping for the White House. The March weather continued raw and bitter, and Harrison persisted in going to market on the cold mornings without a hat or coat, demonstrating his ruggedness to men who had endowed him with the fiction of it in the first place. It was raining at dawn on Saturday,

April Sixth, Eighteen Forty-one 53

March 27, but Harrison went to the market dressed as usual. When he got back to the White House his clothes were drenched, but he refused to change. The chill he had experienced on his inauguration day had developed into a lingering minor cold which he could not shake off because he would not rest. Now, as he worked all day in a damp suit in the chilly and drafty White House, the cold worsened, and by evening he was quite ill. Fifty years before, he had finished half of a thirty-three week medical course, and he had felt ever since that he knew all the medicine he had to know to take care of himself. This time he was wrong. By Monday he realized he needed a doctor.

Medical science had apparently not progressed much in fifty years, for the doctors did all the wrong things. Diagnosing pneumonia, with congestion of the liver, they loaded him—and emptied him—with purgatives and emetics, and when this seriously weakened the old man they switched to stimulants such as opium and brandy. All else failing, they resorted to Indian remedies—toxic mixtures of crude petroleum and snakeweed, aggravating the liver condition and inducing hepatitis.

On Saturday the President passed into a coma. That evening he began to mumble deliriously; he seemed to be apologizing helplessly to the people who had come to him to complain about their lost jobs. At one o'clock Sunday morning he cleared his throat, almost sat up, and looked across the room as though addressing some Government official he thought was standing there. He said: "Sir, I wish you to understand the true principles of the Government. I wish them carried out. I ask nothing more." These were his last words. He fell back, breathing with difficulty. At four in the morning he died.

He was the first President to die in office, and his term—just one month—was the shortest in history. His wife, still ill in Ohio, never saw the inside of the White House as its mistress.

John Tyler had not been told of the President's illness; no one had expected Harrison to die. The first Government

official informed of the death was State Secretary Daniel Webster, who immediately dispatched a messenger to Tyler at Williamsburg. According to legend, Tyler was playing marbles with his sons when the news reached him. He left immediately for Washington, arriving before dawn on Tuesday, April 6.

The Cabinet and Whig leaders in the Congress had been busy for two days and were now in a quandary. Although the authors of the Constitution had foreseen the possibility of the death of a President while in office and had prepared the path of succession, this eventuality slipped the minds of the men who subsequently ran the Government. Now it had happened. The Whigs had been so confident of their ability to maneuver Harrison that they had not given much thought to John Tyler, a much stronger man and one who would not be easily pushed around. Now they had to deal with him.

Shortly after Tyler settled in his suite at Brown's Indian Queen Hotel, prominent Whigs called on him and said they had talked the whole thing over and decided that Tyler would be known as "Vice President of the United States, acting President." He would not hear of it. There was no Constitutional provision for an acting President; if he had inherited the Presidency he would also inherit all its authority, responsibility, and honor, adding that he was ready to take the oath of office as soon as Chief Justice Taney could be located. Told that Taney was out of town, Tyler summoned William Cranch, Chief Justice of the United States Circuit Court of the District of Columbia, who administered the oath at noon in the parlor of Tyler's hotel suite.

President Tyler promptly called a Cabinet meeting. It was opened by Daniel Webster, who said: "It was our custom at these meetings with President Harrison that matters should be resolved by a majority vote, each Cabinet member and the President having one vote."

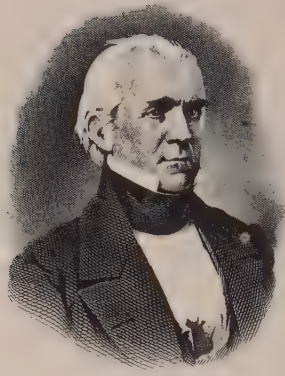
Tyler said: "Gentlemen, I shall be pleased to avail myself of your counsel and advice, but I can never consent to being

dietated to as to what I shall or shall not do. I am the President and I shall be held responsible for my administration. I hope I shall have your hearty cooperation in carrying out its measures. As long as you see fit to do this I shall be glad to have you with me. When you think otherwise, I will be equally glad to receive your resignations."

That settled that. Still to be settled was the matter of Senate leader Henry Clay, who now considered himself the head of the Whig Party, certainly the boss of its Southern wing, and when he came full steam at Tyler, the new President told him: "Mr. Clay, you stay at your end of Pennsylvania Avenue and do your duty to your country as you think proper. So help me God, I shall do mine at this end of it as I think proper."

Within six months the entire Cabinet, except Webster, resigned. Though Clay and Tyler never had any further contact, they remained bitter enemies for the next four years. They were storm-tossed years, with little constructive accomplishment for the country, but, because of John Tyler's adamant determination to conduct his administration on his own terms, they established forever the dignity, prerogatives, and independence of the Presidency.

Eleventh



JAMES KNOX POLK
MARCH 4, 1845

John Tyler became known as the President without a Party. Soon after most of his Cabinet resigned, Senate leader Henry Clay resigned his office in order to be free to travel around the country giving speeches against Tyler. And State Secretary Daniel Webster resigned before the Tyler administration came to an end. Though Tyler would have been willing to run again, he didn't have the slightest chance to get the Whig nomination. When, on May 1, 1844, the Party convened, the Presidential nomination went unanimously to Clay on the first ballot; Senator Theodore Frelinghuysen of New Jersey was named Vice Presidential nominee.

The Democratic nomination went, for the first time, to a "dark horse." At the start, Van Buren was the convention fore-runner but his opposition to slavery and the westward expansion of the country prevented him from winning a majority from the numerous delegates who favored both. It was on the seventh roll call that the first votes were unexpectedly cast for James Knox Polk, former Governor of Tennessee, twice Speaker of the House, expansionist, slaveholder, close friend and dis-

ciple of Andrew Jackson, and on the ninth ballot Polk won. Senator George M. Dallas of Pennsylvania was named for the Vice Presidency. Splinter groups among the Whigs cost them the election, with Polk winning narrowly in the popular vote but with 62 per cent of the Electoral College.

On January 28, 1845, Polk and his wife (they had no children) left their home at Columbia, Tennessee, for Washington. Three days later, they were at the Hermitage, Andrew Jackson's home at Nashville, where the new President had a long and private talk with his mentor. Polk himself had been politically formed so much in the image of "Old Hickory" that he was popularly known as "Young Hickory," and this accounted for much of the admiration he had acquired during the campaign in which he had started out as a stranger.

The Polks moved into Washington's National Hotel on February 13. Shortly after they were settled, a Congressional Committee called and announced that the electoral votes had been counted before a joint session the day before and Polk had been elected President of the United States. He knew this, of course, and he asked his call-

ers to assure the Congress that "in executing the responsible duties which would devolve upon me, it will be my anxious desire to maintain the honor and promote the welfare of the country." He soon learned, however, that he would have plenty of help. During the period before his inauguration he was in almost constant consultation with Party leaders on the selection of his Cabinet, the most notable member of which turned out to be State Secretary James Buchanan of Pennsylvania, a rival for the convention nomination, the deliverer of the Pennsylvania electoral vote, and a future President.

Rolls of thunder were mixed with the cannonfire that roared out over the city on the Tuesday dawn of March 4. Intermittent rain had begun the previous afternoon, went on during the night, and continued into the morning hours. Some thirty thousand people had come to Washington for the inauguration, most of them arriving early to spend the weekend in the Capital, and few of them had thought to bring umbrellas. When the rain began on Monday, there was a rush for umbrellas at all the shops, and the harder it rained the higher went the prices. The evening trains from Baltimore brought tourists who had been forewarned in time to bring their own umbrellas, and the women carried large suitcases containing the full-skirted, colorful dresses they hoped to be able to wear the next day. They were in for a disappointment: Tuesday morning the sporadic rain persisted.

The rain ruined the big parade which had been planned. Floats that had been assembled outdoors on Monday were now globs of drenched paper and cloth. The search for parade decorations of some kind started a run on the item that had been the Democratic symbol for the campaign—branches of young hickory. The branch-bearing crowd in front of the National Hotel early Tuesday morning looked like an undulating forest. At ten carriages for the people scheduled to ride in the parade drew up in front of the hotel, but many of the carriages remained empty. Members of the Supreme Court re-

fused to ride in the rain. So did the diplomatic corps, whose brilliant uniforms had always been a high point at such an event. So did most of the outgoing members of the Congress, who had nothing to celebrate anyway. Incoming members had gone directly to the Capitol to be sworn in before the arrival of the new President.

There were, however, many heartier spirits. The political clubs from across the country had turned out, rain or no rain, and as they waited for the parade to begin their bands blared forth from time to time. During the campaign the Whigs tried to capitalize on Polk's obscurity by peppering their rallies with cries of: "Who's James K. Polk?" And the audiences would reply with a deafening: "Who is he?" Now the Democrats had their revenge. Whenever sudden downpours seemed to dampen the inaugural gaiety, someone would cry out: "Who's James K. Polk?" There would be laughter and everyone would triumphantly shout: "He is the *President!*"

John Tyler demonstrated his own heartiness when at ten-thirty, despite the rain, he arrived at the National Hotel in an open carriage. He was led to Polk's suite, and the two men remained together for about twenty minutes. When they came out, the crowd in the lobby burst into cheers and applause, signaling those out on the street that Polk and Tyler were on their way. The outdoor throng pushed forward, pressing against the carriage. The parade marshal and his aides, all of them mounted, had to ride directly into the mob to force the people back. Polk stepped outside to be greeted by a great roar, a wild forest of hickory, and repeated cries of: "Who's James K. Polk?" and: "He's the *President!*"

The parade moved off. According to the correspondent of the New York *Weekly Herald*, there were only about two hundred people in the parade itself, but it grew bigger and bigger each block as the people on the sidewalks fell in behind to go to the Capitol. The Capitol mall was a sea of umbrellas that advanced to the steps and up them as far as the temporary platform where Polk had announced he

would take his oath regardless of the weather. At previous inaugurations people were allowed to bring their carriages onto the mall, moving in as close as they could, but that was forbidden this time and the mall was packed with thousands of soggy revelers ankle-deep in mud.

The Presidential party went around to the west side of the building and hurried up the long flight of stairs. By this time Vice President Dallas had taken his oath and was in the middle of his short speech to the Senate. Informed that Polk had arrived, the Supreme Court justices and the diplomatic corps made their way into the Senate chamber and took their seats. From this the galleries assumed that Polk and

March 4, 1845: The approach to the Capitol on the Inauguration Day of President James Knox Polk. *Wood engraving in Illustrated London News, April 19, 1845. Collections of the Library of Congress.*



58 *James Knox Polk*

Tyler were in the building, and a buzz went around the top of the room that drowned out Dallas' final words. The two men waited outside the door until the spectators had given Dallas his applause; then they entered for their own. Had it not been for Polk, John Tyler would have been ignored during the flurry of excitement their entrance caused, but as each dignitary approached with congratulations for the new President, Polk presented him to Tyler, thus keeping him part of the ceremonies. The hand-shaking was still going on when the clerk arose to announce the order of procession out to the East Portico.

The drumming of heavy rain on thousands of umbrellas made it difficult for even those near the platform to hear what Polk was saying. Against such an obstacle Polk realized he was helpless and did not try too hard. He read his long speech in half an hour, satisfying himself with the fact that anybody who was really interested could read the address in the papers the next day. The only way most people discovered the speech was over was when Chief Justice Taney stepped forward to administer the oath of office. This brought a belated cheer from the rear of the crowd and cries for silence from the front. The oath taken, Polk kissed the Bible, there was a burst of cannonfire, and the Marine Band played a ragged "Hail to the Chief!" * The platform emptied quickly.

A closed carriage had been placed in the parade line for John Tyler, and the carriage bearing President Polk had now been covered. If the parade to the Capitol



* There is little information about the background of the Presidential anthem. The lyrics come from Sir Walter Scott's "The Lady of the Lake" ("Hail to the Chief who in triumph advances!"), published in 1810, but the melody is an ancient Scottish air traditionally played at clan meetings. James Sanderson, of whom nothing else is known, is credited with putting the words and music together but, according to John Philip Sousa, the master of marches, when Sanderson did this, and when the song was first used to greet a President, has never been established. Its use in 1845 is the first reference on record but it was probably played earlier.

had seemed motley to some, the parade away from it was even more so. It was now raining heavily and people scattered for shelter. When the line of carriages came around the Capitol building into Pennsylvania Avenue, it faced a street solid with retreating spectators who all had their backs to the parade. Part way to the White House the parade was halted, and the carriages of Polk and Tyler made a slight detour to Fuller's Hotel where Tyler's family had taken a suite. Tyler's first wife had died in the White House in 1842; he married again, in New York, in 1844; his first wife had given him eight children, the second was to give him seven. As the father of fifteen John Tyler had more children than any other President. His oldest son, Robert, who was also his secretary, was at a hotel window now, watching his father alight from the carriage. Tyler took the few steps forward to Polk's carriage, the door opened and the two men shook hands, then Tyler darted into the hotel lobby alone.

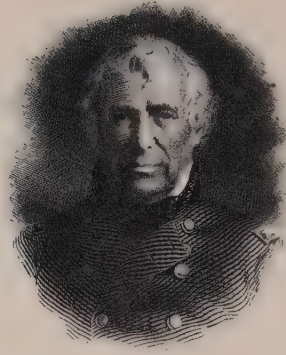
Polk's carriage turned around, went back to its place in the parade line, and the rest of the journey to the White House was completed. There was a crowd at the White House, but it was kept outside the gates. The parade itself moved up the driveway to the main door, where members of the volunteer militia, soaked to the skin, formed ranks for a brief inspection by the President. After this the soldiers stood guard at the door to keep out everybody except the dignitaries who were required by protocol to pay a courtesy call on the Polks.

There were two inaugural balls that night, the usual swanky affair at Carusi's, for which invited guests paid ten dollars a ticket, and a general ball at the National Theatre, open to all who were willing to pay five dollars to get in. The Polks attended both balls, going to Carusi's first,

and out of respect for Mrs. Polk's disapproval of dancing the music stopped when the Polks entered the hall. At the far end of the room was a slightly raised platform where the Polks sat on divans for an hour, chatting with friends. It was, according to some reports, an elegant but extremely formal affair, with old friends refusing to speak to each other without being properly introduced. The atmosphere at the National Theatre was far different. A temporary floor had been placed over the orchestra seats, providing a vast dancing area, and it was packed. Those who couldn't get on the dance floor were in the balconies, sending out a gay cacophony that shook the chandeliers. The supper room was on the stage, behind a lowered curtain, and everybody in the place was determined to get his five dollars' worth of food the instant the curtain went up.

The Polks arrived around ten. When they entered, the band stopped its waltz and struck up "Hail to the Chief!" and the dancers backed away to make an avenue to the front of the theatre. The band remained silent as lower echelon dignitaries were presented to President and Mrs. Polk for about fifteen minutes, and then cries to resume the dancing came from the Baltimore shopgirls who had invested five dollars to husband-hunt in the city which abounded with bachelors and from the bachelors who were impatient to discover what kind of girls Baltimore had to offer. To calm the crowd the band went into a waltz and, much to Mrs. Polk's displeasure, the dancers whirled across the floor. A few minutes of this were enough for Mrs. Polk; she was relieved when the President's party was led backstage to the tables of food. She was even more relieved when, after another fifteen minutes, she and her husband were in their carriage on their way back to a quiet White House.

Twelfth



ZACHARY TAYLOR MARCH 5, 1849

James Polk did not desire a second term. Even if he had, he probably would not have been nominated as the Democratic candidate. When the Party convened in May, 1848, there were not a half-dozen delegates willing to support him. His administration actually had been effective. Texas, Iowa, and Wisconsin had been admitted to the Union; the war with Mexico had been won; a war with England had been avoided by a peaceful settlement of the Northwest dispute; and Oregon had become a U.S. Territory. Financially the country had remained stable. But in his dealings with Party leaders Polk had been too independent, and it was this that overshadowed all he had accomplished. The Democrats nominated Senator Lewis Cass of Michigan, War of 1812 hero, for the Presidency, and General William O. Butler, former Kentucky Congressman and aide to Zachary Taylor in the Mexican war, as Vice President.

The Whigs, hoping to ride the crest of Zachary Taylor's current popularity, gave their nomination to him. Nobody was sure whether or not Taylor was a Whig. He had never voted in his life, never par-

ticipated in politics in any way, and actually had no political views. The son of a Virginia farmer-soldier, he had followed both careers, but most of his years were spent in the Army. He received his commission as a lieutenant in 1808 through the influence of his cousin, James Madison, who was then Secretary of State. "My house," Taylor once said, "is a tent and my home is the battlefield." His corn-cob-pipe-smoking wife Margaret won her own fame by accompanying him from tent to tent, from battlefield to battlefield. "Keep your powder dry," was Taylor's regular good-bye and good-night admonition to his peppery little wife.

When the Whigs queried General Taylor as to his availability, he replied that he did not wish to be President, that he would not campaign for the nomination or the office itself, but that he would refuse no duty which his fellow citizens called upon him to perform. The Whigs nominated Taylor on the fourth ballot. A letter with this news was mailed to him at his Baton Rouge, Louisiana, plantation, but somebody neglected to put the postage stamps on it. As a national hero, Taylor was re-

ceiving a great deal of mail, much of it with insufficient postage. Because of the personal expense of this, he decided not to accept any more such letters. When the Whig letter arrived with postage due, Taylor refused it; it was returned to Philadelphia where stamps were affixed and the letter made another trip halfway across the country.

Margaret Taylor pleaded with her husband to withdraw from the campaign, and when he refused she let him know that she was praying every day that he would lose the election. Though Taylor appeared to be in good health, he was sixty-four years old, and his wife feared that the burdens of the Presidency might be too much for him. Also, she hated Washington with all its elegance, and she warned that if her husband were elected the Capital would see very little of her. Told that the Washington dowagers disapproved of her pipe-smoking, she said: "I don't care what they think about that. I disapprove of them for lots of reasons."

The election on November 7, 1848, was the first in which the whole country voted on the same day. Previously, elections had been held at approximately the same time, early in November, but there was no uniformity. In 1845 Congress passed a bill selecting the first Tuesday after the first Monday in November as election day, thus avoiding the first day of the month when business people would be too occupied with their bookkeeping to take time to vote, and avoiding Monday because rural residents, who sometimes had to travel long distances to their polling places, might refuse to travel on Sunday, the Lord's day, in order to cast their votes on Monday.

When the almost three million votes were counted, Taylor and his running-mate, New York State Comptroller Millard Fillmore, had a plurality of 140,000 votes over their Democratic opponents.

The Whigs, after trying to make James Polk look like a stranger in Washington, now had a President who was even more so. Polk had served fourteen years in Congress; Taylor had never been in Washing-

ton more than several days at a time. He had few close friends in the Capitol hierarchy, and he had yet to meet the men whose political machines had made him President. When he repeatedly ignored the pleas of Party leaders to come to Washington, there was a sudden fear in the Capital that perhaps he had decided against taking his office after all. It was, oddly enough, a Democrat, Senator Jefferson Davis of Mississippi, to whom the Whigs turned to bring Taylor to Washington. A West Point graduate, Davis had served with Taylor in Kentucky in 1835 and had fallen in love with his daughter Sarah. Despite Taylor's sternest objections, the young couple were married. Three months later Sarah died of malaria. Taylor blamed Davis for the tragedy and turned against him. The two men did not speak for ten years, until 1846, when Davis resigned from the House, took command of the Mississippi regiment, and joined Taylor in California. Even then, Taylor would not for months acknowledge Davis's presence in the camp. However, on witnessing his bravery under fire and perceiving his personal loyalty, Taylor one day broke down, embraced Davis, and the breach was healed. Though a Democrat, Davis campaigned for his Whig father-in-law in 1848. He was made part of the Whig conferences regarding the Cabinet, and now he was asked to persuade General Taylor to come to Washington as soon as possible.

It was near the end of January, 1849, when Taylor finally agreed to start the longest trip to the White House that any President-elect had yet made. His wife, dreading the fanfare she knew would be part of the journey, refused to accompany him and decided to follow him later and by a different route. Taylor's trip took three weeks, by river boat, carriage, sleigh, and train, and on every mile of it he received unprecedented adulation. For a man who disliked crowds and avoided them, the experience was staggering. He soon acquired the familiar Presidential afflictions—indigestion from too many banquets and blisters from too much handshaking. Rarely had the people displayed

so much enthusiasm for a President-elect, particularly a man whose only public reputation was his war record. On the last leg of the trip, the train from Baltimore to Washington, well-wishers built bonfires along the roadbed the whole distance.

Cannons boomed and fireworks crackled in the night as Taylor's train pulled into the Washington depot. An enormous crowd filled the station and overflowed into the streets. Expecting something like this, city officials made no efforts to hold a reception that might have turned into a riot. Instead, the police helped Taylor make his way slowly through the crowd to a carriage that moved with the same slowness down the Avenue to Willard's Hotel—all this for a man practically no one in the city would have recognized had he arrived on an earlier train unannounced.

Protocol required Taylor to make a courtesy call on President Polk at the White House but the General, who felt Polk had not given him proper recognition during the war, refused to go. This irked Polk who then ordered his Cabinet to stay away from Taylor. Jefferson Davis established peace between the two men, first by persuading Polk to extend an invitation, for the good of the country, and then persuading Taylor to accept it on the same ground. The meeting occurred on Monday, February 26, and went smoothly enough for Polk to invite the Taylors to dinner on Thursday, March 1. The General accepted, but his wife, true to her threat to avoid Washington social events, sent her regrets and remained at the hotel.

Once again, Inauguration Day fell on a Sunday and once again it was postponed to Monday. It appeared, then, that once again the United States might have a President-for-a-day in the presiding officer of the Senate, but this did not occur. As the Thirtieth Congress came to a close on Saturday, March 3, Senator David R. Atchison of Missouri was the presiding officer pro tempore of the Senate. Though re-elected in the 1848 campaign, he would end his current term with Senate adjournment at Saturday noon and, legally, he was out of office until he qualified as a member of the

new Senate at its first session on Monday. Since the incumbency of Polk and Dallas officially ended at noon on Sunday, the country was in fact without a legal head of the Government and remained so for twenty-three hours.

The usual cannonfire greeted a cold, gray Monday dawn. Snow flurries during the night had deposited a pleasant veil upon the city, but when the thousands of tourists hurried out early for breakfast and to reach vantage points, the main arteries of the Capital became covered with a thin layer of mud that quickly froze. At nine o'clock the chief marshal and a hundred of his aides, all prominent Washingtonians, formed ranks in the ballroom of Willard's Hotel. Moments later Taylor entered, accompanied by Mayor Seaton, and as the two men moved down the lines the Mayor introduced Taylor to each of the marshals. This done, the marshals went outside to prepare the parade and Taylor returned to his suite. The parade emphasis was on the military: a dozen units that had fought under Taylor in various parts of the country had come to Washington to escort him to the Capitol building. Military bands were in the march; political club bands were stationed at street corners to serenade Taylor as he passed. Also marching in the parade were District college students and clergymen. Particularly capturing the interest of the crowds was a band of Chippewas, a tribe once defeated by Taylor, but whose representatives this day seemed to have forgiven him, for they started a victory dance in his honor at dawn and kept it up for hours.

At eleven the parade was formed in front of the hotel. Awaiting Taylor was a coach-and-four. Five minutes past the hour, Taylor came out with Mayor Seaton and ex-Speaker of the House Robert C. Winthrop of Massachusetts. As they entered the carriage the crowd that filled the street sent up a roar. The Polks had moved out of the White House over the weekend and were staying at the Irving Hotel just down the Avenue. It was expected that Taylor would go into the lobby to be greeted by Polk, but when the Presidential coach

reached the hotel Polk came out quickly and, his arm outstretched as he crossed the sidewalk, went to the carriage and shook hands with Taylor as he sat beside him. This, too, brought great cheers.

Part of the Senate gallery had been reserved for the wives of Congressmen and department leaders; the rest of it was opened to other women on a first-come, first-served basis. The first-comers were at the door at eight in the morning, and so impatient were they to enter that they almost broke down the doors and had to be let in almost immediately. During the long wait for the ceremonies, three women fainted and were carried out. Noticeably absent from the entire event was Margaret Taylor.

By eleven the Senators were in their places and the Representatives had come over. Members of the old and new Cabinets, the diplomats, and the Supreme Court justices had seats down front. Outgoing Vice President Dallas was there, as was former Vice President Johnson. There being no presiding officer, the special session was called to order by the Senate secretary. Then Senator William Benton of Missouri arose and suggested that since Senator Atchison had previously served so ably as presiding officer pro tempore of the Senate he should be re-elected to that post. The motion was unanimously approved. Atchison took his oath of office from Benton and for the next fifteen minutes he was actually the head of the Government. During this time, Dallas went out into the hall to fetch Millard Fillmore, whose entrance into the chamber was acknowledged by resounding applause. Fillmore made a short speech, took his oath, and now it was he who was the head of the Government.

The inaugural parade reached the Capitol shortly after noon. The appearance, moments later, of Taylor and Polk at the Senate door caused everyone to rise and applaud and cheer. When order was restored, the Senate secretary announced the formation of the procession to the East Portico, and the dignitaries took their places. Though the day continued cold, with intermittent snow flurries, a crowd of

some thirty thousand filled the mall, warming themselves with lusty cheers as Taylor and Fillmore were led forward to a sofa that had been placed at the front of the platform for them. Taylor, ordinarily a slovenly dresser, wore a new black suit, and he had requested that his new overcoat be a couple of sizes too large so that it would not grip at his barrel chest while he read his inaugural address.

Earlier, Taylor had startled the expansionists in Washington by expressing the opinion that California and Oregon were too distant to become part of the Union and should be granted independence as separate countries. If he still felt this way, Party leaders were able at least to prevent him from saying so in his address. They also prevented him from saying anything about slavery, the other major issue of the day. He said, actually, very little. The speech was short—the shortest since George Washington's—and the individual reaction to it depended on the individual attitude toward the man. The Democratic press said he had been evasive; Polk wrote in his diary that Taylor had read “in a very low voice and very badly as to his pronunciation and manners.” Some Whig leaders thought he had insinuated that he would not be a Party-puppet President, but the Whig press asserted that “he read the noble pledges of his inaugural with modest self-possession.”

George Washington had been Taylor's hero, and now that Taylor was to follow Washington into the Presidency he wished to solemnize his oath with the Bible that Washington had used at his first inauguration. The Bible had been brought from New York, and Taylor's hand rested upon it as Chief Justice Taney administered the oath. After Taylor kissed the Bible, the cannons were fired, and as the Marine band was playing, the first to step to President Taylor was James Polk, who shook his hand and said: “I hope, sir, the country may be prosperous under your administration.” Polk then rode with Taylor, Seaton, and Winthrop as far as the Irving Hotel, where they all said good-bye, and the new President went on to the White House for

his public reception. It was an orderly affair, though thousands came. Two rows of chairs had been arranged across the East Room, forming an aisle, and as the visitors filed through it Taylor stood behind one row of the barricade, nodding, smiling, saying hello, and thanking people for coming, but keeping his still sensitive right hand at his side.

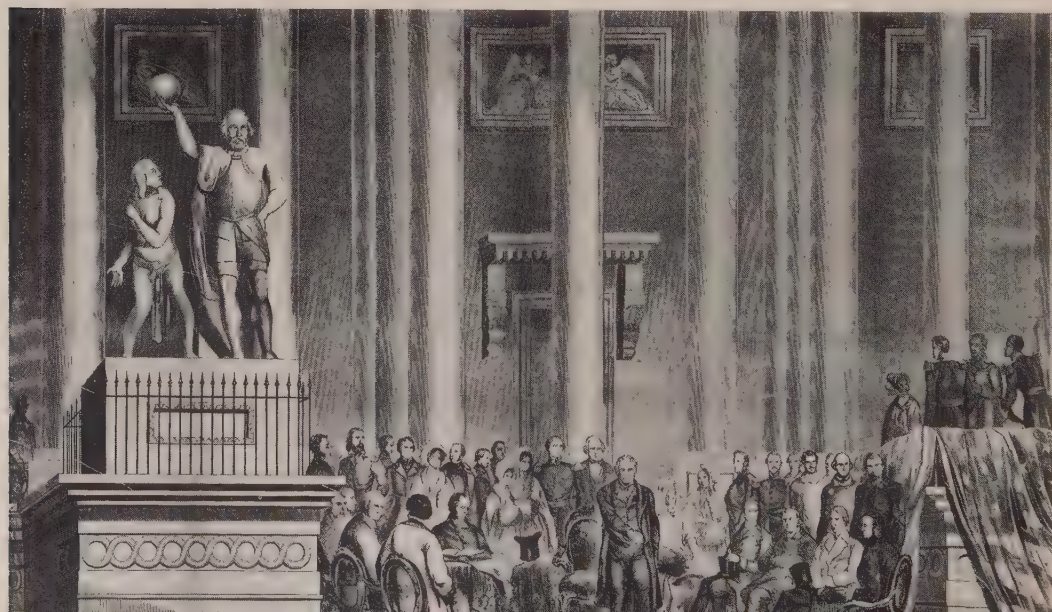
That night there were three inaugural balls; Taylor and Fillmore attended them all, traveling in separate carriages and without their wives. At nine they went to Carusi's, where a military ball was being conducted. At ten they were at Jackson Hall on Pennsylvania Avenue, where the swanky Washington Dancing Assembly, composed mostly of Democrats, tried to forget the Whig victory in a whirl of waltzes and a swirl of champagne. At eleven they stood at the head of the stairs of the large temporary structure erected adjacent to City Hall, and gazed down at four thousand wildly ecstatic Whigs as the band played "Hail Columbia!" This was the main event, the triumphant Grand Inauguration Ball, and among its two hundred thirty sponsors was the lanky Whig Representative from Illinois, young Abraham Lincoln, who now applauding, beamed up at the man for whom he had campaigned so hard. President Taylor slowly descended the twenty stairs and made his way through the crowd to the reception area at the far end of the room where for the next hour the foreign diplo-

mats, the Senators and Representatives and governors and all the Whig blue bloods came forward with their congratulations.

The dancing was resumed. From the dozen chandeliers dripping candle wax fell upon the expensive gowns that women had ordered from Baltimore and New York, even London, but nobody cared. A midnight buffet supper was served in the corridors of City Hall, with the men in one section of the building and the ladies in another. Fillmore supped with the men, but Taylor joined the ladies. In both sections all good manners were abandoned in the rush for food "as though," a British visitor observed, "these people had not eaten for days." Knots of men tore the meat off turkey skeletons; women dug their jeweled hands into cakes; champagne drenched gowns and suits. Both men and women fainted dead away and were carried out into the heavy snow that was beginning to fall.

Taylor and Fillmore escaped at one in the morning, but the melee went on until four. When the ball was finally over, it was discovered that the servants had fled, leaving thousands of wraps in a gigantic heap in the middle of the City Hall lobby. This caused a fresh flurry, punctuated by the curses of the men and the sobs of the women. Abraham Lincoln never did find his hat, but trudged off bareheaded into the blizzard on the long walk to his lodgings.

March 5, 1849: The inauguration of General Zachary Taylor as the twelfth President of the United States. *Wood engraving by Brightly and Keyser. Collections of the Library of Congress.*



Thirteenth



MILLARD FILLMORE
JULY 10, 1850

There were people in Washington who did not know that Zachary Taylor had a wife. At any public affair the role of hostess was filled by Taylor's daughter Betty, the wife of Colonel William Bliss, the President's Secretary. Upon moving into the White House, Margaret Taylor fixed up private quarters on the second floor and rarely went to any other part of the mansion. She received few visitors. She had two interests outside the White House. One was St. John's Episcopal Church, just across Lafayette Square, where she attended services every Sunday, unrecognized, unnoticed. The other was the American Sunday School Union, of which she and the President were life members. On the Fourth of July, 1850, Taylor's second summer in office, the Baptist Sunday School children gave a concert of patriotic music, and Mrs. Taylor felt that she and the President should attend. He could not stay for the whole program, having to leave for another patriotic ceremony at the Washington Monument, then in the process of being built.

It was a blistering hot day. As he sat in a scorching sun listening to all the speeches

Taylor grew uncomfortably warm and asked for some ice water. When he got back to the White House that afternoon, he was both parched and hungry, so he ate a quantity of chilled cherries and wild-berries, washing them down with iced milk. At dinner Taylor ate an unusually heavy meal, remarking that he couldn't understand why he was so hungry, and he ate more of the fruit. His doctor, who was dining with him, cautioned him against overeating in such hot weather, but Taylor shrugged off the warning.

That evening the President had a stomach-ache, which he blamed on his gluttony, and he refused to take anything for it. In the middle of the night severe cramps awakened him. The doctor was summoned. On Friday, the fifth, Taylor was too ill to get out of bed. When he failed to respond to the usual medication for digestive disorders, more doctors were called in, and on Saturday it was announced from the White House that President Taylor was suffering from cholera morbus. The treatment given him—purgatives and emetics, then stimulants—served only to aggravate his condition. He sank rapidly.

On Sunday the doctors admitted to the Taylor family that the President might not recover.

Taylor somehow sensed this. Despite his illness he seemed preoccupied with the slavery controversy that had worsened in recent months. Though a slaveholding Southerner he was a strong Unionist at heart, and because he had blocked both pro-slavery legislation and secessionism, the South was now calling him a traitor. He said to his doctor: "I should not be surprised if this (illness) were to terminate in my death. I did not expect to encounter what has beset me since my elevation to the Presidency. God knows that I have endeavored to fulfill what I conceived to be my honest duty. But I have been mistaken. My motives have been misconstrued and my feelings most grossly outraged."

Government leaders were alerted to the danger of the President's death and the news seeped out to the public. All day Monday Cabinet members stopped by the White House to inquire after the President and to attempt to console his family. Outside, silent crowds gathered at the gates, eager for news and yet afraid of it.

Early reports on Tuesday, the ninth, indicated that the President had spent a peaceful night and appeared to be improving. This ray of hope was shattered at noon when news shot through the Capital that Taylor was dead. An hour later a White House bulletin announced that the President still lived, but that he probably would not live through the day. That afternoon the Cabinet and Vice President Fillmore gathered at the White House for a final visit with the President, after which they went to an adjoining room where they remained. Other Government and military leaders continued arriving at the White House throughout the evening.

Taylor died at ten-thirty-five. Somehow everyone instinctively knew it before the official announcement was made. A heavy-hearted moan rose from the thousands gathered outside the White House. Across the city church bells began to toll. After a while Fillmore and others who had made the death watch appeared at the White

House door, went slowly to their carriages, and rode away.

That night the Cabinet jointly sent an announcement of Taylor's death to Millard Fillmore at his home, in effect jointly submitting its resignation. In reply, Fillmore said:

"I have just received your note conveying the melancholy and painful intelligence of the decease of Zachary Taylor, late President of the United States. I have no language to express the emotions of my heart. The shock is so sudden and unexpected that I am overwhelmed with grief. I shall avail myself of the earliest moment to communicate the sad intelligence to Congress and shall appoint a time and place for taking the oath of office prescribed to the President of the United States. You are requested to be present and witness the ceremony."

Next morning, Wednesday, the tenth, both the Senate and House convened in their chambers at eleven o'clock. The Senate was called to order by its secretary, Asbury Dickins, and after a prayer by the Rev. C. B. Butler, the Senate chaplain, Dickins read a message from Fillmore which announced Taylor's death and concluded: "It remains for me to say that I propose this day, at twelve o'clock, in the hall of the House of Representatives, in the presence of both Houses of Congress, to take the oath prescribed by the Constitution, to enable me to enter on the execution of the office which this event has devolved on me."

Daniel Webster, again a Senator, then submitted a resolution calling for a joint session of Congress and the appointment of three members from each house to serve as escorts for Fillmore. The resolution was passed and sent to the House where it was also passed. Both houses then adjourned until twelve o'clock. There had been spectators in the galleries of both chambers, and now those in the Senate moved over to the House. Already there were many others who, having learned the news, had hurried in from the streets. They were a quiet crowd, some of them silently weeping, still shocked.

By noon the Representatives were back in their places, Speaker Howell Cobb of Georgia, in the chair. Into the chamber came District Justice Cranch, chosen to administer the oath in this emergency as he had at a similar moment for John Tyler. He took a seat at the clerk's desk. Then the Senators came in, sitting in front of the Representatives, just at the well of the floor. On a signal from Speaker Cobb, the Congressional escort went to the door where Fillmore and the cabinet were waiting. As Fillmore came into sight everyone in the room stood up. There was no applause, no sound except the rustling of

clothes and the scuffling of feet. The Cabinet took seats placed to one side for them. Fillmore went to the clerk's desk and sat opposite Judge Cranch. Then everyone else sat down.

Howell Cobb tapped his gavel and said: "It is the order of business of this extraordinary session of the Congress that the oath of the office of the President of the United States should be administered to Mr. Fillmore."

Fillmore and Cranch stood up and approached each other. In a soft voice, Fillmore repeated the oath after the Judge. Cranch then stepped away. Fillmore

July 10, 1850: Millard Fillmore enters the House chamber to face a joint session of Congress for his somber inauguration ceremony following the death of President Zachary Taylor.



turned, faced the witnesses, bowed to them, and left the room. There was a pause, a low rumble of conversation; then Cobb adjourned the meeting. The Senators went back to their chamber, where the presiding officer announced that he had just been handed a special message from President Fillmore which he desired to read. At the same moment Speaker Cobb was reading the same message to the House. It said:

"A great man has fallen among us and a whole country is called to an occasion of unexpected, deep, and general mourning.

"I recommend to the two Houses of Congress to adopt such measures as in their discretion may seem proper to perform with due solemnities the funeral obsequies of Zachary Taylor, late President of the United States, and thereby to signify the great and affectionate regard of the American people for the memory of one whose life has been devoted to the public service; whose career in arms has not been surpassed in usefulness or brilliancy; who has been so recently raised by the unsolicited voice of the people to the highest civil authority in the Government, which he administered with so much honor and advantage to his country, and by whose sudden death so many hopes of future usefulness have been blighted for ever.

"To you, Senators and Representatives

of a nation in tears, I can say nothing which can alleviate the sorrow with which you are oppressed. I appeal to you to aid me, under the trying circumstances which surround me, in the discharge of the duties from which, however much I may be oppressed by them, I dare not shrink, and I rely upon Him who holds in His hands the destinies of nations to endow me with the requisite strength for the task and to avert our country from the evils apprehended from the heavy calamity which has befallen us.

"I shall most readily concur in whatever measures the wisdom of the two Houses may suggest, as befitting this deeply melancholy occasion."

It was a sad inaugural address, saddest because it fell on many deaf ears. Eulogies were given by members of both Houses, and some of the remarks suggested that the sudden death of the President might provide a sober and calm atmosphere in which to resolve peacefully the serious controversy facing the nation—the controversy over slavery. But it was too late for that. The battlelines had already been drawn and not even the shock of a President's death or the hope implicit in a new President's administration could erase them. In fact, the lines were soon to become sharper, deeper, to which President Millard Fillmore would make his own contribution.

Fourteenth



FRANKLIN PIERCE
MARCH 4, 1853

Millard Fillmore had never liked Zachary Taylor and frequently complained that Taylor deprived him of any chance to pay off his political debts with patronage. Upon assuming office, then, Fillmore was understandably inclined to favor whatever Taylor had opposed, particularly in the area of pro-slavery legislation. This dismayed Northern Whigs and at the 1852 convention they would have no part of him.

As it turned out, both major parties had trouble finding a candidate. The Whigs went through fifty-three ballots before they agreed on General Winfield Scott. It took the Democrats forty-nine ballots to choose Franklin Pierce of New Hampshire. Both men were reluctant candidates, Scott because of his reservations toward the Whig platform, Pierce because his wife didn't want him to run. Neither man took an active part in the campaign, and it was Pierce, a Northern Democrat with Southern sympathies, who won with a comfortable majority of three hundred thousand in the popular vote of over three million and a landslide in the Electoral College of 254 out of 296.

Ten years before, Franklin Pierce had given up a promising political career in Washington because his heavy drinking there had almost destroyed his marriage. He had been elected to the House in 1833, to the Senate in 1837, but he resigned in 1842 when his wife threatened to end their marriage unless he broke with his carousing Washington friends and returned to a peaceful life in Concord. Submitting, he subsequently declined Polk's invitation to become U.S. Attorney General, and in 1848 he also declined an appointment to the Senate and an offer to run for the New Hampshire governorship. Jane Pierce, the daughter of the president of Bowdoin College, was shy, frail, genteel, and prone to religious fanaticism. When her first two sons died in infancy she believed that God was punishing Pierce because of his drinking, and it was the birth of her third son, Ben, in 1841, that led to her ultimatum and Pierce's retirement from politics. He also stopped drinking.

When the 1852 Democratic convention opened there was not the slightest chance that Franklin Pierce would win the nomination, but as ballot after ballot failed

to produce a candidate and the delegates began looking around for a dark horse, his name figured more and more. He received his first votes—fifteen—from Virginia on the thirty-fourth ballot; on the forty-eighth ballot he had fifty-five votes, and on the next he had two hundred eighty-three, all but six. The Pierces were visiting friends in Boston during the convention. When a Baltimore telegram arrived, sounding Pierce out about his availability, he did not mention it to his wife. He never told her that he replied affirmatively nor did he reveal the other telegrams that he sent to delegates he felt would support him. On the morning of Saturday, June 5, when his support began to snowball, he took his wife for a ride in the country, getting her out of the house and away from the crowd he expected would be at the door the moment the news arrived from Baltimore. They were on their way back into Boston when a friend on horseback galloped up to them and blurted out that Pierce had been nominated. Jane Pierce fainted.

Only Pierce's assurance that he had not sought the nomination and would not campaign for election kept the peace in his home. But he insisted that if he were elected it would be his duty to serve, and his wife reluctantly conceded this. She was heartsick when he was elected and she repeatedly said that his victory spelled doom for them. On January 6, 1853, the Pierces were again in Boston. They left the city that morning by train; their son Ben, then eleven, was with them. Approaching Andover, their car somehow became uncoupled and careened off the tracks. The Pierces suffered only a few scratches, but the boy was crushed to death before their eyes. Jane Pierce was never again the same, spending most of the time in her room writing notes of love to the dead boy, which she did for the rest of her life. Franklin Pierce, too, was never the same, never certain whether his wife was right about God's wrath; and if the man ever had any sense of self-confidence, it was thereafter greatly diminished.

Jane Pierce refused to accompany her husband to Washington, deciding to join

him there later when the celebrations she dreaded would be over. Pierce, accompanied by a few friends, left Concord on Valentine's Day and after stops for political discussions in Boston, New York, and Philadelphia, arrived in the Capital on Monday, February 21.

The next day, Tuesday, was George Washington's birthday, a day for a parade and a ball. Pierce stayed away from both. In the morning he received a Congressional committee which informed him of the results of the Electoral College vote; in the afternoon he conferred with some of the men he was appointing to his Cabinet. On Wednesday he called on President Fillmore at the White House and accepted a dinner invitation there for Monday, February 28. In the meantime he attended the wedding of John J. Crittenden, Kentucky statesman and retiring Attorney General, and, on invitation of the Navy Department, he went to Alexandria to inspect a new ship designed by John Ericsson, the Swedish-American inventor of the screw propeller and future designer of the *Monitor*. Pierce also dropped his social guard a bit, holding receptions at the Willard on March first and second for the wives of Washington notables. On the second, he accepted a gift of a carriage and two horses from Boston Democrats, and that evening he broke in his gift by using it to go to Baltimore, where his wife and her aunt had arrived and were staying at the Eutaw House.

It was not a pleasant visit. Jane Pierce had learned of the extent to which her husband had gone to win the nomination, while telling her that he was doing nothing, and now she confronted him with it. She was furious with him: this was all the proof she needed that Ben's death had been a punishment. Before discovering the truth, she had had a gold locket made and placed in it some strands of Ben's hair; she had intended that Pierce should wear it during his inauguration ceremonies. But now she did not give it to him. Next morning he returned to Washington by himself. On his inauguration eve Franklin Pierce was alone in his hotel and went to

bed early. That day the Washington papers had printed the news that the inaugural ball had been canceled at Pierce's request because he was in mourning.

A heavy snow was falling when Pierce was awakened early Friday morning by the cannonades that traditionally began inauguration days. He was weary. Half the night the band of the New York Continentals had serenaded him just below his windows and kept him awake; the other half of the night the band was at the White House, presumably keeping President Fillmore awake. Revelers had roamed the streets all night. In January a large statue of Andrew Jackson, mounted on a horse, had been placed in Lafayette Square and it was now a major tourist attraction. All night Pierce could hear the celebrators outside the hotel call loudly to each other: "Let's have another drink and then go over and see if Andy is still riding his horse!" All this, on top of the argument with Jane, unnerved Franklin Pierce. He had written a long speech—over three thousand words—and he had memorized it, but now he could not think of the first words. He was testy at breakfast, impatient to get the day over and done. Complicating matters, the Thirty-second Congress was still in session, having worked late Thursday night, convened early Friday morning, and it now threatened to delay the inauguration until its work was finished.

Over twenty thousand visitors had come to the city for the inauguration. Many of them had not been able to find hotel space; hundreds had spent the night in the corridors of the Capitol. The morning train from Baltimore had brought in two thousand more. With the blizzard raging, there was a general fear that the parade might be canceled and the ceremonies might be moved indoors and everybody would have come to Washington for nothing. At eleven-thirty, however, the snow stopped and it seemed that the sun might come out. Paraders quickly took their places along the Avenue and the side streets. This turned out to be the first parade in which there was a snub-for-snob exchange. A few days earlier, the Washington Fire Depart-

ment had given an inaugural ball and had asked Pierce to attend. He did not go, nor did he send any reply to the invitation. Feeling snubbed, the firemen refused to march in the parade.

But there were plenty of others to do so. The parade was a mile long and took twenty minutes to pass. It was mostly military, with some twenty units of infantry and artillery, and the artillery included a dozen types of cannons. There were eight bands. The political clubs carried banners that extended the width of the street; the Baltimore club had an immense wooden wagon covered with flags and drawn by ten horses. The excitement, said the New York *Enquirer* reporter, was intense.

Millard Fillmore arrived at the hotel in an open barouche at noon, entered the hotel briefly, and soon returned with Pierce. Also riding in the carriage were Senators Jesse D. Bright of Indiana and Hannibal Hamlin of Maine. Hamlin was destined for a bigger role in an inauguration one day—as Lincoln's first Vice President. With Pierce now in the carriage, the parade moved off, Pierce and Fillmore standing, waving and bowing to the crowd that lined the street and filled every window. Meanwhile, the Congress, having finished its business, had adjourned, then had immediately reconvened and was awaiting the arrival of the President-elect. Vice President-elect William King of Alabama was not present. The rigors of the campaign had damaged his health and he had gone to Cuba to recuperate. Still ill, he was unable to travel to Washington to be inaugurated, and by a special act of Congress he was permitted to take his oath of office in Havana from William L. Sharkey, the American consul.

When the parade reached the Capitol near one o'clock, the Presidential barouche was escorted around to the north entrance, where a wooden tunnel had been erected to provide the principals with a covered approach to the building that would protect them from both the weather and the mob. Fillmore and Pierce went directly to the Senate chamber where the Supreme Court justices and other dignitaries were



March 4, 1853: Assembling of the multitude at the East Portico of the Capitol at the commencement of the inauguration ceremonies for President Franklin Pierce. *Wood engraving in Illustrated News, 1853. Collections of*

waiting. Honored guests, including Abigail Fillmore, were already out on the platform. There being no ceremony in the Senate chamber, the procession was promptly formed and moved across the Rotunda out to the platform. A crowd of eighty thousand people packed the mall and sent up an ear-splitting roar when Pierce came into sight and walked to the front of the platform.

When the noise died down, Pierce nodded to Chief Justice Taney, who approached with a Bible. Pierce put his left hand on it and raised his right. The Constitution specified that a President could either swear or affirm to his oath. As a Presbyterian, Pierce had no religious grounds for not swearing to his oath, but evidently for reasons of his own he chose to affirm it, the only President to do so. The oath taken, the people on the platform applauded, the people on the mall roared again, Pierce shook hands with a few men near him, and then he removed his overcoat. Facing the crowd, he began to give his speech from memory, gesturing as his skilled orator's voice sent his words far across the mall.

Suddenly a biting northeast wind swept across the city, bringing back the dark clouds. Down came fresh snow, harder than before. As Pierce went on and on, the crowd gradually diminished until at the end there were less than fifteen thousand people left, but there had been time for everyone to learn that Pierce was for slavery, that he felt it was implicitly condoned in the Constitution, and that he approved of the Compromise of 1850. That was quite enough.

The ceremonies over now, the weather ruined chances for a triumphant parade back down the Avenue and only the most determined marchers made any attempt at it. Pierce dropped Fillmore off at the hotel and went on alone to the White House,

where thousands of people had hurried to get in out of the blizzard. Many of them were reluctant to leave after shaking Pierce's hand, which kept the White House crowded longer than would otherwise have occurred. Because of the weather, twilight came faster and deeper, and the Executive Mansion was dark when the last of the guests departed and Pierce and Sidney Webster, his secretary, could finally relax. They were exhausted and agreed to retire early. Finding candles, they went upstairs to look for places to sleep and found that the living quarters were a mess. Presumably hurrying home because of the storm, servants had not finished the task of sending the Fillmores on their way and preparing for the Pierces. Boxed possessions of both families were strewn everywhere. All the furniture was out of place, pushed against walls. Beds had been stripped and dismantled and left that way. There was no fresh linen to be found. Surveying the chaos glumly, Pierce realized there was nothing that could be done about it that night. He pointed to a mattress on the floor and said to Webster: "You had better turn in here and I will find a bed across the hall."

The President of the United States slept on a mattress on the floor that night. His administration certainly seemed to be off to a bad start. Jane Pierce refused to move into the White House until the end of the month, and she was just in the process of doing so when another tragedy occurred. Abigail Fillmore, having caught a bad cold while sitting on the windy platform during the inauguration, developed pneumonia and died at the Willard Hotel. A couple of weeks later, there was still another tragedy. Vice President King, having returned to his plantation in Alabama, died suddenly. President Pierce must have thought the punishment might never stop.

Fifteenth



*JAMES BUCHANAN
MARCH 4, 1857*

James Buchanan's favorite hotel in Washington was the National, and he had stayed there many times since he had first started going to Washington in 1821 as a Representative from Pennsylvania, his native state. Over the next thirty-six years, when he was a Senator, when he was Jackson's ambassador to Russia, Polk's Secretary of State, and Pierce's ambassador to Great Britain, it was at the National that he usually stayed when he was in town, and he had become friendly with the owner. Now, in January, 1857, when he returned to the capital as the President-elect, it was natural that he should stay once again at his favorite hotel.

He was in Washington to discuss the selection of his Cabinet with leaders of the Democratic Party. His presence stirred a great deal of excitement. Knowing he would be there, hundreds of tourists came in from the surrounding area. The hotels did a brisk business; the National was packed. On January 27 a banquet was held there in his honor. By morning the building was attacked by an epidemic of what became known as the "National Hotel disease." Practically everybody was stricken,

even those who had not been at the banquet; scores were seriously ill and several died.

The disease was never accurately described or explained. Autopsies showed arsenic in the systems of some of the victims, and this ignited gossip of a massive murder plot that was to include Buchanan, but the rumors were never substantiated. Some reports attributed the sickness to a breakdown in the sewer that caused contaminated air to infiltrate the kitchen; others said that rats had fallen into the open rain-water tanks on the roof. Even in mild cases violent diarrhea occurred, and Buchanan had a bad case. As soon as he could, he went back to his home near Lancaster where he remained under doctor's care for over a month.

There was, actually, little reason for anyone to want to assassinate James Buchanan. Few Presidents tried harder to please everybody, and perhaps it was because of this that Buchanan's administration appeared to be so ineffectual. He chose his Cabinet not so much on the abilities of its members as on the basis of factional representation, both political and

geographical, and when any of his nominees refused to serve he chose another man on the same basis. This was not compromise; it was consolation, at a time when there were many conflicting sensitivities in the country to be consoled in order to prevent conflict.

Buchanan himself seemed to be a consolation. At the time of the nominating convention he was the only prominent Democrat who had not become embroiled, one way or another, in the slavery dispute—simply because he had been out of the country as Pierce's minister to Great Britain. Pierce himself had hoped to be re-nominated, but Southern Democrats had cooled toward him. Moreover, his wife had urged him not to run again. At the convention, although Buchanan polled more votes than Pierce on the first ballot, it was not until the seventeenth ballot that Buchanan won a majority. He did not win a majority in the election, but his 174 Electoral votes put him in the White House, the only bachelor President in history.

He was a gregarious man, and it therefore seemed unusual to his fellow Democrats that, after the National Hotel episode, he should go back to his Pennsylvania home and refuse to see anybody, which was what he did. This seclusion gave credence to the assassination-attempt rumors: people said that Buchanan was actually in hiding. More likely he was hiding from his fellow Democrats who had pressured him so strongly while he was in Washington selecting his Cabinet that he had left the city without completing the job.

It was true, however, that he had been ill while he was home. He was still ill on the morning of Monday, March 2, when he was scheduled to leave for Washington and his inauguration. It was a cold morning; there had been a heavy snow. Lancaster, proud to be the home town of the first Pennsylvania President, was up early to give him a rousing send-off. That afternoon during a stopover in Baltimore there was to be a luncheon banquet for him at the Barnum's Hotel, but Buchanan had learned his lesson. He had decided on leav-

ing home that he would not eat any food until he was safely in the White House and his personal cook was in the kitchen. Until that moment he would subsist on rum, from his own stock. When word of this got out, people started saying that Buchanan was having a "rum go" on his way to the Presidency. He thus did not attend the luncheon, remaining in his room until three, when he went out to get his train.

Against doctor's orders Buchanan went to the National when he reached Washington, and it seemed that he no sooner set foot in the place than the epidemic broke out again. The victims now changed the name of the sickness from the "National Hotel disease" to the "Buchanan grippe." This time the siege was much worse. There were many deaths. Stricken were Buchanan's nephew and General John A. Quitman, a Representative from Mississippi who was also grand marshal of the inaugural parade; both these men died within a month. Apparently the rum wasn't enough to protect Buchanan, for he, too, fell very ill. A banquet was held at the hotel the night Buchanan arrived, but he did not attend. Next day he called on President Pierce at the White House and was invited to lunch, but he declined. He stayed in his suite as much as he could, working on his speech and receiving Democrats looking for favors.

Wednesday, March 4, dawned bright, clear, and cold on the Capital. The morning papers claimed that a record crowd was in town. By ten, the long parade was forming in the side streets around the National Hotel. Grand Marshal Quitman, up from his sick bed, had two hundred aides, wearing yellow, blue, or pink scarfs, according to their rank, and there were bands and marching units from all over the country. The parade was to begin at eleven, so that Buchanan could be at the Capitol at noon, but there was a delay because nobody could find President Pierce. Remembering the chaos that had greeted them when they entered the White House as the new First Family, the Pierces had moved out on Tuesday so that Buchan-

an's household staff would have time to prepare the Executive Mansion for its new occupants. Pierce had spent the night at the home of Secretary of State William L. Marcy but when the inaugural officials went there to pick him up they discovered he had gone, and nobody knew where. Actually, Pierce had the impression that Buchanan would come for him at Willard's Hotel, which would have been more convenient than Marcy's home, and, neglecting to mention his understanding to anyone, he had gone there on his own and was waiting in the lobby. It was when the frantic search for him began that someone remembered seeing Pierce at the Willard, and the officials rushed there to hurry him over to the National. A half-hour late, Buchanan and Pierce finally entered an elegant barouche in front of the hotel, and the parade began. Vice President-elect John Cabell Breckinridge, who at thirty-six was the youngest man ever to hold that office, followed with his escorts in a second carriage, and behind him were Buchanan's ailing nephew and his cousin, Harriet Lane. Two of the floats drew special comment in the press because of their political implications at this critical moment in history. One was a decorated flatcar drawn by six white horses, on which stood a woman dressed as the Goddess of Liberty, a symbol of the nation. The other was a large ship, representing the Union, and a crew of sailors ran the sails up and down repeatedly, suggesting that the ship was in good shape. It was not.

The parade reached the Capitol near one o'clock. Pierce, Buchanan, and Breckinridge were escorted immediately to the Vice President's office, where they waited until members of the House and other guests had taken places in the Senate chambers. Breckinridge then went in to take his oath and make a short speech. (A few years later this man would be denounced in this hall for breaking with the Union, siding with the Confederacy, and even participating in the fighting.)

Now Pierce and Buchanan entered the Senate room to an enthusiastic reception. A few minutes were spent in exchange of

greetings with the dignitaries present; then the procession was formed for the ceremonies on the East Portico. Pierce and Buchanan walked side by side. On the platform Pierce took a seat near the rostrum. Buchanan went forward and found himself standing near Chief Justice Taney and they chatted until everyone was seated and the crowd, described as tremendous, grew quiet. Then Buchanan took his oath of office.

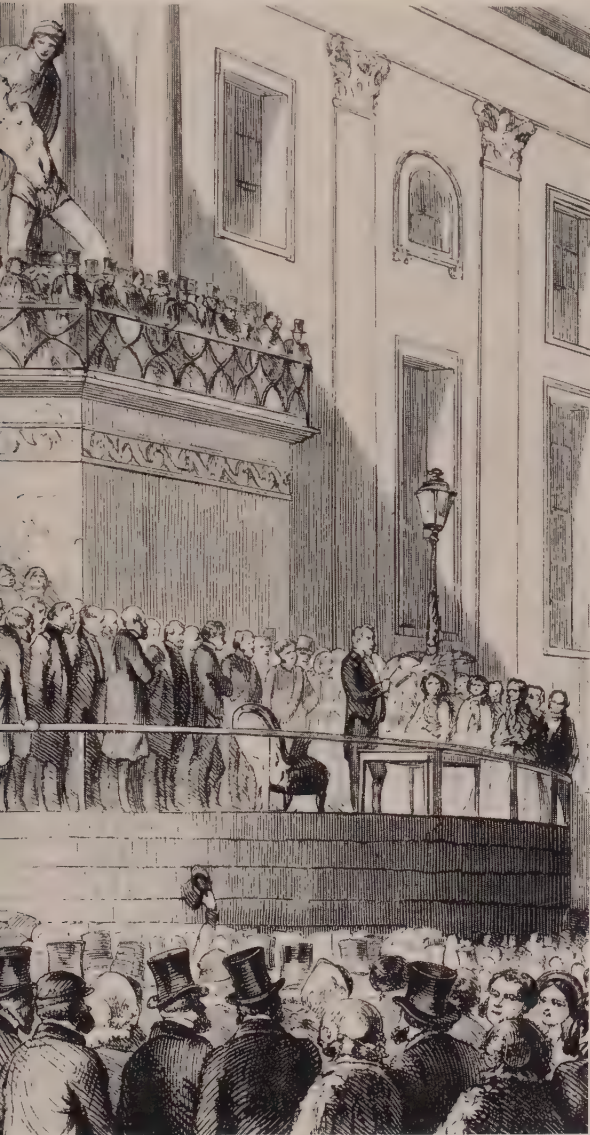
Buchanan said nothing new in his inaugural address, repeating everything he had said in his campaign speeches. The enthusiasm awarded the speech reflected more the festivity of the occasion than the importance of the speech itself. Finished with it, Buchanan led Pierce from the platform to their carriage for the ride back to the White House. Pierce did not go inside. Instead, the two men spoke briefly on the porch. They shook hands and then Pierce took another carriage to return to Marcy's house. James Buchanan entered the White House as President for the first time. His cook was in the kitchen; presumably President Buchanan then had his first solid food in forty-eight hours.

The temporary building was again erected on Judiciary Square for the inaugural ball; its interior walls were dramatically decorated with red, white, and blue strips of cambric. Golden stars were set into the ceiling. Hanging from the ceiling were enormous chandeliers, and for the first time at an inaugural ball gas instead of candles was used for illumination. The building was divided into two parts, one section for dancing, the other for dining. Gautier, the famous chef at Delmonico's of Washington, had prepared the munificent buffet on a table that ran the full length of the far side of the room. Barrels of chilled champagne bottles stood at either end of the long table. Several Representatives managed to get to the champagne before the rest of the crowd and were having a noisy party of their own over at City Hall.

Tickets for the ball cost ten dollars per man—women free. Some twelve thousand tickets were reported to have been sold,

but the attendance at the ball was estimated at six thousand. The New York *Times* correspondent observed that never before had so many beautiful women, so beautifully dressed, been seen in the city ordinarily dominated by men engaged in the sober business of government. Guests began arriving at ten. Buchanan, his niece and their party, which included Breckin-

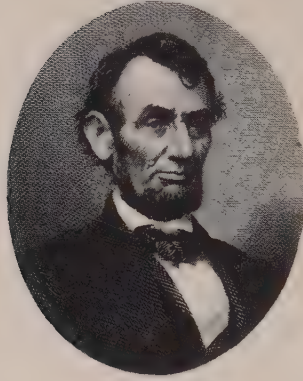
ridge, arrived at eleven. The Pierces did not attend. As the executive party entered the building, the thousands of dancers drew aside, making an avenue, and the President slowly led his guests down it, stopping to chat or shake hands, as he made his way to a sitting area at the opposite end of the room. The band, hastily conscripted from music circles in Richmond, Baltimore, and the Washington Navy Yard, struck up "Hail to the Chief!" then went silent until the reception stroll ended and the signal was given to resume the dancing.



For the next hour President Buchanan received guests who wished to congratulate him. The Presidential group was then led into the dining room; it was not reported whether or not Buchanan ate anything. The group left shortly via a side door and the dining room was opened to the other guests. The New York *Times* reporter commented: "Then came that Balaklava charge which characterizes the onslaught at every festive scene, when the doors of the supper room are opened. Onward they rushed!" In a matter of minutes, most of the food was off the table and much of it was on the floor.

Later in the evening, so the story went, when the food was gone and the dancing had resumed, Baron de Stoeckl, the Russian ambassador, said that, in view of the political tension in the country, the inaugural ball reminded him of the ball he had attended in Paris just before the Revolution of 1830—the ball at which Talleyrand, while passing near Louis Philippe during a quadrille, whispered: "Sire, we are dancing on a volcano."

Sixteenth



ABRAHAM LINCOLN
MARCH 4, 1861

No President-elect had ever approached the White House in such an atmosphere of danger. Even while Abraham Lincoln was still in Illinois, writing his inauguration speech, threats of assassination were rife. Already seven Southern states had seceded from the Union. On February 16, while Lincoln was traveling eastward on his inaugural journey, Jefferson Davis had been inaugurated at Montgomery, Alabama, as President of the provisional government of the Southern Confederacy. Rampant throughout the South were threats that Abraham Lincoln would not live to spend a night at the White House.

Lincoln did not consider the Southern secession to be a permanent thing. He was confident there would be no war. He believed that a compromise on the matter of slavery in the territories could be reached through negotiations and Congressional debate. Chances for such a compromise seemed favorable: Lincoln's slim election victory and the failure of his party to win a majority in the Congress had actually strengthened the South's position in a compromise and should have encouraged negotiations.

But it was too late for talk. Public feelings on both sides were heatedly sensitive. And the South was already arming.

Lincoln was well aware of the dangers surrounding him. He told William C. Herndon, his Illinois law partner: "If I live through this, I'll come back here someday and we'll go on practising law, as though nothing had happened." Moreover, as a safeguard, he did not want his whole family to travel with him on the first leg of his journey to Washington before the measures taken to protect him had been tested. Allan Pinkerton, the Chicago detective, had been hired to provide the safety measures. There were incidents on the first day. Aboard the train a carpet bag was discovered that contained enough grenades to blow up the parlor car where Lincoln rested between whistlestops. Also, in Indiana, Pinkerton agents found an obstruction on the tracks that would have derailed the train had it struck it at top speed.

Despite all this, Lincoln remained in high spirits, joking with the people who gathered to meet him at rural junctions. The second day, February 12, Lincoln's

fifty-second birthday, Mrs. Lincoln and her sons joined the party at Indianapolis, and that night there was a birthday celebration for the President-elect at the Bates House. The next day, while visiting the Governor's Mansion at Columbus, Ohio, Lincoln received a dispatch from Washington with the news that the Electoral College had voted and had proclaimed him to be President. He merely smiled, folded the dispatch and put it in his pocket, then turned to Governor Dennison and said: "What a nice house you have, sir."

Great crowds welcomed Lincoln in all the big cities—Cincinnati, Pittsburgh, Cleveland. At Buffalo he narrowly escaped serious injury when the hordes at the railroad station swept him off his feet as he tried to make his way to a waiting carriage for the ride to the American Hotel. In the course of the trip to Washington he gave about thirty speeches, all of them to enthusiastic crowds. At Westfield, New York, Lincoln made a reference to his appearance. "I have a correspondent here, a little girl named Grace Bedell," he said, "and I would like to see her." Several months previous the girl had written Lincoln at Springfield suggesting that he grow whiskers in order to improve his appearance. Lincoln had done so. At Westfield the girl was brought to the train platform. Lincoln kissed her and said: "You see, I have let these whiskers grow for you, Grace."

Onward across the state the entourage continued, met by huge crowds at Troy, Albany, Poughkeepsie, and Yonkers, and in New York City some three hundred thousand lined the route from the railroad station to the Astor House, where Lincoln stayed. In Philadelphia one hundred thousand people lined the streets between the railroad station and the Continental Hotel. At the request of Allan Pinkerton, a conference was held regarding the rest of the journey. The famous detective reported that all evidence indicated that a riot was planned during the few moments Lincoln would be in the Baltimore depot on Saturday, February 23, and an attempt would be made to kill him. "You must go directly

to Washington today," Pinkerton urged. Lincoln refused. He had already agreed to speak the next morning at Independence Hall at ceremonies commemorating George Washington's birthday; later in the day he was to address the Pennsylvania legislature at Harrisburg. He now insisted on keeping both appointments.

He went ahead with his plans, unaware of the secret arrangements Pinkerton decided to make to get him safely from Harrisburg to the Capital. Friday evening, both speeches over, Lincoln was attending a banquet in the Jones House Hotel in Harrisburg when an aide leaned over his shoulder and asked him to go to his suite. It was then that he learned of Pinkerton's plans. Lincoln was to leave the hotel immediately on the pretext of going to a party at the home of Governor Andrew G. Curtin. Instead, he would travel via back streets to the depot, where his special train was ready to go. En route, as a disguise, he was to discard his familiar top hat for a felt hat and a plaid shawl. At Philadelphia he would transfer to the night train to Washington, and his own train would return to Harrisburg to create the impression in the morning that he was still there. As an added safeguard, all telegraph wires at Harrisburg were to be cut to prevent outgoing word of Lincoln's departure should it be discovered.

Lincoln balked. "What would the nation think of its President, stealing into its Capital like a thief in the night?" he asked. But when the others insisted on his cooperation he reluctantly gave it. That the plan worked was due to the skill of Allan Pinkerton. Someone claimed to have seen Lincoln in the Philadelphia depot and described him as wearing a Scottish tam and a long black cape. Political cartoonists grabbed at this. As Lincoln feared, the secrecy of the trip became fodder for caricatures of him, in tam and cape, tiptoeing into Washington. But at six that Saturday morning none of the sleepy travelers in the Washington railroad station recognized the President-elect as he hurried across the vaulted waiting room to the carriage that took him to Willard's Hotel. The

telegraph service to Harrisburg now restored, the wire was sent to Mrs. Lincoln: "Plums delivered nuts safely."

In strange contrast to the extravagant protection afforded Lincoln on his way into Washington, he was virtually left on his own once he entered the city. In view of the caution, only a few people could have known that he was in Washington at the moment he arrived at his hotel suite, but in an hour the whole city knew, the whole country. It seemed difficult for people to believe that the feat of bringing him in secretly had been accomplished, that it should even have been attempted.

At the Willard, Lincoln breakfasted with William H. Seward, his competitor for the Republican nomination at Chicago

and soon to become his Secretary of State. At eleven Lincoln and Seward went to the White House to visit President John Buchanan and meet his Cabinet, and in the afternoon Lincoln received the Illinois Congressmen and Senators at the Willard. That evening at seven he dined at Seward's home on F Street, and at nine he was back at the Willard to receive a delegation of the Peace Convention, a group of Southerners who futilely hoped to resolve the slavery question without rupturing the Union. Then President Buchanan and his Cabinet paid a reciprocal courtesy call at the Willard. The hotel lobby and the second-floor corridor of the Presidential suite swarmed with people all evening; most of them were strangers, and no-



where, as had been the situation all day, was there any sign of the concern for Lincoln's safety which had brought him so secretively into the city.

Sunday morning Lincoln had breakfast with his wife and sons; then he joined Seward for services at St. John's Episcopal Church, after which a small group returned to Seward's house for a couple of hours. With this began a busy week of hourly events, most of them social, that kept Lincoln and his wife constantly moving around the city. During the week Lincoln visited the House of Representatives, where he had once served; several of the Southern members did not rise when he entered the chamber.

All week great throngs arrived in the city. Every hotel was packed; thousands paid the full room rate to get a mattress in a corridor or in a lobby. Rooms in private homes were at a premium. Many pretended to be ill and tried to check into hospitals. People slept in the railroad station and other public buildings and, despite the almost daily rain, many simply slept outdoors in the parks. Perhaps because of the rain, people fortified themselves well with oceans of whiskey; parties raged around the clock; and if one were unable to find a place to sleep, he could always find a place to get in out of the rain and get a free drink in the bargain.

It was raining on Monday morning, inauguration day, but this did not dampen the crowd's high spirits. The greatest multitude the city had ever seen lined Pennsylvania Avenue by seven in the morning; some of them had taken their places the night before. The mall at the East Portico of the Capitol was also jammed. Everywhere bands could be heard tuning up, and everywhere the flag flew, complete with the thirty-four stars, as though the Southern secessions had not occurred at all.

Only now, in view of the great mob, did inauguration officials remember the threats against Lincoln's life. U.S. troops were called in; rifle squads were assigned to rooftops overlooking the inauguration platform. Also, Washington police were

sent into the crowd on the mall. This had never happened at any previous inauguration. Midmorning, when the rain had stopped and the sun had come out, a man with red whiskers climbed a tree on the mall, proclaimed himself to be the President, as ordained by God, and in a loud voice ranted on and on about how he would solve all the problems facing the country. The police pulled him down, questioned him, deduced him to be deranged, and took him away to a hospital. News of the troops and the man with the red whiskers reached those who were to participate in the inauguration ceremonies, and an uneasiness came upon them.

President Buchanan was scheduled to call for Abraham Lincoln at Willard's Hotel at noon, but at noon Buchanan was still at the Capitol, signing bills the Congress had rushed through during the closing days of his administration; he was thus over a half-hour late when he arrived in his closed carriage. He hurried inside. Moments later Lincoln and he came out; the crowd outside the hotel applauded them. There was a flurry of action when Lincoln, seeing Buchanan's closed carriage, indicated that he would rather ride in an open carriage so that the people could see him. A barouche was brought around, drawn by six horses. This unexpected development disturbed those responsible for guarding Lincoln; quick changes had to be made in the parade line-up.

As soon as the carriage moved away from the hotel, mounted military units surrounded it closely, blocking the view from curbs and raising groans of complaint as the parade advanced up Pennsylvania Avenue.

It was a big parade, comprised of a thousand people, with bands, marching units, and floats. The float which drew the loudest cheers was that of the Republican Association: the white horses were draped with banners marked UNION and riding on the flat-car were thirty-four gaily dressed little girls representing the states.

At the side entrance to the Capitol a wooden tunnel some two hundred feet

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long had been erected to allow the inauguration principals to enter the building without having to fight their way through the crowd. In view of the growing tension over Lincoln's safety, it now served as an added safeguard. Passing through the tunnel, Lincoln and Buchanan made their way to the Senate chambers where Government leaders and foreign dignitaries awaited them. In a brief ceremony, Vice President Hannibal Hamlin was sworn in. There was a melee of handshakes all around; the room was noisy and smoke-filled; exquisitely dressed women in the balcony applauded familiar faces.

Finally, the sergeant-at-arms announced that the moment had come. Suddenly a scurry of retreat occurred: because of the undercurrent of anxiety for Lincoln's life, nobody wanted to be the first to go out on the platform. It was Senator Stephen Douglas of Illinois, winner over Lincoln in their debates but loser to him as the Northern Democratic candidate in the Presidential election, who at last went to the head of the line.

Lincoln was among the last to appear on the platform. He was wearing a new tall hat and as he approached the podium he removed it and looked around for some place to put it. After an awkward moment Douglas stepped forward to take the hat and said: "If I cannot be the President, I can at least hold his hat." Those nearby laughed softly. Then Senator Edward Baker of Oregon moved to the podium and announced: "Fellow-citizens, I introduce to you Abraham Lincoln, the President-elect of the *United States*." The applause was strangely mild and uncertain. Lincoln stepped to the podium, dug a pair of glasses from a pocket, and put them on. This drew a murmur of surprise from those in the audience of twenty thousand who had not known that Lincoln used glasses. He took his speech out of another pocket, placed the papers on the podium, and began. Matthew Brady, the photographer soon to become famous for his Civil War pictures, raised his camera and took the first photograph of a President reading his inaugural address. It was a

long speech, sober, firm, but mild in tone. Lincoln clearly declared his conviction that the Union was indissoluble and that he would exercise every Presidential authority to keep it so. He expressed his hope that the conflict with the South could be peacefully resolved. The speech was moderately received. Like so many of Lincoln's speeches, it contained far more than a great crowd, on its feet for hours, could absorb at a first hearing; once again, simple, direct, beautiful, carefully chosen words said more than those who heard them realized.

The speech over, Chief Justice Roger Brooke Taney came forward to give a President his oath of office for the ninth and last time. As Lincoln repeated the oath, Matthew Brady took the first picture of a President being sworn into office. Then Lincoln bent and kissed the Bible. Moments later Lincoln and Buchanan left the platform, passed quickly through the Capitol, through the long tunnel, back to the barouche, and rode off to the White House. Most of the crowd along Pennsylvania Avenue was gone. Buchanan stayed briefly at the White House, and as he left he said to President Lincoln: "If you are as happy, my dear sir, on entering this house as I am in leaving it and returning home, you are the happiest man in the country." Shortly thereafter thousands from the mall made their way to the White House and were received by President and Mrs. Lincoln. The thirty-four girls who had been on the Republican float also came to the White House; Lincoln kissed each one. In midafternoon Lincoln had lunch, after which he took a nap.

Lincoln had tried to discourage the holding of an inaugural ball, feeling that it was out of place in the present mood of the country, but Party leaders had insisted: at ten dollars a ticket, it would help pay off the campaign debts. The special hall had again been built adjacent to City Hall; five enormous gas chandeliers hung from the ceiling. The Lincolns arrived at eight fifteen: The President entered with Mayor James Berret; Senator Douglas accompanied Mrs. Lincoln. A receiving line

was formed and it was estimated that in the next two hours Lincoln shook hands with 3,500 people. Then a dinner was served: mock turtle soup, corned beef and cabbage, and blackberry pie. The champagne flowed and flowed. Dancing began around eleven. The President was not a good dancer, and he used the occasion to chat with friends, remaining off the floor as much as he could. Mrs. Lincoln, on the other hand, dazzling in a blue silk dress, a blue feather in her hair, danced almost every dance, most of them with Senator Douglas. It was about one when the President and Mrs. Lincoln left the ball and returned to the White House, there to spend their first night as America's First Family.

Five weeks later America was at war against itself.

Lincoln's Second Inauguration March 4, 1865

The war was still going on, but the worst of it was over. The threat of assassination lingered, but nobody was certain whether this remained only a threat.

In four years Abraham Lincoln's personal popularity had run the gamut of public affection. In the South he was loathed. In the North his public image depended on the progress of the war. At one time when the war was going badly Lincoln's own Party thought of dumping him. Another time, when he was reluctant to sign the Emancipation Proclamation, attacks against him were far more vitriolic in the North than they had ever been in the South.

In the summer of 1864 Northern armies made important advances into the South, and this did much to restore Lincoln's popularity. Yet he continued to have troubles within his Party. Treasury Secretary Chase had frequently opposed Lincoln at Cabinet

meetings; they had now openly broken, and Chase had resigned. Though Chase had been unable to block Lincoln's renomination at the convention in Baltimore, his influence among the radical group remained a threat as the election approached. When in October Chief Justice Taney died, Chase desperately wanted this high office for himself. Because of his break with Lincoln, he could not ask for the appointment himself; so he sent his friends to plead for him, and they came bearing promises of political support. Lincoln must have been amused. In any event he gave Chase his wish.

Lincoln's first Vice President, Hannibal Hamlin, a seasoned politician with experience both in the House and Senate, was not renominated, though he remained in politics and subsequently returned to Washington as the Senator from Maine. Chosen in his place was Andrew Johnson, a Southern Democrat who had left his Party over the slavery issue. When, during the war, Federal victories put Tennessee out of the fighting, Johnson was appointed military governor of the state. Though a Democrat, he was chosen by the Republicans (who now called themselves the Union Party) in the hope of attracting votes in the border states and among Northern Democrats. It was, however, Lincoln himself who was clearly being put to the test. Approximately four million people voted on election day; the Lincoln-Johnson ticket won over their Democratic General McClellan-Pendleton challengers by a half-million votes. In the Electoral College, the total was 212 to 21.

As March, 1865, neared, additional Northern victories gave indications that the war would last only a few more weeks. The Thirty-Eighth Congress labored to finish its business as its session drew to a close. On Friday, March 3, Lincoln stayed at his office in the Capitol until past midnight, studying and signing bills as they were rushed to him from the Senate chamber. He was back at his desk the first thing in the morning. For Lincoln, deciding on these bills was a solemn responsibility, and in this area he would not allow himself to

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be influenced by anyone. Facing him on this morning was a reconstruction bill he disliked. The legislator favoring it hovered at his door, darting in when he could to make a personal pitch, and Lincoln was heard to say to him: "I told you twice, goddammit—NO!"

At eleven o'clock the inauguration parade began to form in front of the White House. Lincoln was still at the Capitol. It had been raining in Washington, was pouring even now, and the entire city was ankle-deep in yellow mud. As before, the city was jammed. Hundreds who could not find rooms slept on the floor of the Capitol building, some of them still dozing as attendants began to prepare for the inauguration ceremonies. Because of the rain it seemed that the ceremonies would have to be conducted indoors, in the Senate chamber, where admission was by ticket only, and ticket-holders were starting to arrive. At the White House, meanwhile, Mrs. Lincoln was wondering where her husband was. A few minutes after eleven she entered the closed carriage at the door, expecting her husband momentarily, in order to ride in the parade. Then she realized that he was not coming and that if she herself did not get to the Capitol in a hurry she might miss her husband's second inauguration; so she ordered the driver to forget about the parade and get her to the Capitol as quickly as possible. Hardy Republicans, who, despite, the downpour, lined Pennsylvania Avenue, recognized the Presidential carriage and, believing Lincoln was in it, cheered his wife on her race to the Capitol.

Seeing her depart, the paraders, lined up in Lafayette Square, opposite the White House, decided that they, too, should be on their way. They were a sorry sight—all drenched. Most of the floats had been withdrawn rather than have them ruined by the rain; thus most of the color of the parade was gone. Of the floats that remained, one was a replica of the *Monitor*, with youths dressed as sailors firing blanks; another, sponsored by the Washington *Daily Chronicle*, was a press on which souvenir handbills were being printed and

passed out to the crowd, the ink smeared by the rain. There were military contingents, of course, a few bands, the Washington and Baltimore fire departments, and, for the first time, Negroes: two companies of Union troops and members of a Negro Odd Fellows Lodge. Lincoln heard the bands approaching the Capitol before he realized how late it was.

Andrew Johnson was also in the Capitol, with Hamlin in the Vice President's office. A few weeks before, Johnson had suffered an attack of typhoid fever, and he had not completely recovered from it. He had written Lincoln of his illness, suggesting that if it were not absolutely necessary for him to be in Washington on March 4 he would prefer to defer his own inauguration until he felt better. Lincoln replied that, in view of the still unsettled mood of Tennessee, it would be safer for Johnson to be in Washington on the day when there might be disturbances in the country.

Johnson had arrived on Friday and had spent the evening drinking with some friends. Saturday morning in Hamlin's office he was evidently hung-over; he was pale, nervous, and he talked too much. Aware of his condition, Johnson thought another drink would help him and he requested one; Hamlin produced a bottle of brandy. By the time Johnson entered the Senate for his inauguration he was obviously drunk. He behaved abominably, stumbling, mumbling, giving a long and confused address, swearing in new Senators with rude speed. His conduct ruined him both as a man and a public figure. Groans of disgust came from the gallery and the floor. Lincoln watched him with a blank expression which nevertheless revealed his seething anger.

A senate marshal entered, went to Lincoln and told him: "It has stopped raining, Mr. President. Will your inauguration take place here or outdoors?"

"Outdoors."

"Yes, sir. I'll line up the procession."

"All right," Lincoln said, adding: "And don't let Johnson speak outside."

During his first administration Abraham

Lincoln had received many letters threatening his life, and this was in the minds of the officials who arranged the second inauguration program; it was also in the minds of those who were there. As before, there was a reluctance to be first in the procession. Secretaries Seward and Stanton finally moved to the front. As a precaution the balcony doors had been locked after ticket-holders had filled the seats. Now the women could not get out, and there was brief but utter panic until a guard arrived with the key. Freed, the women rushed out, some stopping at windows with good views of the platform below, others hurrying downstairs and streaming out onto the platform with the

procession, creating a scene of further panic.

As Lincoln was crossing the Rotunda, a young man broke through the police ranks and almost reached him. Grabbed by the police, he was led away. Remembering the crazed red-whiskered man of Lincoln's first inauguration, the main police concern now was whether this second man was also insane. They questioned him, decided he was not, and then let him go after he had told them his name. It was John Wilkes Booth.

Rain clouds still darkened the sky as Lincoln came onto the platform. Despite the morning's rain, the crowd was of good size and in good spirits. Lincoln waited a



March 4, 1865: President Abraham Lincoln delivering his second inaugural address.

few moments to give the seat-scramblers on the platform time to calm down. It was approximately one o'clock when he approached the lectern and took his speech from his pocket. At that instant the dark clouds parted and a great shaft of sunlight broke through, brightening the whole side of the Capitol building. Negroes, mingling freely in the crowd for the first time, let out gasps of surprise, and there were cries of: "Bless the Lord! Bless the Lord!"

Lincoln began to read. As before, his speech was mildly received; as before, it was a speech of thought and beauty. The war was almost over now and the South needed assurances of justice, and Lincoln finished his short speech with the magnificent: "With malice toward none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow, and his orphan—to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and a lasting peace among ourselves, and with all nations."

He moved away from the podium and sat down. There were a few cheers and a scattering of applause, and it was reported that there were tears in the eyes of some. After a moment Lincoln and Chief Justice Chase returned to the podium. Chase opened the Bible, Lincoln placed his left hand on it and raised his right, and the two men said the words of the oath of office. Lincoln bent and kissed the Bible. The people applauded, almost politely.

That night a public reception was held at the White House, open to all. The hordes of tourists in the city had apparently come to witness the historic event of a Presidential inauguration, regardless of whose it was, and it was therefore assumed that the same hordes would attend the reception not so much to shake hands with President Lincoln, but to say they had been inside the White House. A platform had been erected outside the French windows at the far end of the East Room to enable the tourists to enter, advance per-

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|---|--|
| Oyster Stews | |
| Terrapin " | |
| Oysters, pickled | |
| BEEF. | |
| Roast Beef | |
| Filet de Beef | |
| Beef à-la-mode | |
| Beef à l'anglais | |
| VEAL. | |
| Leg of Veal | |
| Fricandeau | |
| Veal Malakoff | |
| POULTRY. | |
| Roast Turkey | |
| Boned " | |
| Roast Chicken | |
| Grouse, boned and roast .. | |
| GAME. | |
| Pheasant | |
| Quail | |
| Venison | |
| PATETES. | |
| Patète of Duck en gelée .. | |
| Patète de fois gras ... | |
| SMOKED. | |
| Ham | |
| Tongue en gelée | |
| do plain | |
| SALADES. | |
| Chicken | |
| Lobster | |
| Ornamental Pyramides | |
| Nougate | |
| Orange | |
| Caramel with Fancy CreamCa | |
| Cocoanut | |
| Macaroon | |
| Furnished by G. Cor. 6th & I | |

FARE

Registration Hall

WASHINGTON, D. C.,
March 1865.

Croquant
Chocolate
Freo Cakes

CAKES AND TARTS.

Almond Sponge.....
Belle Alliance
Dame Blanche
Macaroon Tart.....
Tart à la Nelson
Tarte à l'Orleans.....
do à la Portugaise.....
do à la Vienne.....
Pound Cake.....
Sponge Cake.....
Lady Cake.....
Fancy small Cakes.....

JELLIES AND CREAMS.

Calfsfoot and Wine Jelly.....
Charlotte à la Russe.....
do do Vanilla.....
Blanc Mangue.....
Crème Neapolitane.....
do à la Nelson.....
do Chateaubriand.....
do à la Smyrna.....
do do Nesselrode.....
Bombe à la Vanilla.....

ICE CREAM.

Vanilla.....
Lemon.....
White Coffee.....
Chocolate.....
Burnt Almonds.....
Maraschino.....

FRUIT ICES.

Strawberry.....
Orange.....
Lemon.....

DESSERT.

Grapes, Almonds, Raisins, &c.
Coffee and Chocolate.

CONFECTIONER,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

haps twenty feet to meet and shake hands with Lincoln, and then quickly pass through other French windows to the street. Tarpaulin was placed along the route to protect the expensive rugs from the mud the tourists would surely track through. The plan did not work.

At six, when Government, military, and foreign dignitaries began arriving at the main door for a formal reception, thousands of people were already pressing against the fence at the edge of the White House lawn. Some of the especially invited guests had trouble getting in; later most of them had trouble getting out. At eight, when the public reception began and the gates were opened, the crowd swept across the lawn to the main entrance, ignoring the platform at the East Room windows. Immediately the mob was out of control. Guards at the main door promptly gave up trying to detour the rioters to the platform and instead struggled to limit the bursts of invaders to a couple of hundred at a time. It was hopeless.

Into the entrance hall the revelers streamed; then, attracted by the music of the Marine Band, down the main hallway they rushed to the East Room where invited guests, still lingering, were thrown against the wall. Onward to the President they swarmed, and Lincoln found himself surrounded, shaking hands all around. In the adjoining Green Room a buffet had been set up for the special guests; the pack found it, devoured it, then helped themselves to silverware, china, glassware, candlesticks, punch bowl and cups—everything that could be conveniently carried away. They even cut off large pieces of the brocade draperies and lace curtains for souvenirs. Lincoln later wondered: "Why should they do it? How can they?"

Additional police and soldiers were hastily summoned in the frantic effort to restore order, if only in the reception line. Despite the furor, Lincoln remained there, and it was estimated that he shook hands with six thousand people in three hours. At the height of the din a quiet incident occurred which briefly but sharply re-

March Fourth, Eighteen Sixty-five 87

vealed Lincoln's empathy with those who, as he said in his speech, had borne the battle. A young lieutenant who had lost a leg at Petersburg was making his way along the reception line on a crutch and he was still several people away when Lincoln saw him. Lincoln moved to the young man, stepped in front of him, took the lieutenant's hand in both of his and, his eyes moist with compassion, said: "God bless you, my boy." It was a moment which only two men who had known hell could share. As he moved on, the lieutenant was heard to say: "Oh, I'd lose another leg for a man like that!" There was this about Abraham Lincoln: he was rarely successful with crowds, but if he could have met the world one at a time, he would have owned it.

At eleven o'clock the police and soldiers went to the far ends of the White House rooms and corridors to round up the strays, gradually herding everyone back to the front door. By midnight, the White House was quiet and dark—and a mess.

The next day being Sunday, the Sabbath, there were no official functions. Monday night the inaugural ball was held in the newly completed Patent Office building. Four huge second-floor rooms had been put into service for reception, promenade, dancing, and dinner. Three orchestras had been hired for the dancing, one of them from Ford's Theatre. So that everybody could get a good look at the inauguration principals, a high platform had been erected in the promenade room, where the Lincolns and Johnson were to be perched while receiving their special guests. A fabulous buffet supper had been prepared. Tickets cost ten dollars per man, and a man could bring as many women guests as he wished. Because of the man-shortage in the city caused by the war, some men arrived with as many as five or six women. In all, there were approximately four thousand people at the ball.

The Lincolns arrived at ten-thirty, their appearance heralded by a rousing "Hail

to the Chief!" from the Marine Band. As they moved across the promenade room to the platform, Lincoln walked with House Speaker Schuyler Colfax; Mrs. Lincoln, in white silk and lace, was accompanied by Senator Sumner. For an hour these and other dignitaries remained on the platform, on display, and from time to time notables came up from the floor to shake hands and to congratulate them.

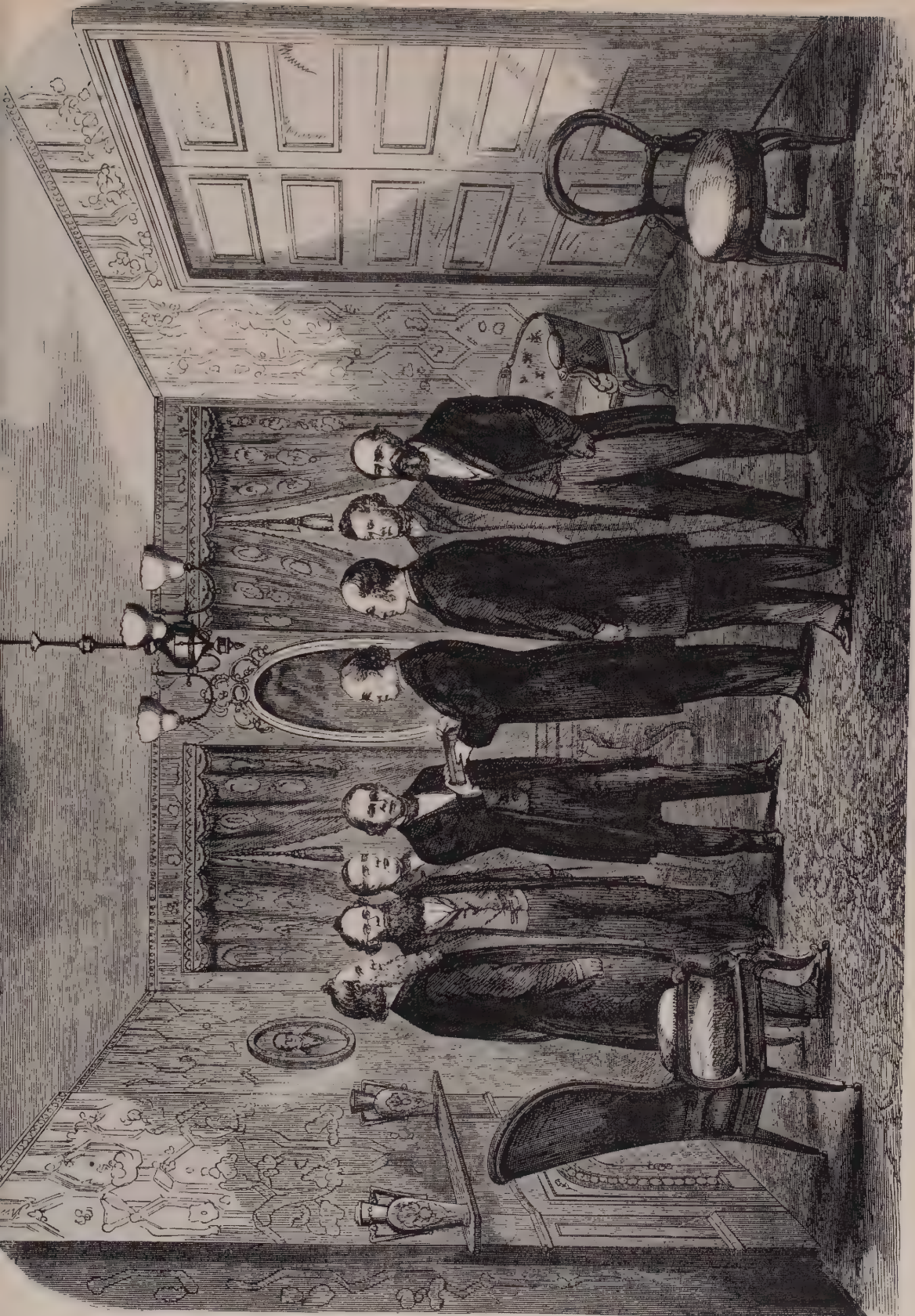
The supper was scheduled for midnight. A half-hour before, the Presidential party was escorted into the west room where the feast was already laid out. The lengthy table could accommodate 400 people, and it was expected that, when the doors were opened, the remaining guests would enter in groups of about that number. The Presidential party was still at table at midnight. The doors were opened. In barged the hungry 4,000. Moments later, the table was stripped. Women gnawed at chicken legs, scooped up *pâté* with their bare hands, passed bowls of salad over their heads to their friends farther back, spilled sauces and gravies on their gowns. Men tore into legs of veal, ripped turkeys apart for their ladies, tossed cakes and macaroons to grabbing hands beyond. The floor was soon a slippery sea of goo.

The President and Mrs. Lincoln rose to their feet and beheld the scene in amazement. Mrs. Lincoln said: "It looks like a scramble." And the President said: "Well, it appears to be a very systematic scramble." Mrs. Lincoln said they had better go.

It was impossible for them to make their way through the mob to leave by the main door. Lincoln turned to a waiter and asked if there was any other way to get out. There was. The Presidential party was led to a side door, through a labyrinth of alcoves and back stairs, then out to their carriages. None of the famished horde, apparently determined to get their ten dollars' worth, had seen them depart.

Five weeks later the Civil War was over.

A week after that, Abraham Lincoln was dead.



April 15, 1865: Andrew Johnson taking the oath of office as seventeenth President in the small parlor of the Kirkwood House, Washington, D.C., after the death of President Abraham Lincoln. *From Frank Leslie's Illustrated*

Seventeenth



ANDREW JOHNSON
APRIL 15, 1865

Congress had been adjourned and was not scheduled to meet again until December. Vice President Andrew Johnson therefore had little to do. He had taken a two-room suite in the Kirkwood House, where he lived alone and unattended. His ailing wife was still in Tennessee. A tubercular, she was also still suffering shock from the death of Charles, her younger son, who had been thrown from a horse two years before and instantly killed.

Johnson was not feeling well. His fever still kept him weak. His behavior at the inauguration was a continuing embarrassment. The public slap growing out of the closing of the Senate bar, which followed the inauguration, still smarted. The criticism that arose when he sharply edited the Congressional record of his own inauguration had virtually blacklisted him socially. Few callers visited him in his rooms on the first floor of the hotel just behind the lobby.

He had seen President Lincoln only once since inauguration day. On April 4 they went to Richmond to inspect the war-ravaged city. After walking a mile and a half through the ruins, they returned to

the Capital, Lincoln to the White House, Johnson to Kirkwood House. Lincoln's dismay over Johnson's conduct was short-lived. A few days later, as the criticism grew, Johnson escaped to the Silver Springs, Maryland, home of Frank P. Blair, the Washington publisher who eventually gave his Washington residence—Blair House—to the Government. While Johnson was away, the talk about him reached Lincoln through Treasury Secretary Hugh McCulloch. Lincoln said: "Oh, don't worry about Andy's drinking. I've known him a long time and he ain't a drunkard."

Even so, the President's neglect of Johnson created the impression that Lincoln did not want him around. It was well known, for example, that Lincoln was to hold the first Cabinet meeting of his new administration on Good Friday, April 14, and that Johnson had not been extended the courtesy of an invitation to the important planning session, although he was second in command of the Government. He was, however, to see Lincoln later that day, after the planning had been done.

Actually, that Good Friday morning, as

Lincoln had breakfast at the White House with his wife and sons and Johnson was breakfasting alone in his room, the machinery intended to bring about the murder of both of them before the day was out was already in motion.

It was the plot of John Wilkes Booth, young, handsome, dashing member of the country's First Family of the theatre. Born in Maryland, he had been an ardent secessionist. He had joined the Virginia militia in 1859, but when the actual fighting broke out, he remained in the North to pursue his acting career. He loathed Abraham Lincoln with a psychopathic ferocity and plotted against him for months. Learning that Lincoln would attend Ford's Theatre on Friday night, Booth set in motion a plan to kill him there. Booth's cohorts were in reality a pack of non-descripts who did not entirely share his hatred of Lincoln or the North, but who were, as were so many people, utterly bewitched by the overwhelmingly persuasive charm Booth could exert equally upon men and women. The men who finally became the nucleus of Booth's plot were a peculiar lot, far beneath Booth in every way, and it was never clear how he had met them, how long he had known them, or why he had chosen them to be part of his scheme. The three principals were David Herold, twenty-three, dim-witted, unemployed, a former drug store clerk, who openly idolized Booth; Lewis Powell, twenty, a Confederate deserter who had taken the name of Lewis Paine and had somehow met Booth in Baltimore, accompanied him to Washington and been supported by him; George Atzerodt, middle-aged, a carriage maker of Port Tobacco, Virginia, with a sideline of ferrying Southern or Northern refugees either way across the Polk River.

Not only was the plot that Lincoln be killed: it included plans that Vice President Johnson be slain by Atzerodt, and Secretary of State William H. Seward by Paine and Herold. Then, with its leaders suddenly dead, it was plotted that the Union would collapse: a handful of men would thus achieve what all the Confeder-

ate armies had failed to do. It was a strange idea, a sick one, and it set a sad pattern: in other lands, Government leaders would be assassinated by politically ambitious men, men sometimes as famous as those who were doomed, but in America, Government leaders were to be assassinated by nonentities, strangers with empty causes, madmen impelled by black dreams of their own grandeur.

George Atzerodt began to waver. Of Booth's three principal aides, Atzerodt was the least enchanted by the dashing actor, the most interested in the money Booth had assured him the Confederacy would pay for the murder of Lincoln. He was, however, too deeply involved to dare disclose his growing fears. That Thursday night, in his room at the Pennsylvania Hotel, he could not shake from his mind the dreadful prospect that within twenty-four hours, at a time and place decreed by John Wilkes Booth, he would assassinate the Vice President of the United States. He got drunk.

Friday morning, at the very moment Andrew Johnson sat at breakfast in his suite at Kirkwood House, George Atzerodt was, for the first time, entering Room 126 of the same hotel, just overhead, where, on order from Booth, he was to keep an eye on the Vice President's comings and goings for the rest of the day. He could not stand the room. He left it and went out to look for a bar.

Andrew Johnson remained in his suite throughout the morning. After breakfast he read a book until the newspapers arrived, then turned his attention to them. By mid-morning he knew that Lincoln's Cabinet meeting was beginning and he was irked because he had not been asked to it. He had heard about General Grant's arrival in the city and also that Grant had been invited to the Cabinet meeting; this irked him more. He had heard, too, of Mrs. Lincoln's theatre party, to which he had also not been invited, but he told himself that he was ill and would not have accepted the invitation had it come.

So Johnson stayed in his rooms until noon. His appointment with the President

had been vaguely scheduled for two o'clock, but if the Cabinet meeting was still in progress he would have to wait. Bored, he left his suite and walked across the lobby of Kirkwood House and stepped out on the sidewalk. He remained there a few moments, then returned to his room and ordered lunch. In the lobby Atzerodt asked someone where the Vice President's suite was located. He was taken almost to the door and shown. He asked if Johnson was there and was told that he was. Staggered by the nearness of the man he was supposed to murder this day, Atzerodt turned and went directly to the hotel bar. He was there when, an hour later, Johnson again left his suite, this time to stroll the short distance to the White House, and Johnson was just arriving there when Atzerodt unsteadily walked out of the Kirkwood House bar and, deciding he needed some air, walked in the opposite direction.

The Cabinet meeting had not ended. Instead of waiting at the White House, Johnson went for a walk. The Cabinet meeting was over at approximately 2:20. Lincoln asked a secretary if Johnson was waiting to see him and, told that he wasn't, the President went to lunch with his wife.

Meanwhile, Booth rode to Kirkwood House to look for George Atzerodt. The man was out. Booth wrote a note, instructing Atzerodt to come to Ford's Theatre immediately, and slipped it under the door of Room 126. Then Booth did something so extravagantly perverse that it could only serve to reveal his own derangement. He asked the desk clerk if Vice President Johnson was in. Told that he was not, Booth wrote Johnson a note thus: "Don't wish to disturb you. Are you at home? J. Wilkes Booth." Even had Johnson been in and received the famous actor, Booth surely was not so mad as to kill the man on the spot, thereby ruining his plans for Ford's Theatre that evening. His only possible motive must have been to create an impression of friendship with Johnson which, whether or not the man lived through the night, might suggest the Vice President's complicity in the plot to overthrow the Government.

At the moment Booth was leaving Kirkwood House, Andrew Johnson was returning to the White House from his walk, and Abraham Lincoln was returning to his office after lunch. Those who witnessed Lincoln's welcome of Johnson asserted that it was extremely cordial. The two men shook hands firmly and the President said: "It's good to see you, Andy." They remained in private conference about a half-hour. Presumably Lincoln gave Johnson a report on the Cabinet meeting at which it had been decided that the reconstruction of the South would be conducted justly, peacefully, with no punishments or retributions. Johnson, a Southerner, approved of this, but there were many Northerners, some in the Cabinet, who did not.

After the conference Lincoln resumed working for more than an hour; Johnson went back to Kirkwood House. Booth had come upon George Atzerodt, reeling from his tour of Washington saloons. The man was clearly helpless and blatantly scared. The carriage-maker tried to back out of the conspiracy, arguing that he had never agreed to be a party to murder. In all likelihood Booth at this point dismissed the man as hopeless. While the actor went on to Ford's Theatre, Atzerodt rented a horse, and, as he rode around the city looking for more bars, he removed from his belt the sheath and bowie knife he had carried all day and threw them away.

The Vice President returned to his hotel suite. In the early evening he received a visitor, Leonard J. Farwell, former Governor of Wisconsin, who had stopped by to spend a couple of hours before going to Ford's Theatre. Johnson said he was not feeling well and intended to go to bed early, and he suggested that, since there was time, his visitor join him for dinner there in the suite. At this moment Atzerodt was becoming fearful that the horse he had rented could not get him away fast enough after he had killed the Vice President; so he went to another stable, rented another horse, and after another drink returned to Kirkwood House, where he made his way into the bar. Over still an-

other drink he asked if anyone had seen Johnson about lately, and was told that the Vice President was in his suite with a visitor.

Shortly after eight Governor Farwell bade Andrew Johnson good night and went off to the theatre, leaving the Vice President alone and unguarded. Within a half-hour Johnson was in bed and asleep. Atzerodt was in the hotel bar, drinking courage.

At ten o'clock the machinery of the conspiracy began to whirl. Booth was in Ford's Theatre making his way to the Presidential box, his hand on the knife with which he intended to kill the guard. But there was no guard. Now there was no one in Booth's way. Paine and Herold were in front of Seward's house, taking slugs from the bottle they had purchased. Johnson was sound asleep. Atzerodt was at the stable returning his rented horse. Unable to consume enough courage, he had given up the plan to kill Andrew Johnson and was now looking for a place to hide.

At approximately ten-thirty, Governor Farwell was back at Johnson's door, banging on it, shouting his name. Rousing slowly from his deep sleep, Johnson was somewhat dazed as he forced himself out of bed and went to the door. Farwell entered quickly and said: "Andy, someone has shot the President." Johnson, still closing the door, stopped, then turned around and stared incredulously at his friend as the Governor explained what had happened at the theatre. The horror in the man's eyes left no doubt that he was telling the truth. Johnson looked as though he might faint; Governor Farwell stepped to him and braced him to hold him up.

Recovering, Johnson said he must go to the President immediately, and he hurried into the bedroom to dress. Before he was ready, loud noises came from the corridor and someone began banging on his door. It was a policeman, who said that the lobby was mobbed with people who, having heard about President Lincoln and the near fatal assault on Seward at his home, had come to see if Johnson had also

been attacked. When Johnson announced that he was on his way to the President, the policeman insisted that he remain at the hotel where he would be safe. The dreadful scope of the conspiracy was now obvious: the assassins were out to kill every leader of the administration. Reluctantly Johnson agreed to remain in his suite, but he asked Farwell to return to Ford's Theatre to see how Lincoln was.

Lincoln was not there. Too weak for the trip to the White House, he had been taken across the street to the home of William Petersen, a tailor, and he lay dying on a bed in a small room under the staircase. Doctors were attending him. Mrs. Lincoln, dazed, stunned, unbelieving, wandered in and out of the room. War Secretary Stanton, notified of the shooting, had arrived and had taken charge. The entire city knew that it was John Wilkes Booth who had shot the President and the search for him was on. On, too, was the search for the man, still unidentified, who had stabbed Secretary Seward.

Governor Farwell, accompanied by James O'Beirne, Provost Marshal for the Capital, brought this news to Johnson, whose rooms were by now crowded with worried friends who had rushed to him. Johnson still insisted on going to Lincoln, but O'Beirne made him promise to wait until a police escort could be provided. At one-thirty in the morning Andrew Johnson announced that, regardless of any dangers, he was going to Lincoln. Refusing a police escort, he walked from Kirkwood House to the Petersen residence, accompanied by Governor Farwell and Provost Marshal O'Beirne. The Petersen living room was crowded; several members of the Cabinet were there and a number of strangers. An Army corporal was taking notes in shorthand; Stanton continued to supervise the hunt for the conspirators; he also kept in contact by telegraph with military leaders in New York in the event that fighting broke out and troops would be needed.

Johnson, almost unnoticed, went directly into the bedroom to Lincoln, unconscious and near death. The doctors stepped aside

as the Vice President, speechless, stunned, hat in hand, looked down at Lincoln for a few moments. Then Johnson moved to Robert Lincoln and shook hands with him and said how sorry, how heartbroken, he was. Mrs. Lincoln was in the living room, where Andrew Johnson went next. Pausing in front of her, he took her hand in his briefly, nodded, said nothing, and then he left the house, walking back to his hotel. There were still many people in his rooms and Johnson stayed up for the rest of the night, talking with them.

Near three o'clock the doctors told Stanton that Lincoln could not possibly survive. The Secretary then dictated a letter to Andrew Johnson, announcing the death of the President, leaving a blank space for the exact time to be inserted later, and he asked Johnson to make known to the undersigned—six members of the Cabinet then in the Petersen house—what arrangements he wished to be made for his ascension to the office of President of the United States.

Abraham Lincoln died at twenty-two minutes past seven in the morning. The blank in Stanton's letter was filled in, and Johnson had the letter before eight o'clock. He sent back word that he would be ready to take the oath in a parlor in Kirkwood

House at ten. Actually, because of the grief and chaos that gripped the city, it was almost an hour later when a dozen people—members of the Cabinet, a few friends—watched Andrew Johnson step to Chief Justice Chase, place his hand on the open Bible, and take the oath.

President Johnson felt that a few words were expected from him and he spoke for about four or five minutes. As had happened in the Senate chamber, everything he said seemed to come out wrong. He made only a passing reference to Abraham Lincoln, and then not by name, and he gave no indication whether or not he intended to carry on Lincoln's policies. He said that he was aware of the great responsibilities that were now his, but that he hoped his past performances would show him to be qualified. The witnesses listened to the speech in glum silence, annoyed by Johnson's preoccupation with himself and his disregard for Lincoln. After asking the Cabinet to stay on, Johnson closed this, his inaugural address, with:

"Duties have been mine; consequences are God's."

And with those words he began the bleakest career that any President of the United States has ever experienced.

Eighteenth



ULYSSES S. GRANT
MARCH 4, 1869

Andrew Johnson's administration virtually turned into government by Congress. A moderate man of moderate talents, he was, as a lifelong Democrat now serving as a Republican President, a prisoner in the enemy camp. Congress, predominantly Republican, was controlled by a group of radicals who favored harsh peace terms with the vanquished South. Johnson, himself a Southerner, proposed an easier road back to the unification of the country. In this he was actually following in Lincoln's footsteps, but in the face of the well-managed opposition on the Hill there was not much he could do. When he vetoed the Reconstruction Acts, Congress overrode him; the South went under military law and soon the carpetbaggers were everywhere. As Commander in Chief, Johnson should nevertheless have been in charge, perhaps even more so, but the real power lay with War Secretary Edwin M. Stanton, a lapsed Democrat who secretly sided with the radical Republicans and the only Cabinet member to remain in office after the others quit in protest against Johnson's position toward the Reconstruction Acts. But Stanton had remained not in loyalty but for

personal power: the President and the Secretary argued constantly.

Congress moved to protect Stanton's position by passing the Tenure of Office Act, which forbade the President to remove from Federal office any person who had been "appointed by and with the advice and consent of the Senate" without the further approval of the Senate. Johnson felt the Act was unconstitutional. Moreover, he hadn't appointed Stanton—Lincoln had. To put the Act to a test, Johnson fired Stanton, naming General Ulysses S. Grant in his place. Congress refused to accept the dismissal; Grant readily turned the job back to Stanton; then President Johnson fired Stanton a second time. At this, the House of Representatives voted to impeach Johnson for a misdemeanor, and the Senate became the jury. It was one vote—the vote of Republican Senator Edmund Ross of Kansas—that saved Johnson's neck and, actually, the neck of the Presidency. Though Ross had no special love for Johnson, he believed that a President should have the freedom to dismiss a recalcitrant Cabinet member without consulting the Senate, or else the Presi-

dency would become merely a branch of the Senate, and he believed in this strongly enough to vote Johnson innocent, knowing that it would cost him his career in the Republican Party.

It cost Johnson his career with the Republican Party, too, and, oddly enough, it almost gave him a new career with the Democrats. In the 1868 pre-convention search for a candidate the Democrats thought seriously of General Grant, an avowed Democrat and popular war hero, but his alliance with Stanton in the conflict with Johnson moved him over to the Republican side. At the Democratic convention Andrew Johnson had the second highest number of votes on the first ballot. But there had been a profusion of nominations—forty-seven in all—and on the twenty-fourth ballot the nomination went to New York Governor Horatio Seymour.

The Republicans had no trouble at all. Their nomination went unanimously to General Grant on the first ballot. He was immediately so popular that midway through the campaign the Democrats considered dumping Governor Seymour for a more dashing candidate. But it was hopeless. The American adulation for war heroes, however politically inexperienced, was about to send another one into the White House. In November Grant won with a plurality of 73 per cent in the Electoral College.

Early in the inauguration preparations, Grant let it be known that he would not ride in the same carriage with Andrew Johnson. Informed of this, Johnson decided he would take no part in Grant's inauguration at all. There was no real reason for either man to carry his bitterness so far. After the failure of the impeachment effort, many Washingtonians melted toward Andrew Johnson and, during his last months in office, even some of his worst Republican enemies were attending social events at the White House. Surely nobody on Capitol Hill would have advised Grant to snub Johnson so blatantly, especially since the man was now politically unarmed. If anything, Grant's performance was intended to impress his

new wealthy friends, the millionaire financiers and industrialists who quickly discovered how generously Grant responded to their gifts with political favors, even appointments to his Cabinet.

In the pre-inaugural days, Andrew Johnson observed that Grant's favors were being dispensed "at various prices from 65,000 dollars down to a box of segars." Perhaps it was this that led to the snub. It certainly led to one of the weakest and most corrupt administrations in history. But it did not, strangely enough, diminish Grant's popularity.

The Grants were living in a large and beautiful house on I Street—a Republican gift to him when he settled in Washington in 1865, and for days before the inauguration on Thursday, March 4, crowds gathered in front of the house for a glimpse of him. His military headquarters were at 17th and F Streets, where crowds also gathered for the same reason. Even after his election Grant did not resign his commission. In fact, he never did, feeling that his Presidential oath of office superseded it. Many years later, when Grant was destitute and friendless again, the Congress passed a bill that reinstated him as a general and put him back on the Army payroll. On his inauguration day, however, he was a Caesar.

Early that morning General Grant went to his headquarters on F Street. Observers remarked that he appeared to be as imperturbable as ever, unmoved by the great experience awaiting him at the Capitol. He spent the morning working at his desk, pausing occasionally to receive a few callers. The place was like a morgue compared to his home, packed now with hordes of his and his wife's relatives from Ohio, Illinois, and Missouri, several of whom were shortly to enter the Government employ. Around ten Vice President-elect Schuyler Colfax of Indiana, the former House Speaker, arrived. The parade began forming in the side streets along Pennsylvania Avenue. Ticketholders were being allowed into the Senate gallery though the Senate was still in session on the floor. From the house on I Street Julia Grant and her rela-

tives began their journey to the Capitol. Mrs. Grant was cross-eyed, a condition she volunteered to have corrected by surgery as she was about to become mistress of the White House, but the General said he had fallen in love with her despite this misfortune and she need not undergo the operation for his sake, so she didn't.

The weather was bad. It had rained in the early morning; heavy clouds still hung over the city, with occasional drizzles, and many people feared that the ceremonies might be held indoors. At ten to eleven Grant left his office and went out to his phaeton, accompanied by General John Rawlins, his friend from Galena who had been his aide throughout the war, was now his chief of staff, and was about to become his War Secretary. To the disappointment of many who had hoped to see Grant in all his military regalia, he wore a plain black suit. But Rawlins was in full uniform, as were other escorting generals—Sherman, Thomas, Hancock—and the predominantly military parade, divided into eight sections, each with a high-ranking deputy marshal, included some twenty-five hundred soldiers in colorful dress. There were about twenty bands. Two companies of Zouaves provided an Oriental air. A company of Negro Volunteers marched in the parade, and though they carried rifles, Johnson refused to let them have any ammunition. On a gaily decorated omnibus rode aging veterans of the War of 1812.

Precisely at noon Grant and Colfax walked into the Senate chamber. Spying them, the two thousand spectators in the gallery started applauding and cheering. The Senate, the diplomatic corps, and Grant's old comrades in arms rose and applauded. Colfax went up and took a chair on the right of Senator Ben Wade of Ohio, the presiding officer, the man who, had the impeachment of Johnson succeeded, would have become President, there then being no Vice President. The ceremony proceeded. Grant's chair was just in front of Wade's desk. Once again it was Grant's composure that impressed everyone. Though he knew that every eye was on him, he remained calm, almost disinter-

ested, and his demeanor was interpreted by all as great personal strength and control.

At twelve-fifteen the Grant procession was already filing out onto the platform, greeted by tumultuous cheers from the crowd of some twenty thousand. Still General Grant was calm and at ease. It was Chief Justice Chase who appeared unnerved and excited, the paper bearing the oath quivering in his hands as Grant and he stepped to each other and waited for the noise to subside. Grant repeated the oath in such a soft voice that even those on the platform barely heard him, and it was only when he kissed the Bible that everyone realized the act had been performed. The cannons fired the twenty-one-gun salute, the bands played ruffles and flourishes, then cascaded into a militant "Hail to the Chief!" and above all was heard the roar of the crowd.

President Grant calmly waited it all out, removing his speech from his pocket, looking at the multitude, occasionally glancing back at the people on the platform, nodding, shaking a hand extended to him. Finally he began. His speech, containing about twelve hundred words, was read in less than ten minutes, in a conversational voice that traveled about ten feet, and it dealt mostly with the national debt, then four hundred million dollars, which he pledged to decrease. He also promised civil service reforms, improvement of the circumstances of Indians, and the ratification of the Fifteenth Amendment, which removed race as a barrier to voting.

More impressive to the crowd than the speech were two incidents that happened while Grant was reading it. Each time he finished a page, Grant moistened a forefinger and thumb on his tongue to turn the page, and this brought chuckles from the crowd—the President of the United States was evidently a plain, uncomplicated man. Then, just as he was finishing, his little daughter Nellie, crammed in with her relatives behind the Supreme Court justices, left her seat, went to her father, and stood there holding his hand as he read his final words. The crowd loved this and cheered

Nellie as well as her illustrious father when the speech was over. The threatening clouds were inky black as Grant finished his address shortly after twelve-thirty. He spent only a minute acknowledging the cheers, then turned and led the departure from the platform.

For six weeks various social groups in Washington had argued what to do regarding an inaugural ball—should there be one or several, where to hold it or them, whom to invite, and what ceremonies to perform. In the end it was agreed that the only suitable place for size and convenience would be one of the Government buildings. The

matter was put to Congress, which authorized the use of the north wing of the recently completed Treasury Building for what was to be known as a reception rather than a ball, thereby removing any hints of Party celebration in an edifice that belonged to all the taxpayers of all parties. Also, dancing was to be permitted in some of the rooms, and there would be a supper, but intoxicating beverages were banned. Anybody willing to pay ten dollars would be admitted.

The ban on liquor pleased a lot of people who had been annoyed by the drunkenness at previous inauguration balls. This



March 4, 1869: The arrival of President Ulysses S. Grant and his wife at his first inaugural ball, in the Treasury Department, Washington, D.C. Wood engraving in Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, 1869. Collections of the Library of Congress.

time, it seemed, the affair would be carried off with proper decorum. There was the question of Andrew Johnson. The inaugural committee decided that in view of the apparent feud between him and Grant he should not be invited. There was also the question of Negroes, of an integrated reception, but local Negro leaders answered that question by announcing that they would not attend.

Days before the ball the offices in the north wing were emptied of their furniture, then decorated. Banners bearing the word "Peace" were hung in every room, peace being a slogan of the Grant campaign and the hope of the country. In some of the larger rooms bandstands were erected, but there was to be no dancing in the biggest room, the Cash Room, on the second floor, where the main reception was to be held. To avoid the disorder of the past, great care was taken in arranging for adequate check-room facilities. Also, the ladies' lounges were staffed with maids, and the men's rooms had bootblacks and clothes-brushers. Supper rooms were set up in the basement, with a private room upstairs for Grant and his honored guests. It looked as though it was going to be a very dignified affair, and it was for the most part.

The first of the six thousand ticket-buyers began to arrive around eight, using the east entrance. At nine, carriages of the special guests started pulling up at the north entrance. It was ten-fifteen when Vice President Colfax and his party arrived and were led to their rooms. At eleven the two groups were brought together for the procession through the labyrinth of first-floor rooms, then upstairs through another labyrinth to the Cash Room. In each room the parade of principals was welcomed by applause and bursts of happy sighs and pleased laughter. Women made a quick study of Julia Grant, most of them seeing her for the first time. She wore a white satin gown with a double overskirt edged with point lace, and she had a pink rose in her hair. She seemed shy and uncomfortable, but pleasant and warm.

There was little dancing during the next

hour, as most people strolled from room to room, hoping for a better look at the Grants and also to see who else was there. It was the younger people who finally herded the strollers along the walls and cleared the floors for dancing. The evening passed graciously and calmly. But then it was time for supper and things began to go wrong. The Grants and Colfaxes and their guests had only to go to their private rooms, but others had to go down to the basement. The first of the diners got down there all right, but they couldn't get out because the late arrivers jammed the stairwells; so they just stayed there. Eventually, 80 per cent of the guests went home without getting anything to eat. Going home also proved to be a problem. Despite the careful planning, the check-rooms were in chaos, with the men once again fighting and the women once again weeping. Outside there was further chaos. Most people had arrived in their own carriages, and now they could not find them in the jumble of vehicles that extended for blocks in all directions. So there was more fighting and more weeping and many people walked home.

Grant's

Second Inauguration

March 4, 1873

Grant's public image as the man who had won the Civil War miraculously survived the four bleak years of his first administration. His Cabinet, with rare exception, was packed with old friends and new benefactors, wholly unfit for their positions. There were scandals, some of them reaching inside the White House. And yet at the Republican convention of 1872, Grant was unanimously re-nominated and in the election that year he won by a higher percentage of electoral votes—eighty-one—than he had received the first time. Grant interpreted his victory as a personal vindication, but he did nothing to

March Fourth, Eighteen Seventy-three 99

clean house and surrounded himself with the same men, who continued to drag his administration from scandal to scandal. The only major change was the failure of Schuyler Colfax to win re-nomination. His unpopularity with the Washington press was considered the reason for his defeat by Senator Henry Wilson of Massachusetts.

Inauguration day fell on a Tuesday, but crowds began to arrive as early as Friday afternoon. By Sunday night, there wasn't a lodging place left in the city. Military units and their bands came from all over the country. The high point of the parade, however, was to be the appearance of West Point cadets and Annapolis midshipmen, marching in an inauguration parade for the first time. As soon as the young men arrived in town, they were seized by hostesses on the hunt for new faces to brighten their parties.

On Monday President Grant worked until midnight at the Capitol, signing bills as they were sent down the hall from the Senate. Anticipating that the unfinished legislation would run over into Tuesday, Grant had requested that the inaugural parade start at ten, presumably reaching the Capitol at eleven, thus giving him another hour to work before the ceremonies at noon. Tuesday was a bitterly cold day. The temperature at dawn, when the cannons fired, was four above zero. Winds up to forty miles an hour—and never less than twenty—buffeted the Capital. The sky was deceptively clear, and early risers who had misjudged the weather quickly raced back indoors for overcoats and earmuffs. By nine o'clock, when the parade began to form, the temperature was up to ten. Shivering members of political clubs had second thoughts about braving such a cold hike up the Avenue, but their courage was shored up by the bottles that suddenly appeared throughout the ranks. The military was denied this warming influence. The cadets and midshipmen suffered more: they were to march without their overcoats on this, the coldest inauguration day in history.

At ten an escort of three Senators entered the White House and were greeted

by Grant just inside the door. A moment later they all came out and went to Grant's carriage. This was the signal for the parade to start. Whistles blew, bands began their tunes, and into Pennsylvania Avenue marched the cadets and midshipmen, leading the procession on its way to the Capitol.

The Senate worked to the last minute, rushing bills to Grant's office for his signature, stopping at a quarter to twelve when it became necessary to prepare the chamber for the ceremonies. At three minutes to noon, the sergeant-at-arms at the main door of the Senate cried out: "Mr. President, the President of the United States!" Everybody on the floor and assembled in the galleries arose and applauded Grant as he led his Cabinet to seats in front of the Senate president's desk. This time he did not seem as unmoved as he had been the first time. The size of his election victory had genuinely pleased him, for he felt that the country had judged him not as a war hero but as a President, and had approved.

At noon by the Senate clock Colfax called for order. After a brief farewell speech he indicated that the moment for Vice President-elect Wilson's oath-taking had arrived. When this was finished, Wilson accepted the gavel of the Senate president from Colfax and held it as he made a short speech. He then tapped the gavel lightly, declared the joint session of the Congress adjourned, and announced the formation of the procession.

The temperature at noon was sixteen degrees. For more than an hour and a half the inadequately dressed cadets and midshipmen had stood on the biting cold, windswept mall. Several of them lost consciousness and collapsed to the ground. The thousands of spectators were luckier, crammed so solidly together against the wind that there was hardly room to pass a bottle. Their lusty cheer as the procession appeared and Grant came to the front of the platform drowned out the twenty-one-gun salute that came from howitzers of the Naval School at the south end of the plaza and the Light Artillery on the north.

Grant was led forward to a chair near the railing. It was the chair George Wash-



March 4, 1873: The procession from the Senate Chamber through the Capitol Rotunda at President Ulysses S. Grant's second inauguration. *Wood engraving in Leslie's Illustrated, March 15, 1873. Collections of the Library of Congress.*

ington had used at his first inauguration in New York. Grant sat in it briefly until the platform was full, and then he and Chief Justice Chase approached each other for the second time. The oath was administered. The Senate sergeant-at-arms opened a Bible at random and passed it to Chase, who held it up for the President to kiss.

Grant's second inaugural address was short, as had been his first, and similarly evasive. The frequent gusts of wind limited the sound of his words to those within a few feet of him. But the crowd gave him a good cheer when he finished, put away his papers, and bowed. Many people who

had stayed home while the parade had gone to the Capitol now came out as it returned to the White House, and the Avenue was more packed than ever. A reviewing stand had been erected in front of the White House, and from it Grant and his guests, as they sipped hot coffee, watched the parade for over an hour.

Because of the weather and an oversight in the construction of the building where it was held, the inaugural ball that night was somewhat of a failure. After the 1869 traffic jams both inside and outside the Treasury Building, the 1873 inaugural committee decided that this time the ball

should be held in a suitably spacious place. At a cost of \$40,000, the temporary structure was again erected on Judiciary Square. Beautifully decorated, it included an enormous supper room with a sumptuous meal for an army of kings. Provided were: 10,000 fried oysters, 8,000 scalloped oysters, 8,000 pickled oysters, 63 boned turkeys of 12 pounds each, 75 roast turkeys of 12 pounds each, 150 capons stuffed with truffles, 15 saddles of mutton, 40 pieces of spiced beef of 40 pounds each, 200 dozen roasted quails, 100 game *pâtés* of 50 pounds each, 300 tongues and 200 hams ornamented with jelly, 30 baked salmon, 100 chickens, 400 partridges, 25 stuffed boars' heads, 40 *pâtés de foie gras* of 10 pounds each, 2,000 head-cheese sandwiches, 3,000 ham sandwiches, 3,000 beef-tongue sandwiches, 1,600 bunches of celery, 30 barrels of salad, 2 barrels of lettuce, 350 chickens boiled for salad, 2,000 pounds of lobster boiled for salad, 6,000 eggs boiled for salad, 1 barrel of beets, 2,500 loaves of bread, 8,000 rolls, 24 cases of Prince Albert crackers, 1,000 pounds of butter, 300 charlotte russes of 17 pounds each, 200 moulds of wine jelly, 200 moulds of blanc mange, 300 gallons of ice cream, 200 gallons of flavored ices, 400 pounds of pastry, 150 large decorated cakes, 60 large pyramid cakes, 25 barrels of Malaga grapes, 15 cases of oranges, 5 cases of apples, 400 pounds of mixed candies, 10 cases of raisins, 200 pounds of shelled almonds, 300 gallons claret punch, 300 gallons of coffee, 200 gallons of tea, and 100 gallons of chocolate.

In view of all this planning and preparation, it was incredible that nobody

thought of installing a heating system in the building. When the guests began arriving around nine, the vast hall was so cold that people did not check their wraps—which at least prevented a recurrence of the check-room chaos at previous inauguration balls. Many of the early arrivers did not stay, and this cut the expected attendance from six thousand to three thousand. As the evening progressed, the temperature continued to drop. The musicians were too cold and could not play, but nobody felt like dancing. Everybody was in the supper-room, drinking hot coffee, hot tea, and hot chocolate and ignoring all the food, now cold and tasteless.

At eleven o'clock the news arrived that President Grant and his Cabinet had left the White House and were en route to the ball. For the sake of presenting a festive atmosphere, hearty guests moved out on the floor, more to circulate their blood than to dance, and the musicians of the Navy Band made an heroic effort to provide a rhythm for them to move to. When the Presidential party entered, there was every impression of proper merriment among the survivors. To applause and cheers, Grant led the way to the reception area where he chatted briefly with the inaugural ball officials. It took about ten minutes for the cold air to penetrate through the clothing of the Cabinet members, who began to wander over to the coffee urns. When the President promptly moved in the same direction, he was followed by about a hundred of the guests. Everybody else went home and by midnight the hall was empty.

Nineteenth



RUTHERFORD BIRCHARD HAYES MARCH 3, 1877

Continued corruption in the Grant administration turned the nation increasingly toward the Democratic Party. The off-year election of 1874 gave the House a sizable Democratic majority. The subsequent Whiskey Ring scandal, which sent millions of whiskey tax revenues into private hands, was found to involve Grant's own personal secretary, and over the next months Congressional investigations revealed that practically every department of the administration was riddled with miscreants. Grant, innocent himself, failed to see why he should be blamed for any of the malfeasance, and he blithely indicated that he would be willing to run for a third term if the Party wanted him. This hope was shattered when the House, by a count of 233 to 18, voted against a third term for anybody.

Delegates to the Republican convention discovered themselves in the embarrassing position of having to adopt a platform to clean up the mess in Washington which their own Party leaders had brought about. In these circumstances, finding an untarnished candidate required a great deal of internal searching. On the seventh

ballot and after much backroom debate the convention agreed on Rutherford Birchard Hayes, a man with a good war record, an unblemished term in the House, and three terms of clean government as Governor of Ohio. Congressman William A. Wheeler of New York was nominated for Vice President on the first ballot. Two weeks later the Democrats, who could more reasonably promise sweeping reforms, nominated Governor Samuel J. Tilden of New York, who had broken the Boss Tweed control over New York City politics. Governor Thomas A. Hendricks of Indiana won the second spot.

Neither Hayes nor Tilden was a particularly dazzling candidate; neither was well known at the national level; both had been compromise nominees carefully maneuvered into the spotlight by Party leaders who sought to appease the various internal factions. The major campaign issue was that each man was honest. This led the *New York World* to observe sadly: "Hayes has never stolen. Good God, has it come to this?" A wry campaign placard that appeared widely bore pictures of both Hayes and Tilden and the words: "Of the two evils choose the least."

The 1876 election ended in chaos. Though Tilden had a plurality in the popular vote of 250,000, he fell one vote short of the necessary majority in the Electoral College. Moreover, each Party accused the other of irregularities at the polls, and they were probably both right. As a result, the Electoral votes in four states—Florida, South Carolina, Louisiana and Oregon—were contested. With the South under carpetbag control, the Democrats had little chance of winning the battle there but they refused to give up. Passions ran high; there was even the risk of another war. In compromise, an Electoral Commission was chosen, comprised of seven Democrats, seven Republicans and an independent. Before the commission could begin its work in February, the independent—Supreme Court Justice David Davis of Illinois—was unexpectedly elected to the Senate by his State legislature. By now it was practically impossible to find a replacement whose impartiality would be acceptable to the two parties and the final choice of the man—Justice Joseph Bradley, a New Jersey Republican—created the impression that both sides were ready to make a deal. That a deal was made was never confirmed but Rutherford Hayes, the election loser, optimistically left his Ohio home for Washington on Thursday, March 1, twenty-four hours before the resolution of the controversy was announced. According to rumors, the Democrats agreed to let Hayes become President provided he would agree to put an end to the Republican-controlled military-carpetbag governments in the Southern states. Friday morning, as Hayes was crossing Pennsylvania by train, he received a telegram with the news that the commission had decided in his favor.

In years to come the Presidential race of 1876 was to be known as "the stolen election," and perhaps it was precisely that. The deal offered the Southerners—and mostly fulfilled—certainly made it a "bargained-for election." Its immediate effect upon Washington, however, was the resolution of a problem that had been worrying socialites for weeks: the inaugu-

ration ceremonies. Not knowing which Party would win, nobody could plan anything, and even now the city was rife with false reports that Democrats had kidnapped Hayes from his train, but this cleared up when Hayes arrived safely at the railroad station. There were also rumors that Tilden intended to come to Washington on March 4, a Sunday for the third time in inaugural history, would have himself sworn in as President, and would then lead the country in a war, but this, too, was proved false. In any event, now that the Republicans knew they had won, there was a rush to prepare for some sort of celebration.

A crowd had gathered at the station to welcome Rutherford Hayes, his wife Lucy, and their party, and among the welcomers were General Sherman and his brother John, then a Senator from Ohio and soon to be Hayes's Secretary of the Treasury. The Shermans took the Hayeses to the Senator's home on K Street, where they were to stay until after the inauguration on Monday, the fifth, the ceremonies being postponed a day because of the Sabbath. After breakfast General Sherman and Hayes went to the White House to make a courtesy call on Grant, a delicate meeting because of some of Hayes's remarks about clean government during the campaign, but apparently it came off well. During the half-hour visit Hayes met Grant's Cabinet and some of the household staff. Grant invited the President-elect and his wife to dinner on Saturday.

Hayes went next to the Capitol, where all the Republican Senators and a few of the Democrats came into the President's office to pay their respects. When news of Hayes's presence in the building reached the House, the session was adjourned and there was a stampede of Southern Democrats to shake his hand. Hayes then returned to Senator Sherman's house to work on his speech. That evening he received many callers, including Vice President-elect Wheeler.

Many women called to meet Lucy Hayes. She was an attractive woman, bright, well-educated, the first President's wife to hold

a college degree, which she had earned at Ohio Wesleyan. The only thing about her that dampened—dried, actually—Washington spirits was the fact that she was a member of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, which meant there would be no alcohol in the White House, at least not for drinking purposes. It was Mrs. Hayes's unbending anti-liquor attitude that won her the nickname of "Lemonade Lucy."

Thirty-six guests had been invited to the White House dinner on Saturday, among them Chief Justice Morrison Remick Waite. Apprehension regarding the immediate future of the country was still high. Since Grant's term ended at Sunday noon and Hayes would not be inaugurated until Monday noon, the country once again faced the prospect of twenty-four hours without a duly elected Chief Executive. Moreover, the rumors of a Tilden coup d'état, though in itself unthinkable, were still being heard. The guests were still gathering when Grant, Hayes, Waite, and State Secretary Hamilton Fish left the party and went to the Red Room. Here, after discussing the dangers of the hour and agreeing that the nation should not be without a President even for a day, the men agreed that Hayes should take his oath of office there and then. Chief Justice Waite administered the oath, making Hayes the only President to take his oath before the official inauguration day, the first to take his oath in the White House, and creating the unusual circumstance of giving the country two Presidents for a period of some fifteen hours. Nothing was said about the secret inauguration to others at the dinner, and it was not until Sunday morning, when uneasy political leaders expressed concern over an empty Presidency while threats of war persisted, that the news was disclosed.

Sunday passed peacefully. In the morning the Hayeses accompanied their hosts to Episcopal services at the Church of the Epiphany. (A religious family, the Hayeses conducted morning worship after breakfast every day and held hymn-singing meetings on Sunday nights, with members of the Congress and the Cabinet usually present.)

That Sunday, Republicans, now that they had another President, began to pour into the city, particularly from Hayes's Ohio and Wheeler's New York. Hotels filled and boarding houses doubled up their guests. A committee met and hastily put together what amounted more to a military escort than an inaugural parade, there being too little time for anything expansive. All day workers decorated Pennsylvania Avenue with bunting.

Monday morning was chilly and overcast, and there were brief periods of light snow. By eight o'clock the parade units were in their places in the side streets around the White House. A good crowd was forming along the Avenue. At the Capitol carpenters were putting the finishing touches on the outdoor platform. It had been decided to open the Senate gallery at eleven. Since there had not been time to print invitations and deliver them, admission to the gallery had to be, again, on a first-come basis, and the corridors were filled with prominent Washington women by nine. Minutes after the doors were open, every seat was taken.

Meanwhile nobody was sure when the parade would start. Remembering that Grant's second parade had begun at ten, the marchers were ready to move at that hour. But it was close to eleven when Hayes arrived at the White House accompanied by Ohio Republican Congressman James A. Garfield. Grant was waiting just inside the door. Within moments Grant and Hayes came out and entered a beautiful barouche drawn by four horses. This hasty development caught the parade officials off guard. Grant and Hayes had to wait ten minutes at the White House gate until the Washington Light Guards, leading the parade, were brought around and the journey to the Capitol could begin. A carriage with Wheeler and Treasury Secretary Lot Morrill drew up behind. Skimpy, compared to predecessors, the parade nevertheless stirred the usual enthusiasm in those who lined the Avenue. Twice the police had to be brought up to force back the crowds that besieged the barouche. At the Capitol the principals rode



March 5, 1877: The inauguration of Rutherford B. Hayes. Photograph by Matthew Brady. Collections of the Library of Congress.

around to the north entrance while the military units formed ranks at the east steps. A hundred howitzers fired a salute.

The crowd outside, estimated at thirty thousand, contained many sore losers. Arguments and fights had flared throughout the mob—over whether Hayes or Tilden should be the man on the platform this morning, and when the procession began to file onto the platform the bellow of boos could be heard among the cheers. Throughout Hayes's speech, in fact, there was considerable evidence of a large delegation of Bronx Democrats in the crowd—the first time their crude sound of disfavor was a noticeable part of an inauguration.

The speech was relatively short and not especially notable. Hayes repeated his campaign pledge that he would serve only one term and that during it he would try to have the Constitution amended, limiting future Presidents to one term of six years. Then Hayes took his oath of office and led the departure from the platform.

The crowds that cheered Hayes on his return to the White House seemed to be comprised of genuinely affectionate Republicans. Again because of the time, no reception was arranged, nor any inaugural ball. A private lunch was served to a number of leading Republicans. Told that an Ohio delegation would be grateful to be received by the President to congratulate him personally, Hayes consented, but he was alarmed when he discovered there

were over a thousand of them. He received them in the Blue Room. Beyond the closed gates were thousands of others who had hoped to make a White House visit part of their inaugural celebration, and when they saw that the Ohioans alone were allowed in they sent up shouts of favoritism. There was nothing Hayes could do but order the gates to be opened, and he spent the next two hours shaking hands in the Blue Room.

The police were understandably worried about an assassination attempt. Therefore everybody entering the White House that afternoon was carefully scrutinized. One man with a suspicious bulge at his hip was taken aside; the bulge turned out to be a pistol. The man insisted he was a loyal Republican and was carrying the gun merely as protection from the thieves who, he had been warned, rampaged in Washington during the inaugural merriment. For safety's sake the man was led away.

That night there were fireworks at the Treasury Building. Also, the Washington Republican Club conducted a torchlight parade of some three thousand people. Hayes came out the White House main door to thank the paraders. Later that evening Party leaders held a reception at the Willard Hotel. Hayes attended, but Lucy Hayes did not. The President stayed at the hotel very briefly, then returned to the White House, which, he said four years later, he was very happy to leave.

Twentieth



JAMES ABRAM GARFIELD
MARCH 4, 1881

President Hayes turned out to be a far more independent man than the Party stalwarts had expected. Few people really believed he would carry out his pledges, either those made during the campaign or those involved in the deal with the South, but he did. The withdrawal of troops from the South put an end to the Republican-carpetbag control and opened the doors to a Democratic regime that lasted for forty years before a Southern state returned to the Republican column. This was what Republicans had feared and why they were appalled when Hayes went ahead with his promises.

Having announced that he would serve only one term, Hayes was out of the running—because of the widespread Party resentment against him he would have been rejected in any case. The Republican convention was therefore a free-for-all. Six candidates were nominated on the first roll call; on the second a Pennsylvania delegate voted for John A. Garfield of Ohio who, having just been elected a Senator, did not want the nomination and tried repeatedly during the next thirty-four ballots to have his name withdrawn. Failing,

he reluctantly accepted; Chester A. Arthur, former director of the New York Customhouse who had lost his job in the Hayes cleanup of the civil service, was chosen for the Vice Presidency. The Democrats nominated General Winfield S. Hancock of Pennsylvania, a man of no political experience but of enormous postwar popularity, with Congressman William H. English of Indiana as his running-mate. Though Garfield had a popular plurality of only 10,000, he carried the big Northern states and won by 214 to 155 in the Electoral College.

From the look of things it was going to be the biggest inauguration ever. Some fifteen thousand people were to march in the parade. Along the Avenue, bleachers had been erected to accommodate a hundred thousand spectators. Bunting, banners, and flags decorated every building. Arches, covered with flowers and flags, were erected at each intersection from the White House to the Capitol. A reviewing stand had been placed at the White House, this time directly in front of it, where the new President and his guests would watch the parade after the return from the Capitol.

An inauguration first was about to occur: Garfield's mother was in Washington, staying with the Hayeses at the White House, and she became the first mother to watch her son take the Presidential oath of office. The mothers of five preceding Presidents (Washington, John Adams, Madison, Polk, and Grant) were alive when their sons were inaugurated, but Mrs. Garfield was the first to witness the event.

March 4 fell on a Friday. Political clubs from all over the country began arriving the preceding weekend; additional military units arrived every day, and every day there were spontaneous parades through hotel lobbies and up and down the streets. Washington was electric—literally as well as figuratively. The incandescent lamp had been invented by Thomas Alva Edison in 1878, had since proved to be commercially practical, and had been installed in the White House and in a few other Washington buildings. Many of the inauguration visitors, especially those from smaller communities, were seeing electric lights for the first time.

Thursday afternoon it began to snow. By midnight, two inches had fallen, with drifts up to four feet. Next morning, all the side streets were impassable. Work crews labored all night to keep Pennsylvania Avenue clear, piling the snow on the sidewalks almost as fast as it fell, but there was nothing anyone could do to protect all the decorations and they were ruined. Everybody wondered if there would be a parade. Fortunately most of the marching units had taken over the downtown hotels and boarding houses and could make their way to the Avenue. Those residing farther out, not sure whether they would march or not, left their houses hours before the scheduled formation at ten, sometimes struggling through hip-deep drifts in order to reach the Avenue. Parade Marshal General Sherman had previously ordered that all traffic, including street cars, would have to be off the Avenue by ten, with no cross-traffic allowed after ten-thirty. This was no problem now. There was scarcely a vehicle in sight.

Thursday evening, when it seemed the

snowfall would continue all night, both Hayes and Garfield assured Sherman they would participate in the parade whatever the weather, and they left the final decision about having one up to him. Friday morning, with the snow stopped, the Avenue clear, and more and more parade units reporting in, Sherman decided to go ahead with it. A major change had to be made. Snowbound side streets made it impossible for marching units to form ranks there as usual, so Sherman instructed them to line up on Pennsylvania Avenue in the direction of the Capitol, joining the parade as the leading units passed them. This was done, and even before the parade began, some of the marchers had to go almost all the way to the Hill to take their places in what was actually the end of the line.

At a quarter to ten a lone closed carriage left the White House bearing Garfield's wife and mother and Mrs. Hayes, on their way to the Capitol. The Cleveland Mounted Troops had come from Ohio to be Garfield's special escort. At ten the Troopers, surrounding the carriage in which Garfield and Arthur rode, cantered through the White House gates and to the door. Garfield and Arthur went inside, where they were met by Hayes and members of his Cabinet. While they chatted, two barouches, each drawn by four horses, were brought around and the men entered them. Garfield and Hayes took the first, Garfield sitting on the left side. With Arthur in the second carriage was Senator George H. Pendleton, an Ohio Democrat who had been his Party's Vice Presidential candidate in Lincoln's second campaign.

The Cleveland Troopers had moved out to the street and were waiting. The two carriages came through the gates and pulled up behind a unit of mounted police. Sherman, as marshal, took his place in front of the police; he gave the signal and the parade began. As his escort and also to hold back the crowd, the Troopers formed a square around Garfield's barouche. Next came the Annapolis midshipmen, then Arthur's carriage, and as the parade moved on, the military units lined along the Avenue fell in behind.

There was little need to worry about the conduct of the crowd. The bleacher seats, originally priced at five dollars, were now marked down to fifty cents, and there were long stretches with nobody in them. Sidewalks along the whole way had been turned into a muddy swamp by the sun that had come out and by the feet of thousands who, managing to reach the Avenue and finding it a mess, had gone on to the Capitol, hoping for drier ground on the Hill. The *New York Times* estimated that the spectators along the Avenue and at the Capitol numbered some thirty thousand, a fraction of what had been expected, but nevertheless a good turnout in view of the city's snowbound condition.

The Senate had worked all night, finishing up its business and adjourning at five o'clock, to reconvene at nine-thirty. When that hour came, Vice President Wheeler was in his chair, his feet up on the desk, and there were three or four Senators at their seats. Most of the others were napping in their offices. In the next half-hour a few more idled in and stood about talking softly with each other as the gallery began to fill up, but at ten there were still not enough Senators present to make a quorum. Wheeler beckoned to a page and told him to go through the building and rouse the others. At ten-thirty Wheeler requested a roll call, and there were so many absentees that he again sent the page to waken the sleepers.

By now Garfield's mother and wife and Mrs. Hayes were in the first row of the gallery; so were the fourteen-year-old daughters of both Hayes and Garfield. All eyes were on Lucretia Garfield, new mistress of the White House, a small, plain, shy woman with a careworn expression on her face, dressed simply in black and holding a bouquet of roses. There had been rumors that she was going to divorce Garfield but changed her mind when he was nominated, because of the harm it might do to his career. Their only marital problem had been that he was away a great deal, both because of the war and his political activities. Once when he returned from a session of Congress she had handed

him a written report showing that their time together in six years of marriage totaled less than a year, and her note continued: "I do not want to live in a state of practical divorce." Garfield moved her to Washington, but his absorption in politics and the many friends he brought home every night still did not give them much time together, and now as President, there would be less. Garfield's mother, almost eighty, was quite different, a brittle, bright, outgoing woman who loved politics and a houseful of people, and it was she, even at this age, who was to play hostess for Garfield more than his wife. Today Lucretia Garfield was solemnly resigned to the honor about to be bestowed upon her husband; Eliza Garfield was glowingly proud of her son.

The minutes passed. More and more Senators arrived, all of them sitting on the Republican side. Some diplomats came in, some department officials, some of the high-ranking military. Shortly before eleven, General Hancock entered. The presence of the defeated man at the inauguration of the man who had defeated him struck everyone as an excellent display of good sportsmanship and he was given an ovation. He took off his overcoat; he was in full uniform, his chest bedecked with medals. A tall, broad-shouldered man of vibrant military bearing, he looked like a statue of himself. There was another ovation and Senators of both parties hurried forward to shake his hand.

The parade reached the Capitol at eleven-thirty, the principals going around to the north entrance, the leading marching units lining up at the east steps but to one side so that, this time, the people could come in closer. Hayes and Garfield went to the President's office, where Hayes signed the last of the legislation that had kept the Senate at work most of the night. Vice President-elect Arthur was escorted to the office that was about to become his. By now the forty foreign ambassadors and ministers were in their seats. When the Supreme Court justices entered, all rose and applauded them. At five minutes before noon word came from Hayes that he



March 4, 1881: The inauguration of President James A. Garfield. View of the procession on Pennsylvania Avenue from the dome of the Capitol. Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, 1881. Collections of the Library of Congress.

would need a little more time to complete his work. With that the Senate doorkeeper picked up a pole, went to the clock and turned it back five minutes so there would be more time for the ceremonies, as required, to begin at noon, at least by the Senate clock.

It was, by that clock, five to twelve when Hayes and Garfield, arm in arm, appeared at the main door, proceeded to their seats down in front, and were cheered along the way. They were just seated when Arthur and Pendleton came in by a side door and they joined all the others in rising and applauding. Chester Arthur took a seat next to Wheeler, who presented him to the assemblage, to more applause. Arthur said a few words, then turned to Wheeler and took his oath of office. After this, Wheeler made a brief farewell talk, left the desk, and took a seat on the floor next to General Hancock.

The new Vice President called to order the special session of the Senate and asked the chaplain to say a prayer. All the men on the floor rose, but the only people in the gallery who got to their feet were the Hayes and Garfield women. During the prayer the House members came to the door and began to file in, the clomp of their boots drowning out the prayer. The Senate and gallery waited until the prayer was finished to applaud the arrival of the House, which startled the chaplain who thought the applause was for him and couldn't understand why. Chester Arthur next called the new Senators forward for their oaths. One of them was of particular interest to the gallery—Arthur P. Gorman of Maryland, who had once been a Senate page. And then it was time for the procession.

The plaza was packed with thousands of marchers and spectators "as far as the eye could see," said the *New York Times*. Cannons fired and bands played as the platforms began to fill up. Several chairs were at the front railing; George Washington's chair again awaited a new President. For the first time women were afforded more prominence at an inauguration. At the railing were chairs for Garfield's wife and

mother and for Mrs. Hayes, where they could see the ceremony better than from the customary place for women—behind the Supreme Court justices.

Garfield sat watching the crowd as the platform filled up. Then a hush settled over the plaza, and only the wind could be heard through the naked trees and around the corners of buildings. Garfield stood up, took his speech from his pocket, removed his hat and gave it to Hayes, who then removed his own hat. Chief Justice Waite also removed his hat, but all the other men kept theirs on. Garfield read his inaugural address slowly in a loud, clear voice. The speech was well received. Garfield then took his oath of office from Chief Justice Waite and kissed the Bible. His next act as President was to turn and kiss his mother, then his wife. As the people, the cannons, and the bands set up a great din, he shook hands with men near him, slowly making his way to the rear of the platform and to his carriage.

In the past three hours a great many more people had been able to get out of their homes and travel to Pennsylvania Avenue. Thus the crowd that heralded the returning parade was much larger than before. Near the White House a group of men dressed in Confederate uniforms darted into the street, but they were happily waving a large Union flag, which filled Garfield and Hayes with joy and relief. Reaching their destination, the new President and the old went into the reviewing stand where they were joined by other dignitaries who had ridden behind them. For the next two and a half hours the military contingents and the political clubs paraded by, the leader of each group joining Garfield in the stand after his unit had passed, for a salute and a handshake. It was after four when Garfield entered the White House as President for the first time. There was no public reception and no one was allowed through the gates without a special pass, but at five President Garfield received thirty members of his class at Williams College, Williamstown, Massachusetts, where he had done graduate work. The school president was there, and

when he said, "I congratulate you, Mr. President," Garfield replied, "You are more President than I."

That evening the Garfields and the Hayeses dined at the White House with a few friends. Later they all watched the fireworks at the Treasury Building. The inaugural ball was held at the recently finished Smithsonian Institution, on the Mall, with a buffet dinner served in an adjacent temporary building. Tickets for the ball cost five dollars, plus a dollar for the dinner. The enormous Smithsonian rotunda was a jungle of roses, their scent heavy in the air, like a sweet fog. Damask banners bearing the monograms of Garfield and Arthur lined the walls. The music was provided by the German Orchestra of Philadelphia, conducted by William Stoll, Jr., and the Marine Band directed by John Philip Sousa, with a hundred and fifty musicians between them, playing alternately waltzes and marches. The major attraction was a larger-than-life statue of the maid Colum-

bia, symbolic of America, banked by tiers of roses. Over her head hung an electric light, placing her in a brilliant circle in the large room that was elsewhere illuminated by gas chandeliers. People gasped at the sight of her.

The Garfields and the Hayeses arrived at nine-thirty. Chester Arthur's wife had died fifteen months previously; he was accompanied to the ball by the Wheelers. An hour-long reception took place, after which the stars of the evening went to the dining building. The menu was enormous, but not as outrageous as at Grant's second inauguration when so much had been wasted. Another lesson had been learned: the building was heated. Out of respect for Lucy Hayes, there were no alcoholic beverages, but there was plenty of lemonade. The Presidential party left before midnight. The ball went on through half the night as the victorious Republicans celebrated the beginning of another Republican administration.

Twenty-first



CHESTER ALAN ARTHUR
SEPTEMBER 20, 1881

There seemed to be no end to the line of job-seekers. Day after day they came to the door of the White House asking to see President Garfield. Day after day letters from them filled the mail room. The most persistent of them was a man named Charles Julius Guiteau, who first had asked to be appointed the ambassador to Austria and now wanted to be the consul at Paris. He seemed to think he had been instrumental in Garfield's election, and he did not hesitate to point this out to anyone who would listen to him, or anyone who would read his letters. Anyone who listened to him or read his writings suspected the man was out of his mind.

All Guiteau had done was publish a pro-Garfield pamphlet which he then believed was instrumental in the Republican victory. When Garfield subsequently ignored Guiteau's many letters, Guiteau, who was also a religious fanatic, decided that the President had turned into the personification of evil and that God now ordered him to kill Garfield. He bought a revolver, practiced with it, then awaited his moment.

The newspapers announced that on

Saturday, July 2, at nine-thirty in the morning, the President would leave Washington by train for a two-week vacation in New England. Guiteau was at the station at eight. At nine-twenty Garfield came in, accompanied by State Secretary James Blaine, and as they passed through the women's waiting room to the platform, Guiteau stepped behind them and fired a shot that entered the President's back. Garfield threw up his arms and cried: "My God, what is this?" Guiteau fired again, the bullet passing through Garfield's sleeve. The assassin then turned and began to run, and when a policeman grabbed him Guiteau said: "It's all right. Keep quiet, my friend. I wish to go to jail."

Garfield lay slumped on the floor. Doctors were summoned. Someone fetched a mattress and the President was carried to a second-floor room in the station. Dr. D. W. Bliss, a Washington surgeon, arrived and made an examination. He found that the bullet had entered four inches to the right of the spinal column, in the area of the eleventh rib. Using a probing instrument, Bliss tried to extract the bullet from where he thought it was, near the liver,

but the bullet had actually taken a left turn and was at the pancreas. Unable to locate it, Dr. Bliss sent for an ambulance for Garfield to be returned to the White House for further examination and preparation for surgery.

The President never became strong enough for surgery. For over two months his condition changed daily; sometimes he sank dangerously near death, at other times he took hopeful turns for the better, but he was always too weak for the risk of surgery. The doctors were puzzled why they could not locate the bullet. To help, Alexander Graham Bell, the inventor of the telephone, devised a machine similar to a mine detector, which could locate metal objects by electrical impulses. Tried on Garfield, it placed the bullet where the doctors thought it was—several inches from where it really was.

Meanwhile a political storm brewed over the question of Garfield's ability to perform his duties as President. The Constitution specified that on the occasion of such inability the Vice President should assume the office. Chester Alan Arthur, then living at his New York home at 123 Lexington Avenue, was urged to take steps to declare Garfield physically incapable to continue as President. As a matter of fact, there were days when Garfield was able to do a little work, few though they were and far between. Vice President Arthur resisted the tremendous pressures on him, arguing that the extent of Garfield's disabilities could be determined only by the doctors, and he refused to do anything that might distress the President and worsen his condition.

Early in September, Garfield seemed to improve. Washington was experiencing a heat wave; efforts to keep the President's sickroom cool were not successful. Garfield insisted on being taken to a cottage at Elberon, New Jersey, a seaside resort about fifty miles from New York. His entourage, including his doctors and members of his Cabinet, also had cottages on the grounds. Vacationing nearby was Ulysses S. Grant.

For a week Garfield's condition remained unchanged. Then on the seven-

teenth he suffered a relapse—great pain, high temperature, fast pulse. Next day he was worse. On Monday morning, the nineteenth, the doctors realized the end was near. The Cabinet telegraphed the news to Arthur in New York. That night at ten President Garfield fell asleep. A half-hour later he suddenly awoke in excruciating pain that made him scream. Five minutes later he died.

The Cabinet's telegram had sent cold fear through Chester Alan Arthur. The prospect of becoming the President of the United States terrified him. Outside of his job at the Customs House he had held no major public office until his election as Vice President. His affiliation with the corrupt New York political machine was a mark against him. A successful lawyer, he nevertheless considered himself unqualified for the heavy responsibilities that he now must assume. With the exception of a brief walk in the afternoon, he stayed home all day. That evening he was visited by Police Commissioner Stephen B. French, District Attorney Daniel G. Rollins, Elihu Root, and John C. Reed, his private secretary. They were sitting in the library on the second floor when, near midnight, the doorbell rang. The Negro butler, Aleck Powell, went to answer it. Arthur stepped into the hall to listen.

It was a reporter from the New York *Sun*. Coming into the foyer, he looked up the stairs, saw Arthur, and called: "The President is dead."

"Oh, no," Arthur said. "It cannot be true. It cannot be. I have heard nothing."

"A dispatch has just been received at my office," the reporter explained.

"I hope—" Arthur's voice broke. "My God, I do hope it is a mistake." He went back into the study and announced: "They say he is dead. A dispatch has been received at the *Sun* office." The dazed men looked at each other, unable to speak, and they remained in stunned silence for several minutes, when the doorbell rang again. It was a telegram, signed by five members of the Cabinet who were with Garfield in New Jersey, and it said:

"It becomes our painful duty to inform

you of the death of President Garfield and to advise you to take the oath of office as President of the United States without delay. If it concur with your judgment we will be very glad if you will come here on the earliest train tomorrow morning."

Arthur broke down inconsolably. More telegrams arrived. Soon other reporters were at the door. When the *Times* man asked the butler to inquire whether Arthur had made any plans, Aleck Powell said: "I daren't ask him. He is sitting alone in his room, sobbing like a child, with his head on his desk and his face buried in his hands. I dare not disturb him."

Arthur's son, Alan, a student at Columbia, had learned the news and came rushing into the house. Two friends, Barney Biglin and Dr. Pierre C. Van Wyck, also arrived. A discussion was held in the study about arranging for the oath. After a while Arthur, accompanied by his son, returned to his friends and agreed that he should take the oath immediately. It was agreed that a New York Supreme Court judge should be located to administer the oath. Leaving the house, Root and Dr. Van Wyck rode off in one direction for a judge; Commissioner French and Rollins went off in the opposite direction. The first pair returned shortly with Justice John R. Brady, and a few minutes later the second pair brought back Justice Charles Donohue.

As all the men gathered in the study, the butler lighted the chandelier and closed the curtains on windows overlooking the street. Judge Brady sat at a small table writing out the oath of office on a scrap of paper as the others helped him recall it. At approximately 1:45 in the morning of September 20, the Judge stood up and Arthur moved to him. With the table between them, Brady administered the oath. When it was over, President Arthur kissed his son and shook hands with his friends. There was a solemnity in the room that discouraged congratulations; very little was said. Arthur and the Judge both signed the scrap of paper as though to authenticate it. By two o'clock all the witnesses except Arthur's son and his sec-

retary had left. Commissioner French arranged for two policemen to be put on duty in front of the house. The President could not sleep. Reed and he sat up talking until five o'clock in the morning.

Tuesday at noon a great crowd had gathered in front of Arthur's home as he and his son came out. There was scattered applause from the solemn spectators as the Arthurs entered their carriage and rode downtown where they took the ferry to Jersey City. A special train waited to take them to Elberon to pay their respects to the Garfields and to confer with the Cabinet. During the visit, General Grant had a private talk with Arthur, after which he asked if he and his son could accompany the Arthurs back to New York. The President quickly consented.

President Arthur was back at his Lexington Avenue home by six-thirty. Here, too, there was a crowd, and many reporters. Arthur went into his house without a word, then sent out an announcement that he was going to bed, that he would not see anyone, that he wished not to be disturbed, and that he would be grateful if everyone would kindly go away. Nobody went away; Arthur did not go to bed. All evening there was a steady stream of callers. At ten-thirty Grant came by. The reporters weren't sure whether Arthur would be going to Washington that night or in the morning, and man after man rang the doorbell to find out. Finally Arthur himself came to the door, assured the reporters that he was going the next morning, that if there were any changes in plans he would have his secretary notify their offices and he asked them all to please stop ringing his doorbell. It was well after midnight before all guests departed, the lights in the house went out, and the President got to bed.

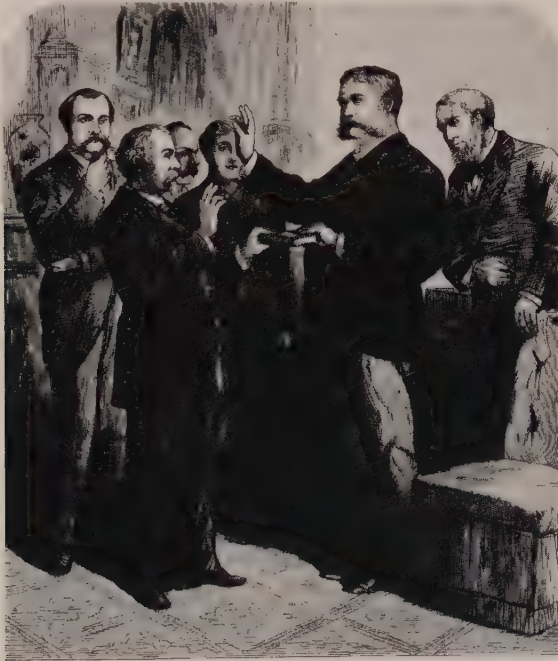
At eight the next morning Arthur and his son left again for the Jersey City depot where they met Grant and his son. Using the special train they headed for Elberon where, a quarter of a mile from town, the funeral train awaited them. They transferred to it for the trip to Washington, arriving there at four in the afternoon. Garfield's body was taken to the White

House. President Arthur and his son went to the home of Senator John P. Jones of Nevada, near the Capitol, where Arthur was to reside for several weeks. At the Elberon Cabinet meeting Attorney General Wayne McVeagh had suggested that, in case Arthur's inauguration in his home had not been perfectly legal, he should take the oath again when he got to Washington, and Arthur concurred. The ceremony was arranged for noon on Thursday, September 22.

At a quarter to twelve, accompanied by his son, Jones, and Grant, Arthur arrived at the Capitol by carriage, entering the building by the east steps of the Senate side. They went directly to the Vice President's office. Rutherford B. Hayes was there: this was to be the first official inauguration to be witnessed by two former Presidents. In the next twenty minutes the Cabinet arrived; several Senators and Representatives who happened to be in the building came in. At ten past twelve Chief

Justice Waite entered the room with Justice John M. Harlan, Justice Stanley Matthews, and Supreme Court Clerk McKinney. Under the circumstances Waite was uncertain whether he should shake hands with Arthur, but when he offered his hand tentatively Arthur took it and they shook firmly. They did not speak. McKinney stepped to them and, opening the Bible he was carrying, held it up to Arthur, who placed a hand upon it. As Waite administered the oath, phrase by phrase, Arthur repeated it. He then kissed the Bible and added: "So help me God." He had written a short speech in which he eulogized James Garfield, and now he took it from his pocket and read it.

Afterwards the men in the room remained together, talking, until one-thirty, when President Arthur went home with Senator Jones for lunch. That afternoon, the Government once again unexpectedly in new hands, the parade of favor-seekers began.



September 20, 1881: President Chester A. Arthur taking the oath of office at his private residence in New York City. *Drawn from life by J. W. Alexander. Collections of the Library of Congress.*

Twenty-second



GROVER CLEVELAND
MARCH 4, 1885

President Arthur's old ties to the New York Republican machine had marked him as an organization man—and a tainted man, as well. He had been a compromise choice for the Vice Presidency, in appeasement to the powerful New Yorkers, and when he became President it was ruefully conceded that the Party once again had fallen into the hands of the corrupt stalwarts. Actually this was not true. Breaking with his old cronies, Arthur made the Presidency his own, and if his administration was only mediocre it was because his independent spirit deprived him of decisive support in the Congress. He did manage to achieve one thing, however, which preceding Presidents had promised but failed to achieve: he cleaned up the civil service ranks and laid the groundwork for the civil service as it now exists.

He hoped to receive the nomination at the Republican national convention in June, 1884, but he had lost the support of his own wing of the Party and had not won the affection of his opposition. On the first ballot, he ran second to James Blaine, former Maine Senator and Garfield's Secretary of State, one of the victims of Arthur's Cab-

inet shake-up. By the fourth ballot, Blaine outdistanced Arthur by over two-to-one and easily captured the nomination. Illinois Senator John A. Logan was chosen as his running-mate.

A month later, the Democrats followed the Republicans into Chicago's Exposition Hall, the exciting scent of victory in the air. Hard times had struck, twenty-five years of Republican entrenchment had produced corruption at all political levels, and the Independents, traditionally Republican, had become disenchanted and announced a readiness to support a Democrat of proper stature. The Democrats' job now was to find such a man. Half a dozen candidates presented themselves for the high office, among them Grover Cleveland, Governor of New York, former Mayor of Buffalo and Sheriff of Erie County. Many factions of the Democratic Party liked Cleveland; so did the Independents. He was a winner, an honest man and had a spotless past. Oddly enough, Cleveland's strongest opposition came from within his own state. New York City's Tammany Hall leaders argued that he could not carry the state, without which neither can-

didate could win. Clearly at the root of the argument, however, was the fact that Cleveland was an upstate man who had won the governorship without Tammany Hall help. The matter of patronage was involved.

Cleveland's candidacy was apparently secure even on the first ballot, when he won 392 of the 411 votes required for nomination. The ballot had been taken at one-thirty in the morning; to give tempers time to cool, the convention was adjourned until ten o'clock. All night, Cleveland forces trekked through Chicago hotel corridors, making bargains. On the second ballot, Cleveland went over the top with 683 votes. Thomas A. Hendricks, Tilden's running-mate in 1876, was again named for the Vice Presidency.

It was a close election. In New York State, Cleveland won by a mere thousand votes. Nationally, out of some ten million votes, Cleveland won by twenty-five thousand, excluding a quarter-million votes taken by splinter groups. Cleveland received 219 Electoral votes, as against Blaine's 182. Had New York gone the other way, so would the election.

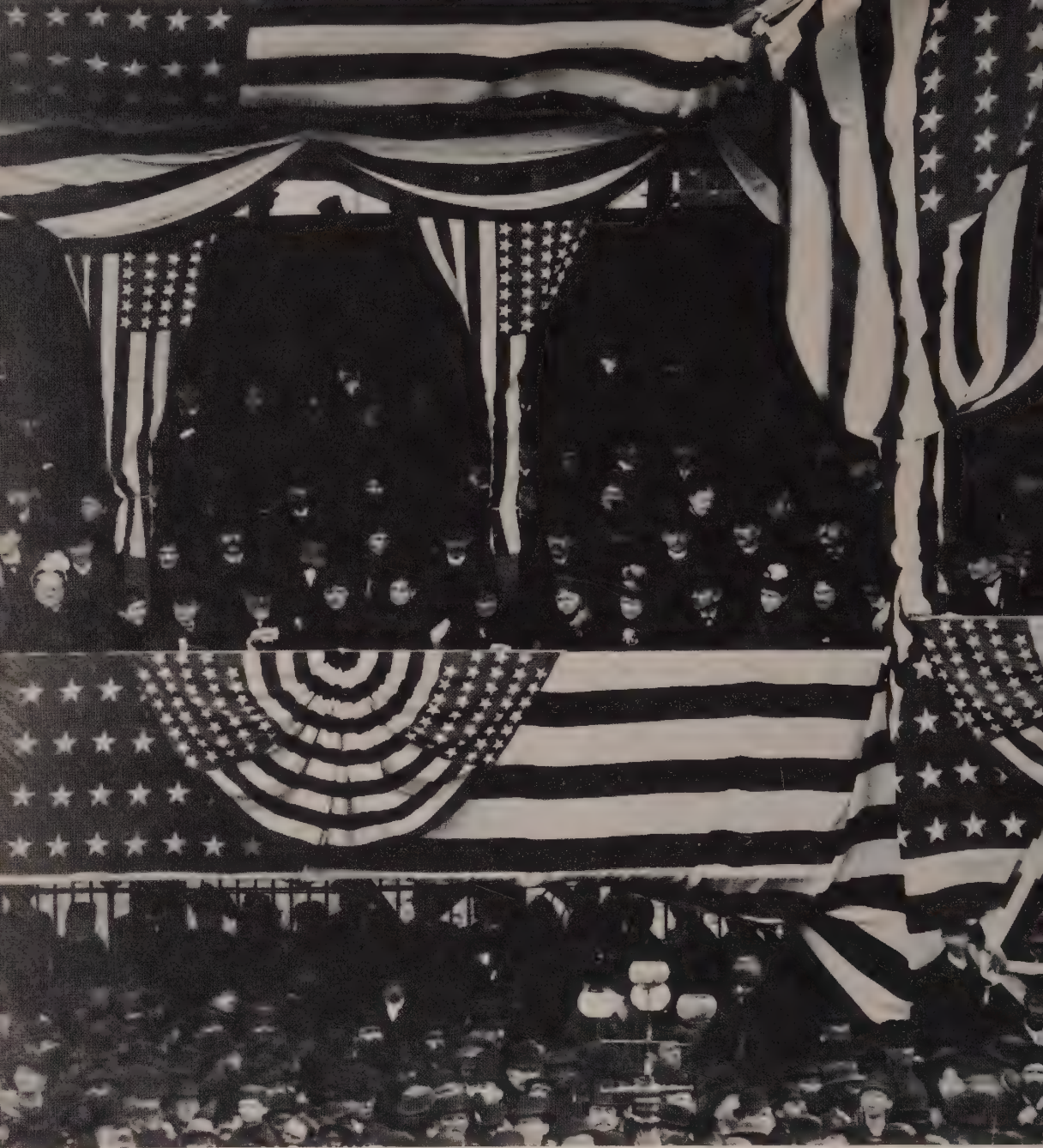
So at last the Democrats had a President, the first since James Buchanan, and a man who, like Buchanan, would enter the White House a bachelor. With Grover Cleveland, however, bachelorhood was to come to an end a year later, when he married his ward, Frances Folsom, in a White House ceremony, making him the only President to be married in the Executive Mansion and, at 49, the President who married for the first time at the most advanced age. He subsequently became the father of five children.

During the campaign, Cleveland had received numerous threatening letters and he therefore decided not to disclose his plans for the trip from his Albany home to Washington. Monday afternoon, March 2, while reporters were watching the front door, Cleveland and a few relatives left by the back door, traveled in closed carriages to the suburbs and boarded a special train that had secretly been arranged at Cleveland's own expense. Not ten people in the city knew he was on his way. Later, when

the departure was discovered, New York reporters hurried to Grand Central Station to meet the train but it had already crossed the Hudson River and was roaring southward through New Jersey. In the middle of the night a telegram was sent to the inaugural committee estimating the train's arrival in Washington at six in the morning but the telegram was never delivered. When the train pulled in a half hour late nobody was there to greet the President-elect and he had to wait another half hour until two sleepy members of the committee came strolling slowly down the platform, ready to supervise the construction of a small reception booth to be used, they thought, in a couple of hours; they were startled to discover that the next President of the United States was already there and wondering where everybody else was.

Carriages were quickly summoned. Moments later, the two committee members escorted Grover Cleveland through the station waiting-room. They came to a marble slab that had been placed in the floor to mark the spot where President Garfield had fallen and they paused a moment, in respect. Then they stepped around the slab and went out to the carriages, on their way to the Arlington Hotel on Lafayette Square, opposite the White House.

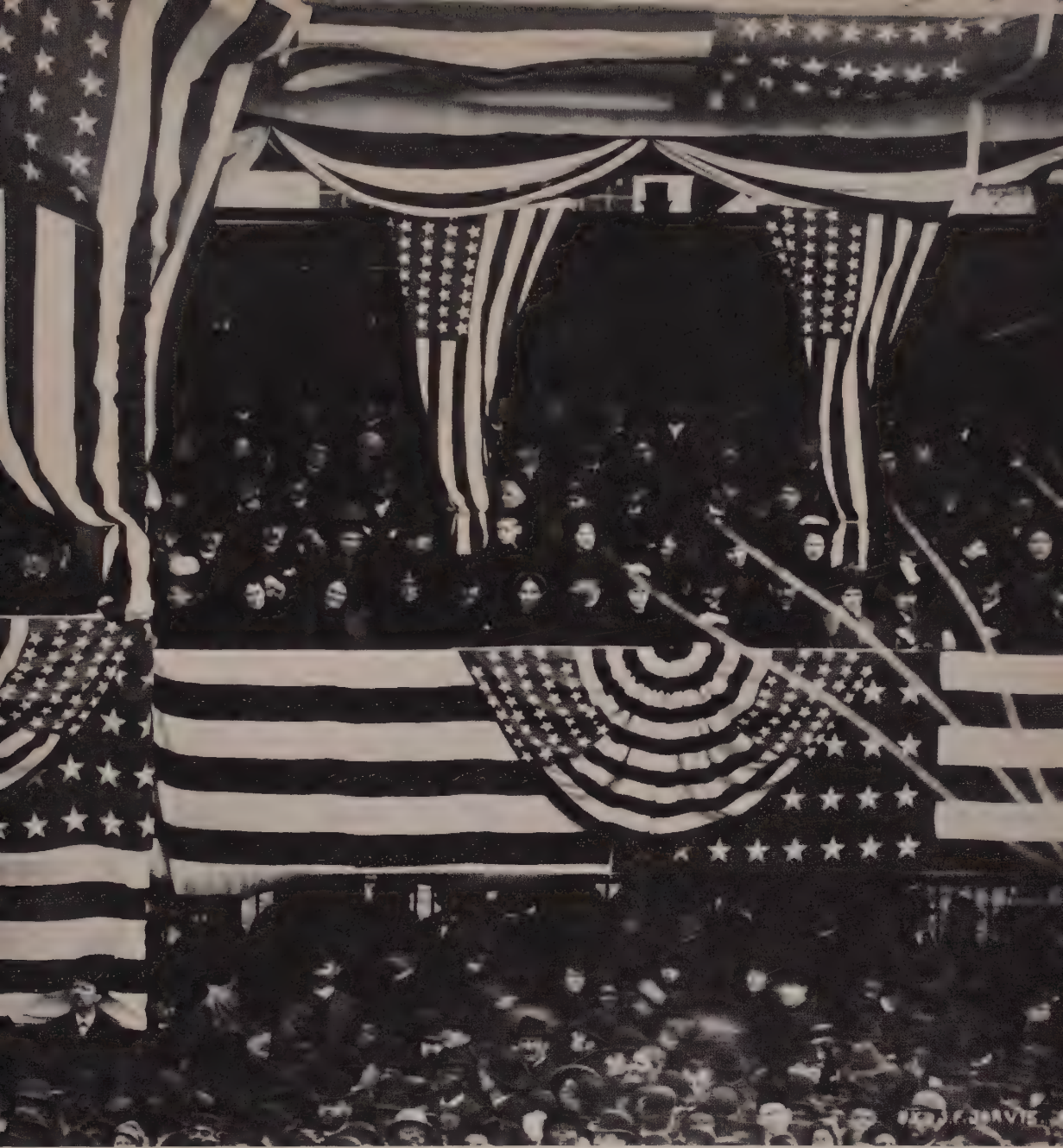
After freshening up, Cleveland invited his traveling companions to have breakfast with him in his suite, and they were just finishing when callers arrived and continued to arrive for the rest of the morning. It was mid-afternoon before Grover Cleveland was able to make the short trip around Lafayette Square to pay a courtesy call on President Arthur. For an hour, the President showed his successor around the White House. Arthur invited Cleveland to have lunch with him the next day, after the inauguration, and Cleveland accepted. Returning to the hotel, Cleveland resumed receiving his callers, some men of great distinction, some men of no distinction at all, but the door was open to all of them. Vice President-elect Hendricks came by. Well-known and well-liked in Washington, his many friends there were soon to be shocked by his sudden death nine months



later. And President Arthur also came by.

Wednesday, the fourth, was a beautiful day, almost summery. The streets were rainbows of silks, satins and laces: women in their finery under a brilliant morning sun. Pennsylvania Avenue seemed to have blossomed into a garden overnight: floral arrangements hung from every lamppost and window. The most popular design was

a ladder of red and white roses, with the word "Sheriff" near the bottom, "Mayor" a bit higher, then "Governor," and at the top "President"; in the crowning crescent was "Welcome." Another floral decoration seen everywhere was a rose wreath encircling pictures of Cleveland and Hendricks. Thick strands of spring flowers were intertwined on the railings of grandstands.



The parade had gotten completely out of hand. So many militia units, political clubs, and fraternal organizations had asked to march—eight thousand men from Pennsylvania alone—that it was impossible to align them with any semblance of order or control. It was clear that the whole mob could not accompany the old and new Presidents from the White House to the

Capitol if they ever hoped to get there. At the last minute, the arrangements committee decided that only the actual military division would escort Cleveland to the Capitol. Everybody else was crammed into the side streets at the Capitol end of the Avenue, to fall into line on the return trip to the White House after the inauguration ceremonies. A stand was built in front of

the White House where the new President could watch as much of the parade as he might wish.

At ten, Senators John Sherman of Ohio and Matt Ransom of North Carolina arrived at the Arlington Hotel in a White House barouche drawn by four beautiful bay horses. There was a big crowd at the door. The two Senators had to fight their way into the lobby and up to Cleveland's suite. Minutes later, policemen in the lobby had to form a wedge to force a path to the carriage for Cleveland and the Senators. It was a short ride, just around Lafayette Square to the White House, but because of the crowd that trotted alongside the carriage the trip took twenty minutes and it was after ten-thirty when Cleveland left the barouche and ascended the White House steps. That moment, another carriage arrived, bearing Hendricks and his escort, Senator Joseph R. Hawley of Connecticut. President Arthur was waiting and he led the men into the Blue Room, where they remained until eleven. Going then to the carriages, President Arthur joined Cleveland, Sherman and Ransom; Hendricks and Hawley returned to their own barouche. The first division of the parade was ready out in the street, and the parade began.

At noon, President Arthur entered the Senate chamber and was applauded as he walked to a sofa in the well. His entrance brought the assemblage to its feet. The room was still noisy when Cleveland's presence at the door was announced and the uproar erupted again. When Cleveland reached Arthur and they shook hands, someone in the gallery cried: "Three cheers for Grover Cleveland!" Before the cheers could rise, Senator Edmunds hammered his gavel and shouted that unless there was order he would clear the room. There was order only while the Supreme Court justices came into the chamber, then disorder again when Hendricks was announced and escorted in.

The noise in the Senate chamber was but a whisper compared to the noise outside that greeted Grover Cleveland when he came into view on the platform. He ac-

cepted the ovation with remarkable calm, almost ignoring it, as he shook hands with men who approached him. Then he sat down next to Arthur and chatted amiably as they waited for the platform to fill up. He scarcely glanced at the huge crowd before him, filling the plaza and the side streets, the windows and roofs of surrounding buildings. At last, at one-fifteen by the right time, Cleveland glanced over his shoulder, decided that everyone must be settled by now, then got up and went to the podium. He had no manuscript. Instead, he took a small piece of paper from his pocket. Actually, he did not refer to the paper at all: he had memorized his speech. It was a short speech, lasting not quite fifteen minutes. It contained little of particular note, dealing mostly with points of reform in the Party platform. The best part about it for the majority of its listeners was that it was given by a Democrat. On these grounds, it was a huge success and roundly cheered.

Cleveland did not wait for the cheers to subside. Almost immediately, he turned to Chief Justice Waite and said, "I am ready to take the oath of office," and the two men stepped to each other. The Bible used was a small edition which Cleveland's mother had given him years before. Now well worn, it had been on his desk in every public office he had held. On completing the oath, President Cleveland kissed the Bible and slipped it into his pocket. He turned first to Chester Arthur and shook hands with him, then shook hands with the Chief Justice. For less than five minutes, Cleveland shook hands with others who came to him. When he had had enough, he turned again to Arthur and asked: "Are you ready to leave?" Arthur said he was. Of all the thousands of people present that moment, on the platform and on the plaza, the new President himself seemed the least moved, the least impressed, by the rare experience he had just undergone.

The throng of howling Democrats along the Avenue made up for the President's calm. All the floral decorations had been pulled down from the lampposts and the buildings and the grandstands, and as the

new President made his way to his new home he literally rode through a shower of rose petals. As the first division of the parade advanced, the units in the side streets fell into line. The reviewing stand at the White House held over five hundred people; across the street was another grandstand accommodating two thousand. When the head of the parade reached the site, Chester Arthur excused himself and went into the White House, leaving Cleveland to accept the honors intended for him alone.

Reports on the parade varied. Some said it took twenty-five thousand marchers three hours to pass; others said it took fifty-thousand marchers six hours to pass. Whichever it was, President Cleveland remained in the stand until the last unit had passed; then, with his relatives and friends, he went into the White House for his first meal there, the lunch given by Chester Arthur. After it was over the Arthurs left the White House.

The remarkable day was climaxed by a massive inaugural ball that was as orderly as a spinster's tea. Nobody lost so much as a handkerchief. There was good reason for this. Letter sorters from the post office were hired to operate the cloakrooms, men who knew how to put things in places where they could easily be found later. The whole affair was, in fact, ingeniously supervised. It was held in the enormous Cash Room of the Pension Building, and to preserve the guests from the eerie sensation that they were dancing in outer space, the vast hall was divided into three smaller parts by rows of artificial columns. The Marine Corps band played at one end of the room, alternating with the Germania Orchestra, of Philadelphia, which played at the other.

Traffic of all sorts was magnificently controlled. Guests arriving on foot or by hacks used the north entrance; those using their own vehicles came to the east en-

trance; their drivers were then assigned to specific parking places, the easier to find the carriages later. Blue bloods who planned to stay only a short while used the south entrance, where there was room for their carriages to wait. Inside each entrance were signs directing guests to cloak-rooms, powder rooms and the ballroom. There were two supper rooms off the ballroom, on the north and east sides of the building, where, for one dollar, a guest could eat all he wanted; guests were admitted to the supper rooms in waves of five hundred at a time. Wine was served in separate rooms, in order to isolate the drunks and to keep peace at the food tables. As an example of Democratic administration, the whole affair harbingered a new era in neat government.

Chester Arthur arrived at the blue blood entrance at ten-forty-five and was led directly to the ballroom so that the excitement of his presence could run its course before the appearance of the main attraction. Promptly at eleven, President Cleveland and his entourage entered the ballroom. A bevy of privileged officials descended upon him for personal introductions. The receiving line was then formed, with Cleveland at one end and Arthur at the other. This unusual arrangement afforded any Republicans present—and there were some—the chance to say good-bye to their man without having to say hello to his successor. Precisely a half-hour later the line was terminated. The crowd moved back against the walls. Cleveland and Arthur then took positions on opposite sides of the room and each proceeded on a slow tour of the thick ring of people, shaking hands extended to them. This occupied another half-hour, at the end of which both men left the ballroom, the day officially over for them.

They went their separate ways, one into obscurity, the other into the fray of political survival.

Twenty-third



BENJAMIN HARRISON
MARCH 4, 1889

There were some reforms the people did not want, and the most serious of these was any reform that took money out of their pockets—or at least prevented money from getting there. For years, it was common practice—patronage practice, actually—for Congress to award pensions on the slightest pretext to people who had served even briefly in some Government position, and Presidents signed such bills without hesitation. President Grover Cleveland vetoed hundreds of the bills because he considered them to be illegitimate claims. In doing so, he lost a lot of friends. He lost the friendship of the entire Grand Army of the Republic, a powerful veterans group, when he vetoed a bill to grant physical dependency pensions for disabilities incurred outside of military service. And he lost the friendship of the business community when he pushed through a bill which, in hopes of stimulating foreign trade, moderately reduced the tariff.

When the national conventions of 1888 rolled around, it seemed at first that the confrontation would be the same—Cleveland versus James Blaine. But Blaine declined to run. Thus the convention be-

came a contest of favorite sons, with fourteen of them nominated on the first ballot. Ranking fifth, with eighty votes, was Benjamin Harrison of Indiana, grandson of William Henry Harrison, the ninth President. Born and raised in Ohio, where there was a plethora of Harrisons in politics, he moved to Indiana where he expected his famous name to provide him with easier sailing in a less crowded field. Brevetted a brigadier at the end of the war, he went into teaching and law. He lost a try for the Indiana governorship in 1876, but won a U.S. Senate seat in 1881, serving for six years without particular distinction. When he lost the seat in 1887, he returned to Indiana, adjusted to the probability that his political career was over. And now here he was, a year later, nominated for the Presidency.

Rating fifth, Harrison did not appear to be a serious contender, but this convention was not so much a contest between aspiring individuals as it was a battle between state bosses who were looking for an easily manageable candidate. In this regard Harrison was the best prospect; he won on the eighth ballot, with Levi P.

Morton, a New York banker, as his running-mate.

Grover Cleveland was renominated by acclamation when the Democrats convened in St. Louis, but Party unity was not actually that secure. The Tammany forces still resented Cleveland. Though they accepted him as the national standard bearer, in New York they backed the Republican candidate for Governor, thus setting the stage for what happened in November. Cleveland won the popular vote by a plurality of over one hundred thousand, but he had carried the Southern states, where there were few electoral votes, and in the North he was victorious only in Connecticut and New Jersey. Benjamin Harrison swept the rest of the country, garnering 233 Electoral College votes, 65 more than Cleveland, and the Republicans were back in office.

From the start, Benjamin Harrison displayed a vacillation that marked him as a weak President even in the eyes of the most ardent Republicans. Two days before his inauguration, he had still to make up his mind about his Cabinet. Other incoming Presidents had had this problem, but with Harrison it was unique. Personally, he was as stern with himself as a monk, but as the candidate and now as the President he was the pawn of state bosses, and any important decisions that faced him were to be made by them and their front-men on the Hill. This, indeed, was to be the administration of government by Congress.

The Cabinet, moreover, had taken on a new importance. Under Cleveland, the line of Presidential succession had been changed, so that the second man to inherit the office was no longer the House Speaker but the Secretary of State. Under Benjamin Harrison, the State Department again went to James Blaine, clearly the Republican strong-man. Choosing the rest of the Cabinet, however, became a game of musical chairs, with switches, dropouts and new faces practically every day, as pressures came from the various blocks of Party power. On inauguration day itself, a Monday, the New York *Times* commented that

surely Harrison could not be satisfied with some of the men foisted upon him by Party leaders and that the entire matter had been a disappointment.

It was raining, raining hard, and it had rained hard all weekend. The Harrisons were at the Arlington Hotel—Harrison and his wife Caroline, son Russell and his wife Mary Angeline, daughter Mary and her husband James McKee. The Arlington corridors were unusually quiet for such an occasion: favor-seekers had already learned that Harrison was not the man to see, so they made their way to the bosses, leaving the Harrisons to a quiet weekend. With the exception of the usual courtesy calls, the new President had little to do.

The city too was unusually quiet, but this was because of the rain. Ordinarily, the fifty thousand visitors who came to Washington for the inauguration would have swarmed through the streets, shopping, celebrating, touring Government buildings. But the rain kept most of them indoors, and most of them were inside bars. On the eve of the inauguration of a teetotaler, the city set a record for drunks in the streets. On Saturday night, a number of them went to the White House, shouting that they were dissatisfied with their hotel arrangements and demanding that, since Cleveland had so much room in the mansion he was about to vacate, he put them up. They did not get in.

Grover Cleveland spent all of Saturday at his White House desk, approving or disapproving bills sent down from the Hill, and he remained at work until two o'clock in the morning. Sunday morning, Benjamin Harrison was up at seven-thirty and breakfasted with his family, after which he led them in a half-hour of prayer and Bible-reading, a daily custom for the Harrisons. Harrison and his wife did not go to church that morning, but Levi Morton and his wife stopped by for Russell Harrison and his wife and they attended services at the New York Avenue Presbyterian Church. That evening, regardless of the rain, Harrison executed another of his daily customs—a long and brisk walk alone.

There was, meanwhile, a growing panic

in the city. Because of the continuing deluge, indications were that the inaugural ceremonies would be held indoors, in the Senate chamber. This meant that the audience would be restricted to the available seating, with the ensuing scramble for seats. All day, Party small-wigs hounded Party big-wigs for tickets, at least for their wives, and everyone was given the same advice: "Wait 'til we see what tomorrow is like."

Tomorrow was the same. Harrison himself resolved the matter by announcing that if the people were willing to stand in the rain for the inauguration ceremonies, so was he. Many remembered the inauguration of his grandfather who, forty-eight years before, had taken office in a down-pour that gave him his fatal cold. Benjamin Harrison was better prepared. It had been widely broadcast that, in a bow to the protectionists, both his and his son's clothes would be entirely American made, but only later was it revealed that, underneath his Yankee garb, the President-elect, in order to keep his chest dry, wore a shirt of European chamois leather. The announcement of the outdoor ceremony brought the tourists into the streets. From above, one saw only the tops of umbrellas: Pennsylvania Avenue looked like a mushroom field. All decorations were ruined, the bleachers were too wet to be sat on, and the parade was cut down to the District militia and the Seventieth Indiana, Harrison's old regiment.

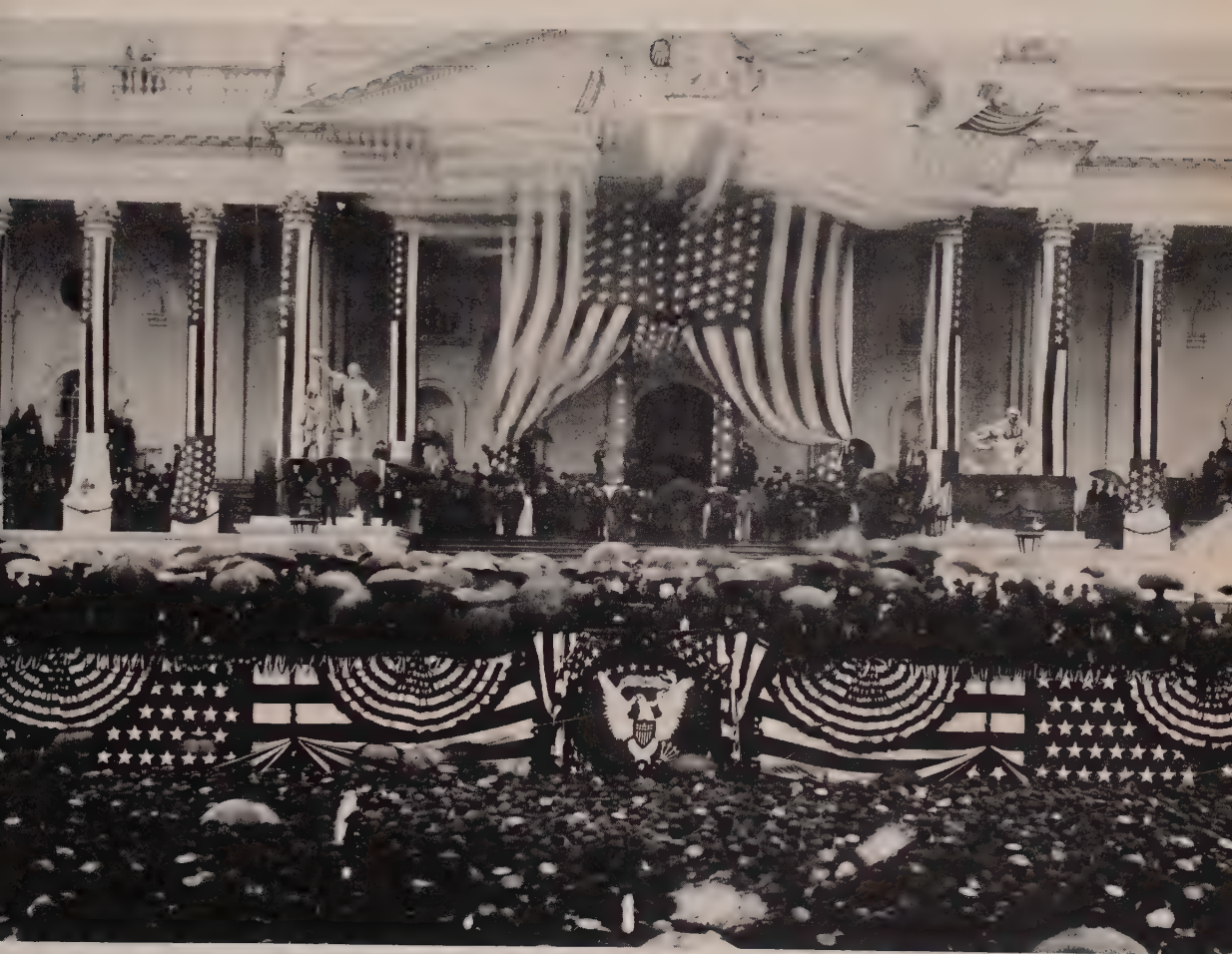
The event began with a mix-up. Harrison thought that he was to be picked up by Cleveland at ten o'clock at Willard's Hotel, and he went there, but Cleveland thought that Harrison was to come to the White House at eleven, and he was waiting. The management at Willard's was astonished to see the President-elect, drenched, enter the lobby shortly before ten. Hasty queries were made. Harrison got back into his open barouche for a fast trip to the White House.

The soaked crowd along the Avenue was in a good-natured mood, cheering and bobbing their umbrellas in salute as the small parade passed at a brisk pace. Near

the Capitol, the parade ran into the traffic jam of dignitaries whose arrivals had been delayed by the weather, and this in turn slowed down the arrival of the principals. It was ten to twelve when Cleveland and Harrison entered the building, Cleveland going to his office to sign three appropriations bills that were awaiting him, Harrison and Morton going to the Vice President's office. The Senate clock had to be pushed back three times, for a total of twenty-two minutes.

At last, all were in their places and the inauguration of Vice President Morton was performed, simply and quickly, and the procession was formed for Harrison's inauguration outside. Fifteen hundred people had been expected to fill the large platform on the East Portico, but when the last members of the procession walked out into the rain there were less than two hundred of them. Those who could watched from Capitol windows, others went home. Chief Justice Melville Weston Fuller had taken off his black robe and donned an overcoat; an aide now held an umbrella over him. Senate Sergeant-at-arms Candy held an umbrella for Harrison. Nearby, Cleveland was protected by the umbrella of Senate Marshal Wilson. Mrs. Harrison and her daughter shared an umbrella a few feet away. Stretched across the plaza were some twenty thousand people, many hidden under umbrellas, the heavy rain creating the roar of machine guns upon them.

The Bible belonged to the Harrison family and had been brought from Indianapolis for the occasion. Fuller now offered the Bible to Harrison, who placed his left hand on it and raised his right. Wind and rain drowned out their words as the two men recited the oath of office; even those nearby scarcely heard them. When President Harrison kissed the Bible, those who could see him knew that the oath had been taken and sent up a cheer. Because most fists gripped umbrella handles, there was little applause. Harrison went to the speaker's stand and launched into his address. It was a long speech, not so long as his grandfather's, but still too long for a



March 4, 1889: President Benjamin Harrison taking his oath of office. *Photo by C. M. Bell.*
Collections of the Library of Congress.

day like this. Many people on the platform left. Mrs. Harrison and her daughter left. The President could not be heard ten feet away. Out on the plaza, great hordes of people departed in despair. By the time the speech was ended, only the few thousands who could fit onto the paved area of the mall, just in front of the building, remained in sniffing and sneezing loyalty.

The victory parade had been postponed a couple of hours to give Harrison time to go to the White House, change into something dry and have lunch. For this reason, the return to the Executive Mansion was quicker than it would otherwise have been.

At two-thirty, President Harrison, his son and his son-in-law went to the reviewing stand in front of the White House to watch the parade. Because of the rain, a roof had been added to the stands, but because of the wind it did not give much protection. The two young men gave up after an hour and returned to the house. Reports varied on the size of the parade, Democrats numbering the marchers at three thousand, Republicans insisting that over twenty thousand marched in a glorious parade, despite the weather. Everyone agreed that darkness had fallen by the time the parade ended, but the Democrats said that, because of the weather, it became dark early.

The Harrisons did not drink or dance. Therefore, at the inaugural ball, again held at the Pension Building, there were no alcoholic beverages at all and the dancing was not scheduled until after the Harrisons had paid their visit. Many ideas were borrowed from the Cleveland ball—the division of the vast room by pillars into three sections, the use of two supper rooms, the mail clerks in the cloakrooms. There was only one musical group, however, the Marine Corps Band, which played marches during the early evening.

The Harrisons and the Mortons arrived shortly before ten and were led to a gallery which overlooked the ballroom. By walking the length of the gallery, shaking hands with dignitaries there, they could be seen by everyone down on the floor. After this, they were taken to a three-room suite for the reception line where the crowd could have the honor of a hand-shake. At this point, each guest was given a rose that smelled sweeter than roses ordinarily did. Attached to the stem was a small notice that the rose was a gift from a perfume manufacturer who wanted everyone to know that his product could make even roses smell better. This was apparently the first commercial message ever to be part of a Presidential inauguration.

When at ten-thirty the reception line was terminated, scarcely a fraction of the twelve thousand guests had met the President and Vice President. This was promptly remedied when the Harrisons and Mortons went into the ballroom and promenaded one slow turn around the room. And then they went home. By midnight, after the supper, most of the crowd had also gone home, and those who remained now had the whole of the huge ballroom to dance and dance and dance.

That night, Benjamin Harrison slept in the bed his grandfather had used almost fifty years before.

Earlier in the day, after making a final tour of the White House to be sure that everything was in order for the new tenants, Mrs. Grover Cleveland had paused long enough at the front door to admonish the servants: "Now, I want you to take good care of everything—the furnishings, the china, the crystal, the silver. I want to see everything just as it is now when my husband and I move back in here precisely four years from today."

Twenty-fourth



GROVER CLEVELAND
MARCH 4, 1893

And they did move back. Benjamin Harrison became known as a “do-nothing” President, but others in his administration were busy enough. There had not been such corruption since the Grant years. Harrison, like Grant, kept himself apart from the scandal, but unlike Grant he did not profit personally from the gifts of those who courted him. The gifts went to the state bosses. It was, as a matter of fact, a waste of time to try to court Harrison. He was a cold, aloof man, unapproachable and rather dull. But he was a family man, a religious man, a temperance man, and if he did nothing at least he kept out of trouble, and so he remained popular with the average Republican. This saved him as the 1892 national conventions approached, for many of the Party leaders were ready to dump him.

Grover Cleveland, titular head of the Democrats, did not want to run again but Party leaders in the South and West pointed out that the Democrats had no other candidate of national stature. Under this pressure, Cleveland said he would accept the nomination if the convention gave it to

him. Thus he put the battle into the hands of his friends.

Both Harrison and Cleveland, therefore, had to rely on their friends, and the friends were effective. Both men were overwhelmingly nominated on the first ballots of their conventions. The Republicans chose Whitelaw Reid, publisher of the New York *Herald-Tribune*, for the Vice Presidency; the Democrats named Adlai Ewing Stevenson of Illinois, who had been Cleveland's Assistant Postmaster General.

It was one of the dullest campaigns in history, and sadly so. Harrison's wife had fallen ill that summer, then died, and he announced that under the circumstances he could not campaign. Out of respect for this, Cleveland did not campaign either. The contest between the two major candidates, then, was fought by local workers.

When the votes were counted in November, Cleveland led Harrison by four hundred thousand. It was the first time that a defeated President turned around and defeated the President who had defeated him. Cleveland was now vindicated, and by a virtual landslide.

This time there was no need for secrecy on Cleveland's trip to Washington. He had been staying at Lakewood, New Jersey, a town then with a population of two thousand. When the three-car Presidential train left at twelve-thirteen on the morning of Thursday, March 2, half the population was at the station to see it off. Having requested no reception ceremony at Washington, when the train arrived there, Cleveland quickly led his party to waiting closed carriages which took them to the Arlington Hotel.

The weather was beautiful; people called it Cleveland's Luck. Though the inauguration was less than forty-eight hours away, the city had not as yet experienced the invasion of tourists, but this was to be a weekend inauguration and the hordes were expected the next day, Friday. At the hotel, Cleveland's party had dinner at seven, then the President-elect prepared to receive a few callers, the first of whom was Vice President-elect Stevenson. Russell Harrison called later, to arrange for the reciprocal Presidential courtesy visits on Friday. On the whole, the evening passed quietly, and Friday was rather quiet, too. In the morning Cleveland paid his call on President Harrison, in the afternoon Harrison returned the call, and that evening Cleveland and his wife went to the White House for dinner with Harrison and his daughter Mary, just the four of them. During dinner, Cleveland's luck ran out. It began to rain. During the night the rain turned to snow, and in the morning the city was locked in a blizzard. The day threatened to be the worst since Grant's second inauguration.

Grover Cleveland got up at eight Saturday morning, March 4, and went over to Willard's Hotel to have breakfast with one hundred New York businessmen who had just arrived on the night train for the purpose of serving as his special escort during the parade. Some of these men had been responsible for Cleveland's nomination and their presence was meant to display that Big Business was now behind the Democrat President. The question at breakfast was whether or not there would be a parade. The snow was still falling

heavily, there was a strong wind, the dropping temperature had frozen the big, wet snowflakes into layers of opaque ice.

The question was still unanswered when Cleveland returned to the Arlington at ten. Stevenson was there. The mix-up had occurred again as to where the principals should meet. Cleveland's aides thought that Harrison would come over to the hotel, but Cleveland himself had the impression that he was to go to the White House. Panicked inquiries proved Cleveland to be correct. At ten-thirty, he was ready. He put on his overcoat and picked up his hat and moved toward the door. Unexpectedly, he stopped and turned, looking about the room sadly, as though it represented for him the tranquility of private life that he was once again to surrender. His wife seemed to understand. She stepped to him quickly, threw her arms around his neck, and they kissed several times. Others in the room were embarrassed by the burst of emotion, but it appeared to provide Cleveland with the assurance he needed. It would be impossible to determine how much Frances Cleveland had influenced her husband's decision to run for the Presidency a third time. She had wanted to live in the White House again; she had prophesied that she would.

Cleveland left the room with a firm step. The elevator was waiting. The lobby was full of screaming women who wanted a close look at the new President. He smiled at them and nodded and repeatedly thanked them as he made his way to the Vermont Avenue exit, where open carriages waited. The snowfall had diminished considerably, but the strong wind sent the snow skittering in great clouds. By the time Cleveland reached the White House his mustache glistened with tiny icicles.

Compared to previous inaugurations, Pennsylvania Avenue was virtually abandoned. The mile of bleachers was practically empty; most of the decorations had been blown away or collapsed under the weight of accumulated snow. There were people in windows along the route. Clustered in doorways and shop entrances were

hardy Democrats, most of them women who, as the escort passed, ran to the curb to shout at Cleveland and scream in the wind. At three or four intersections were bandsmen who refused to be denied their celebrations and blared away with "Hail to the Chief!" and "See the Conquering Hero Comes." The escort—the Marines, the District militia, the hundred businessmen—lumbered through the deep snow.

Some ten thousand shivering men and women were huddled at the platform on the east steps of the Capitol when the Presidential entourage arrived; they had almost another hour to wait. As usual, there was last-minute work for the outgoing

President because, as was becoming habitual, the Congress again had to work all night to complete its business. Harrison went into his office to study the new bills; all others went into the Vice President's office. Having learned from experience the traffic problems bad weather could cause, distinguished guests had begun arriving early, in a slow but steady stream. The weather had again aroused expectations of an indoor ceremony, and people who did not have tickets nevertheless hopefully appeared at the Senate doors. Magnanimously—or perhaps in pity—a number of them were permitted to enter. When the Representatives came over at eleven-twenty-five they found some of their seats occupied, but because most of the occupants were pretty women they did not complain too much.

A few minutes later, the Stevenson women arrived and took their places in the gallery, receiving applause from both the gallery and the floor. After another ten minutes, Frances Cleveland entered to cheers. When she removed her overcoat, her well-fitted suit of pale camel's hair brought envious gasps from all the other women in the room. The term "First Lady" had been applied to Mrs. Rutherford Hayes in a magazine article but it was not as yet used for a President's wife, becoming popular in 1911 in a play about Dolley Madison, called "The First Lady of the Land." Frances Cleveland was certainly the most beautiful bearer of that title since Dolley Madison, seventy years before, and there would be no one like her for another seventy years, until Jacqueline Kennedy.

As was also becoming customary, the Senate clock had to be pushed back, this time for a total of thirty-two minutes. At last Adlai Stevenson appeared at the door with his escort; he was led to the presiding officer's desk, where Levi Morton greeted him amid applause. Almost immediately, the Senate Marshal announced: "The President and his Cabinet." In came Harrison with his Cabinet, followed directly by Cleveland and Senator Matt Ransom. Events began to move quickly now, everyone mindful of the freezing crowd out on



March 4, 1893: The second inauguration of President Grover Cleveland. Copyrighted photograph from the collections of the Library of Congress.

the plaza. The enthusiastic greeting for Cleveland and Harrison had not subsided when Morton rapped his gavel and said his farewell, and then: "Is the Vice President-elect now ready to take and subscribe to the official oath of office?"

"I am," said Stevenson, and he did so. Morton then adjourned the Fifty-second Congress and Stevenson immediately convened the Fifty-third. There was the prayer, Stevenson's brief speech, the swearing in of new Senators, the line-up for the procession.

All morning, the Capitol maintenance staff had been sweeping the platform in an effort to keep it clear. The snow had stopped but the wind remained fierce, and the elevated platform suffered a blizzard of its own. The faithful on the plaza kept themselves warm with jokes and flasks. When one o'clock passed with no sign of Cleveland someone wondered aloud if he was ever coming out at all, and someone else replied: "Oh he'll be coming out soon enough as far as the Republicans are concerned." At last, around one-fifteen, a bustle of activity at the Capitol doors gave the signal and tension on the plaza began to mount.

Out they came, reluctantly, the men trying to hold on to hats, the women trying to hold down skirts. The only person who displayed any pleasure was Frances Cleveland. She came forward with quick steps and took a folding chair in the first row, just at the speaker's stage. Before she was settled, an attendant hurried across the platform with an overstuffed chair for her. She indicated that she was comfortable enough, but she allowed the exchange of chairs to be made. When her husband appeared, she arose and joined the applause for him.

Grover Cleveland stepped onto the speaker's stage alone, the others taking seats behind him. The wind made the robes of the justices snap like rifles. To get on with it as quickly as possible, Cleveland moved to the railing, took off his hat and held it at his left side as he began to speak. Concerned, the crowd hollered: "Put on that hat!" But Cleveland pretended not to

hear. He spoke, as before, from memory, his speech slightly longer this time. He dealt mostly with the financial condition of the country, unaware that in just two months the nation was to suffer its worst economic collapse, for which he would be blamed but which he neither caused nor could have prevented. Because of the wind, the people on the platform could scarcely hear Cleveland, but the wind caught his words and sent them clearly across the plaza, his bleak message thereby made sterner on this bleak and stern day.

Finished, Cleveland nodded to Chief Justice Fuller, who came forward with attendants. One man carried the same small Bible that had been used at Cleveland's first inauguration, and Cleveland kissed it again after taking his oath. He shook hands with Fuller, shook hands with Harrison, and began to leave the platform when his wife arose and stepped in front of him, beaming, her presence demanding and receiving a kiss.

There were now more people on the Avenue, but still not as many as there would ordinarily have been. The big parade was scheduled for later in the afternoon, and many people preferred to wait indoors until then. At the White House, Mrs. Harrison had arranged a lunch, and the Clevelands thought the two families would sit down to it together, but at the last minute the Harrisons entered the room dressed to leave. Their plans had been changed. The Pennsylvania Railroad had insisted on providing them with a special train to Indianapolis.

At five minutes after three, President Cleveland crossed the White House snow-covered lawn to the reviewing stand. On the way, a new plague for Presidents—newspaper photographers—besieged him, and he tipped his hat and smiled repeatedly for them. Democrat dignitaries from across the country, fortified by an alcoholic lunch, filled the Presidential stands. The larger bleachers across the street were also filled, and a thick crowd stretched deep into Lafayette Square. The parade began and the pageantry continued for three hours.

The Clevelands dined at eight. Fire-works scheduled for midevening were canceled because of the persisting high winds. Shortly after nine, the Clevelands left for the inaugural ball in the Pension Building. Everything was as before. Arriving, they were taken up to the gallery to meet their special friends. Below, the thousands on the main floor applauded as the Clevelands circled the gallery. This done, the President and his wife descended to the main floor, again to circle the room, shaking hands and accepting good wishes. After that, dancing was resumed as the Clevelands returned to the balcony to spend another half-hour. Thereafter they returned to the White House.

Next morning, Grover Cleveland went back to work as the President of the United States. Next morning, Frances Cleveland went to work putting back where she had left them the various White House furnishings that Caroline Harrison had moved.

Twenty-fifth



WILLIAM MCKINLEY
MARCH 4, 1897

Troubles came in battalions. The Panic of 1893, that grew out of a sudden drop in the national gold reserves, caused numerous business failures and wide unemployment which plagued Grover Cleveland as long as he remained in office. His own Party turned against him. As the battle lines were drawn for the 1896 campaign, Cleveland was not even considered for the Democratic nomination.

Both political parties, therefore, went into convention wide open. And yet in each Party was a man who inwardly felt his nomination was secure. For the Republicans that man was William McKinley, former Representative, unsuccessful Senate candidate, recently Governor of Ohio. The ambitious and confident Democrat was William Jennings Bryan, native of Illinois, now resident of Nebraska, member of the House for four years, defeated candidate for the Senate in 1894 and, since then, editor in chief of the Omaha *World-Herald*. Both won the nominations. With the blame for the Depression burdening them, the Democrats fought a losing battle. The Republicans returned to the

White House, to remain there for sixteen years.

The first day went perfectly.

Precisely on time, the McKinleys arrived at Washington's Pennsylvania Station at eleven o'clock on the morning of Tuesday, March 2. Waiting on the platform were Ohio's Governor Asa S. Bushnell and his staff, all in military full dress. As McKinley stepped from the train and Bushnell gave the command to salute, the crowd at the far end of the platform let loose a loud cheer that echoed against the high ceiling. Mrs. McKinley came onto the platform. Bouquets of carnations were presented to both her and the President-elect. Ida McKinley had been in delicate health for years; she had a weak heart and she was subject to epileptic seizures. Regardless of what else might be happening to him, her health and comfort were McKinley's primary concerns. The McKinleys' relationship, one of open affection and esteem, was one of the most touching ever observed in the White House. Now he offered her his arm and she leaned heavily upon it as they walked slowly toward the waiting room.

Just at the doorway, the crew of the special train lined up to pay its respects. The McKinleys shook hands with each man. After shaking hands with the engineer, McKinley presented him with the bouquet of carnations and the man's blush could be seen under the soot that covered his face.

A crowd of several hundred was in the waiting room, with another crowd of equal size outside at the carriages that were to take the McKinley party to the Ebbitt House. All afternoon, a blizzard of calling cards was presented at the McKinley suite, but the door was opened only to close friends. Among them Vice President-elect Garret A. Hobart of New Jersey, whose special train had that day set a record for the run from Jersey City to Washington—four hours and eight minutes, thirty-two minutes better than the previous record.

That night, the McKinleys were to dine with the Cleverlands, but Ida McKinley asked to be excused because of fatigue, and the President-elect went to the White House alone. When the meal was over, Mrs. Cleveland excused herself and the two men talked privately about the affairs of the nation until after ten.

Wednesday morning, the third, was dark and cold, with a steady rain. For his wife's sake, McKinley kept his callers to a minimum. At ten, he received a delegation of Sigma Alpha Epsilon, his fraternity, and was presented with a diamond-set membership pin. At eleven, he and his secretary, John Addison Porter, went to the White House for the formal courtesy call. Because the bad weather had worsened Cleveland's rheumatism and gout, the call lasted just two minutes, during which McKinley suggested that Cleveland, in view of his discomfort, should forego his return courtesy call, but Cleveland insisted that he would be at the Ebbitt House in an hour. He was there. The sight of his carriage attracted a crowd, and when he came out of the hotel a few minutes past twelve, he was greeted by polite applause that continued as he drove away. That night, Cleveland was in bed by nine, finishing his work as President there. That night at nine, McKinley was at a stag dinner at the home of

John Hay, slated to be ambassador to England.

Thursday, the fourth, was a beautiful day. The crowd in the city was noticeably smaller than at recent inaugurations, though nobody could explain why. The crowd was better behaved than usual, too. Each moment of the day was carefully planned, and it began officially for William McKinley when, at ten, Senators John Sherman and John Mitchell called for him at the hotel. The Senators had to wait while McKinley checked the final plans to take his wife to the Capitol and then to the White House. At ten-ten, Sherman said: "I think it is time to start, if you are ready, Mr. President."

The President was ready. The small crowd in the lobby applauded as McKinley came out of the elevator and went out to Sherman's carriage for the short ride to the White House. At ten-twenty, McKinley was entering the Blue Room, and nobody was there to receive him. Cleveland and his Cabinet were upstairs, working on legislation which had just arrived from the Capitol. Learning that McKinley was downstairs, Cleveland sent members of his Cabinet to the Blue Room, but he was not able to get there himself for a half-hour. When he came in, he was dressed for the trip down the Avenue, carrying his silk hat in one hand and, in the other, the umbrella he intended to use as a cane if he needed support during the long ceremonies. He limped a little. McKinley asked how he felt this morning and Cleveland said he was feeling much better. They were told it was time to go.

This was the fourth successive inauguration in which Cleveland was one of the two principals, either entering office or leaving it. The only other American to play one of the two major roles in four successive inaugurations was then a teenager at Groton, preparing to study law at Harvard, but for Franklin Delano Roosevelt the four occasions would all be triumphs.

This day was McKinley's triumph. As the carriage drew away from the White House, the Black Horse Troop of Cleveland surrounded it, serving as McKinley's

personal escort. The military escort waiting on the Avenue was unusually large—about five thousand—in view of the fact the inauguration parade itself was unusually small—about twenty thousand, the decrease resulting from decisions in Pennsylvania and New York not to send the usual militia. On the signal from the parade marshal, the companies from every branch of the military stepped out smartly. The sudden blare of bands startled one of the four horses drawing the Presidential carriage. It reared, danced a bit, then lost its footing and fell in a heap on the pavement. Neither Cleveland nor McKinley paid any attention to the moment's panic; as attendants rushed forward to help the horse to its feet, both of them chatted amiably.

Thousands of flags fluttered along the Avenue as the parade advanced on the Capitol. Pictures of McKinley and Hobart hung on every lamp pole. Prominent were placards with the motto of the day—"The Nation's Choice." Several saloon keepers had expanded this to read: "The Nation's Choice—Cold Beer on Ice."

Some thirty thousand people filled the Capitol plaza as McKinley and Cleveland stepped from their carriage at the Senate wing. Climbing the flight of stairs proved strenuous for Cleveland; he was puffing badly when he reached the top and walked with a pronounced limp to his office. McKinley went with others to the Vice President's office, where his first question was about his wife. She was in the building, in a conference room just off the gallery. The elevators in the Senate wing had been shut down for the day to prevent bottlenecks, but one had been put into service for her, so that she would not have to climb the steps to the gallery floor.

At eighteen minutes past noon, McKinley and Sherman went to Cleveland's office and found him resting on a sofa, his feet up. With a heavy sigh, Cleveland arose and with a nod indicated that he was ready. McKinley went to his side and offered his arm for support; Cleveland took it. Thus they entered the Senate chamber, McKinley assisting Cleveland to his chair, and

only after this did the new President acknowledge the applause, looking up to the gallery and smiling at his wife and his mother. After Vice President Stevenson said good-bye to the Senate, Vice President Hobart was sworn in, then gave the oath of office to fifteen Senators who were newly elected and twelve who had been re-elected. During this ceremony, McKinley and Cleveland chatted softly. The two Mrs. McKinleys, one because of her health and the other because of her age, had been escorted from the gallery to the outside platform ahead of the procession so that they would not be jostled too much. At one-fifteen, the Senate chamber was empty, everyone having gone outside.

The noise of the crowd swelled gradually as the platform filled. By the time McKinley and Cleveland stepped upon the raised speaker's stage, the cheers would have drowned out the roar of cannon. So far McKinley had been calm and collected, but he now seemed nervous and unsure; preoccupied coming down the aisle, he had aimed poorly at hands extended in congratulations, and missed them. He failed to recognize old friends. On the stage, he stood, hat in hand, acknowledging the cheers almost solemnly, occasionally nodding, and when he finally sat down next to Cleveland he put his hat on for a moment, then removed it and fingered its brim as he looked unbelieving at the crowd.

He glanced to the rear at Chief Justice Fuller, who took this to mean the moment had come for the oath-taking and arose. An attendant joined Fuller, carrying a Bible that had been presented for the occasion by the Methodist bishop of Africa. The Chief Justice stood with his back to the Capitol, causing McKinley to turn away from the crowd, facing west, the bright sun in his face. Photographers scrambled for positions to get a better view of McKinley. For the first time, motion pictures were taken of an inauguration. After taking the oath, President McKinley kissed the Bible, then turned to the crowd to receive his ovation.

Waiting, he took his typewritten speech

out of his pocket and glanced at it repeatedly. When he was satisfied with the degree of silence the crowd afforded him, he began. As he spoke, his composure returned, his voice growing firmer and louder. He knew the speech by heart, but from time to time put his glasses to his eyes and looked at a page, as though refreshing his memory; at other times he would turn a page without glancing at it. By the time he had finished, he was himself again, smiling and confident. He turned and shook hands warmly with Cleveland, then with others who came forward as the cheers went on.

A change had been made in the usual procedure. Instead of going to the White House for lunch, a buffet had been arranged in the room of the Senate Com-

mittee on Naval Affairs, and the principals of the inauguration now went there. McKinley's first meal as President of the United States was light—a corned-beef sandwich on a roll, a bit of salad, a cup of coffee.

It was two-twenty when the leading units of the inauguration parade returned to the White House. When their carriage drew up at the main door, McKinley and Cleveland went inside to say good-bye, then Cleveland left by a side door. The McKinleys, the Hobarts and their guests went out to the reviewing stand to watch the three-hour parade, but Ida McKinley stayed only a few minutes.

There was a fireworks display that night at the Washington Monument, and the in-

March 4, 1897: Chief Justice Fuller administering the oath of office to President William McKinley. *Collections of the Library of Congress.*



augural ball was again held at the Pension Building, with the ballroom once more resembling a tropical island. This time, however, a profusion of flags on the columns and canopies of white and gold challis across the ceiling made the room seem brighter and more attractive. The McKinleys arrived at nine-forty and were led up the stairs to their reception rooms. The exertion proved to be too much for Ida McKinley and she was taken to a separate room to rest. When the Hobarts arrived they were brought directly to the President's reception room so that Mrs. Hobart could replace Mrs. McKinley in the receiving line. Presently, Mrs. McKinley felt well enough to join her husband and other principals on the balcony in the display for the five thousand ticket-buyers on the lower level. The First Lady, wearing a gown of white satin and lace, diamond earrings, diamond brooch, diamond combs, brought gasps of admiration from the wide-eyed crowd.

There was a procession, which was to make a complete turn around the dance floor, giving the Party workers a closer look at their new leaders, but before the march had gone half way Mrs. McKinley said she could not go on. She and the President were led into the nearby supper room, where they waited until their carriage was brought around. Mrs. McKinley urged her husband to remain at the ball, both for his own enjoyment and the enjoyment of the thousands who had come to honor him, but he would not hear of it.

They went home. By eleven, the White House lights were out. The last of the sky-rockets crackling in the clear sky over the Mall could be heard.

McKinley's Second Inauguration March 4, 1901

On this day a hundred years before, when the city was all mud and mosquitoes, Thomas Jefferson became the first President to be inaugurated in the nation's capital. This alone made William McKinley's second inauguration eventful. It was, moreover, the first inauguration of the twentieth century, which gave another reason for celebration. Surprisingly, the crowd that came to Washington for it was even smaller than in 1897. If, it was suggested, a new man were going into office, the country might have responded more dramatically to the century just past and the century just beginning. The city was full, to be sure, but in terms of the turn-aways at hotels and boarding houses, the number of festive invaders was a third of what it had been the last time. Perhaps the campaign, dulled by the lack of any great controversy, lessened the enthusiasm. Free silver was no longer an issue. The Spanish-American War, fought and won, had broken the depression and brought on a lingering prosperity. Farm crops were good; farm prices were better. "Let well enough alone," the Republicans advised, and this seemed to be the mood of the country.

Hobart had died in office in 1899, and McKinley's new running mate was the hero of the Rough Riders, Theodore Roosevelt, swept into office as Governor of New York after his daring exploits in the war. Though he had proven himself a winner, McKinley did not want Roosevelt, because he seemed too liberal, too eccentric for the national ticket. And Roosevelt did not want to be Vice President because, like so many of his predecessors, he considered it the doorway to obscurity. Oddly enough, the New York bosses who pushed Roosevelt for the second spot hoped this was exactly what would happen to him—he had been too hot to handle in Albany and would, they thought, be safely out of the way in Washington.

President McKinley spent a busy inaugural weekend at the White House, receiving a few visitors, but giving most of his time to the avalanche of legislation arriving from the Congress, which spent the weekend in session. At the request of the Methodist clergy, McKinley had issued an edict closing all Washington bars on Sunday. Though this was the normal law for Sundays, inauguration weekends had a way of decreasing police vigilance, and the preachers wanted to be sure it wouldn't happen again. Even so, a group of soldiers managed to obtain a supply of whiskey and, on the strength of it, stormed the House of Representatives during a Sunday afternoon recess. They ran up and down the aisles, they pounded on desks, they ranted off ridiculous speeches, they played King of the Hill on the Speaker's desk, continuing until some sober soldiers were summoned to haul them away.

Monday dawned in a rainstorm that continued most of the day, and once again the decorations on Pennsylvania Avenue were ruined. There was not much to be ruined: the decorations had been extremely simple. This time more attention had been given to the seating facilities at the Capitol. Until now, the inaugural platform had been situated toward the Senate side, on the main section of the east stairs. The House had complained for years that this was partiality. In appeasement, the new platform, big enough to seat four thousand, was erected at the center of the building at ground level. In front of it, on the paved section, seven thousand seats were installed. Two more platforms were built, one on either side of the inaugural stage, each big enough to hold two thousand guests of the House and Senate, and each entered via wooden bridges that extended to the Capitol steps. So there were plenty of chairs. But it was raining.

Troop A of the New York Regiment had been assigned to escort Theodore Roosevelt to the Capitol; he was thus excluded from the escort parade from the White House. Caught in traffic along Massachusetts Avenue, Roosevelt was late arriving at the Capitol and barely reached the

building ahead of McKinley. Despite the weather, McKinley made the trip to the Capitol in an open carriage. There was a large military escort, and from West Point had come some cadets with famous names: Cadet U.S. Grant, grandson of a President; Cadet Harry A. Garfield, son of a President; Cadet Philip Sheridan, son of the General; Cadet Douglas MacArthur, also son of a general.

Roosevelt's tardiness was overlooked, in view of the fact that the Senate remained in session until noon, arguing over unfinished business as the chamber filled with guests. A recess was called while chairs were brought in and placed down front for the Cabinet and the Supreme Court. At twelve-fifteen, Roosevelt, escorted by Senator John Spooner of Wisconsin, entered at top speed, walking so fast that Spooner had to rein him back. Forging ahead, Roosevelt raced up the steps and took a chair near Senator William Frye of Maine, the presiding officer *pro tempore*, and he had just sat down when everyone had to rise for the entrance of President McKinley. No Vice President ever took his oath as Theodore Roosevelt did. When the moment came, Frye raised his right arm, to give the oath, and Roosevelt also raised his right arm, but in a military salute, his hand to his forehead. He kept it there as Frye, somewhat startled, began the oath. Roosevelt did not respond to the phrases at all, waited until Frye was finished, then said: "I do," and brought his arm down sharply.

The crowd outside was described as the smallest in many inaugurations, but few people had arrived prepared for such a rain and only the most staunch-hearted now filled the seven thousand seats in front of the platform and the muddy park beyond. For their sake, McKinley accelerated the proceedings. Under the canopy erected on the speaker's stage, he took his oath of office while the platform was still filling up. At this point, Mrs. McKinley left to return to the White House. The President's speech, again presented with only glances at the manuscript, was shorter than his first address; it contained mostly

promises of continued prosperity. When the speech was over, McKinley beckoned to Roosevelt, seated in a front row, and when the two were side by side under the canopy they shook hands as the crowd cheered.

Lunch was served at the Capitol, as before. Then, in separate carriages, McKinley and Roosevelt took their places in the parade line for the trip back to the White House. For unknown reasons, the crowd deserted the first blocks of Pennsylvania Avenue at the Capitol, moving closer to the Executive Mansion, so for the first few blocks the marchers passed through empty streets. The top of McKinley's carriage had been put up, but when the crowds became thicker and more enthusiastic he ordered that it be lowered. At the White House, the principals went inside for a few moments—for a drink, most people suspected.

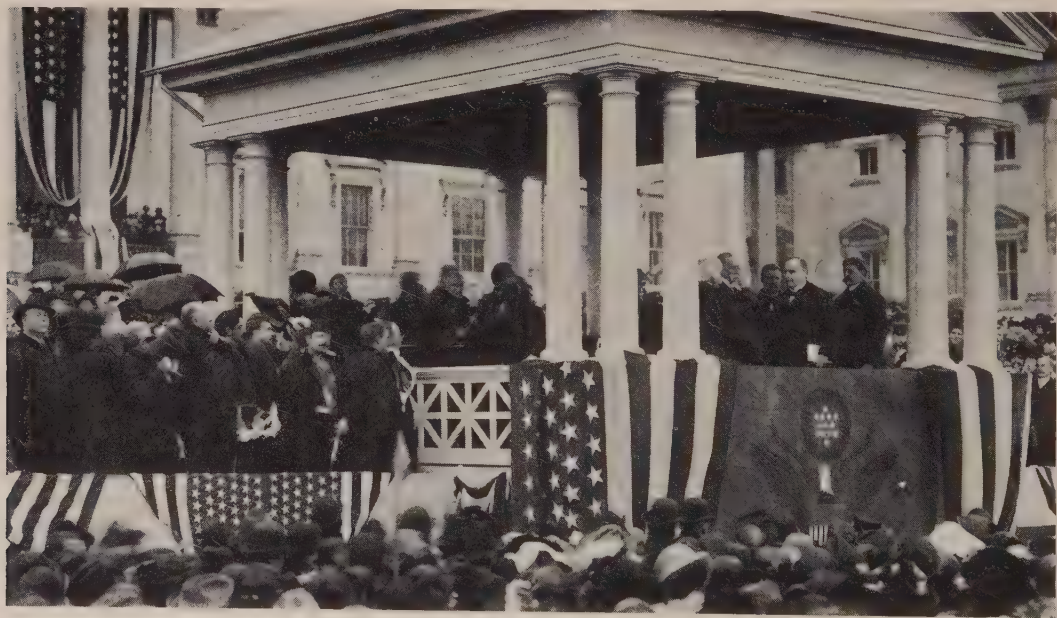
For protection against the weather, an enclosed extension had been built onto the Presidential reviewing stand in front of the White House, with room enough for perhaps twenty people. At three-eighteen, McKinley, Roosevelt and parade officials entered it. Down on the street, a mounted West Point cadet waited until McKinley gave him a nod; the young man saluted in return, then rode off to announce that

the parade could start. It lasted three hours, and eight thousand members of political clubs across the land made it that much bigger than the previous parade.

Continuing rain canceled the fireworks, but the ball was held as usual at the Pension Building. Yellow was the dominant color, yellow everywhere, made brighter by sixteen thousand uncovered electric lights on the chandeliers. The Presidential embowered box in the balcony was, however, lined with white, providing a dramatic contrast.

The McKinleys arrived at ten-fifteen, and again the climb up the stairs was too much for Mrs. McKinley. Though later she was able to sit in the President's box, the procession across the dance floor was canceled for her sake. The Roosevelts had arrived about the same time, and after a brief visit with the McKinleys they went to their own rooms for a separate reception. At eleven, at McKinley's request, the Roosevelts went down to the dance floor and mingled with the ticket-holders for fifteen minutes, to make up for the canceled procession.

The Roosevelts joined the McKinleys for a private buffet supper, after which both families went home around midnight.



March 4, 1901: President William McKinley taking the oath of office at his second inauguration.
Photo by Frances B. Johnston. Collections of the Library of Congress.

Twenty-sixth



THEODORE ROOSEVELT
SEPTEMBER 14, 1901

The President had planned a lot of travel for the summer—a trip to the West Coast, a vacation in Ohio, a visit to the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo. To the astonishment of isolationist Republicans, McKinley's attitude toward the high tariff was beginning to change and he was now increasingly in favor of reciprocal trade treaties. He felt his visit to the Buffalo Exposition would indicate his hopes for more such treaties within the hemisphere, and he looked forward to it. Vice President Roosevelt also had a busy summer. He officially opened the Exposition in May, in June he spoke to the Long Island Bible Society at Sagamore Hill and addressed the reunion of his Harvard class, in July he officiated at a seminar on government which Yale and Harvard undergraduates conducted at Sagamore, and in August he went to Colorado for its twenty-fifth anniversary of statehood. In September, he was to take part in the annual outing of the Fish and Game League at Lake Champlain.

Late in the afternoon of Friday, September 6, while attending the conference on Isle la Motte in Lake Champlain, The-

odore Roosevelt was summoned to the telephone. The call was from his Washington office. An aide asked: "Mr. Roosevelt, have you heard the rumor that President McKinley has been shot in Buffalo?" Stunned, Roosevelt could not speak. The aide continued: "We're not sure yet. The White House hasn't made any announcement but I thought you ought to know."

"Find out what you can and call me back," Roosevelt instructed. He hung up the telephone, then said: "My God!" And he buried his face in his hands. Minutes later a telegram arrived from Buffalo. The rumor was verified.

At four that afternoon, while attending a reception in his honor in the Temple of Music at the Buffalo Exposition, President McKinley had been shot twice. The first bullet hit his breast bone and glanced off; the second had entered his abdomen. His attacker was Leon Czolgosz, twenty-eight, unemployed Cleveland factory worker and professed anarchist, who admitted that he had gone to Buffalo for the purpose of assassinating the President because he did not believe that one man—McKinley—should receive so much public

honor while another—himself—received none. Doctors, realizing that McKinley was too weak for immediate surgery, took him to the home of John G. Milburn, president of the Exposition, where Mrs. McKinley and he had been staying.

Roosevelt made immediate arrangements to go to Buffalo. He announced the news to the thousand members of the Fish and Game League and asked them to pray for the President. A yacht was steamed up to take Roosevelt to Burlington, Vermont, where a special train awaited him. Before he left, another telegram arrived, disclosing that McKinley was resting comfortably, and Roosevelt announced this to the League. At eight-thirty he was aboard the train, rushing to Albany, where another train would take him across the state.

He reached Buffalo early on the morning of Saturday, September 7, and went to the home of a friend, Ansley Wilcox, eight blocks down Delaware Avenue from the Milburn home, remaining there until mid-morning when he was informed that Mrs. McKinley was able to receive him. After a brief visit with her, Roosevelt conferred with the Cabinet members who had gathered at the Milburn house. The President was under sedation when Roosevelt was allowed into his room for a moment.

Then the waiting began, hour after hour of doubts and fears. Doctors would say nothing except that McKinley was doing as well as could be expected. Dreading the worst, people wondered what sort of President they could expect in Theodore Roosevelt. This being a weekend, Wall Street was closed, thereby fortunately avoiding a possible panic. Saturday passed. Sunday passed. On Monday, McKinley appeared to undergo a remarkable recovery. He was conscious. His wife was permitted several visits in his room. He was able to confer with State Secretary Hay. Roosevelt paid a brief call on him. In the afternoon, the medical statement to newspaper reporters was highly optimistic. The President spent a quiet night and on Tuesday he was given his first food, some broth.

To put the world at ease, it was necessary to create an impression of confidence

and stability. Cabinet members left Buffalo. A beaming Roosevelt declared that all America could thank God for the recovery of President McKinley, and he went to join his family on a camping trip in the Adirondacks. Tuesday passed well; so did Wednesday. But on Thursday, McKinley took a turn for the worse as gangrene spread through his vital organs, and on Friday the President himself realized there was no hope. "It is useless, gentlemen," he told the doctors. "I think we ought to have a prayer." Telegrams were sent to government leaders who had left the city.

The telegram to Roosevelt was sent to North Creek, New York, thirty-five miles away from the Tahawus Club, a lodge which he was using as his base during several days of mountain climbing. The message was telephoned to the lodge but Roosevelt had already left to climb Mount Marcy, the highest peak in the region. Guides rushed out to locate his party, using megaphones and firing rifles to attract attention. At nightfall the signals were heard and answered; informed of McKinley's relapse Roosevelt immediately began the difficult descent down the mountain to the lodge.

When Roosevelt reached the Tahawus Lodge, he was told that a relay of buckboards had been arranged for him by the Adirondacks stage line, with fresh horses every few miles, and that a special train was ready for him at North Creek. Roosevelt was careening along the rugged roads at the moment William McKinley died at two o'clock, but he did not learn of it until he reached the train at five-thirty in the morning. The train arrived at Buffalo around noon. A crowd had gathered at the Exchange Street Station, and to avoid being delayed by it Roosevelt was taken on to the Terrace station. An escort of a dozen mounted policemen and several detectives was waiting. John Milburn was also there; he and Roosevelt rode in a closed carriage to Ansley Wilson's house, where members of the Cabinet had gathered.

While they lunched, War Secretary Elihu Root urged that Roosevelt take the



oath of office as President as promptly as possible. Roosevelt agreed and authorized Root to arrange the event, but he said he first wanted to pay his respects to Mrs. McKinley. When he left the Wilcox house at two-thirty, he saw the Fourth Signal Corps and two platoons of police, all mounted, ready to escort him. He said: "I don't want such an escort as that. It is not necessary. A couple of mounted policemen will be quite enough." Three policemen took positions alongside the carriage. With Roosevelt was his private secretary, William Loeb. Though the carriage was closed, the crowds along the street knew who was in it and they applauded politely as the new President passed. At the Milburn house, Roosevelt was told that Mrs. McKinley was resting and could not see anyone. He went into the room where Wil-

liam McKinley lay. He stood there silently for several moments, his head bowed, and when he turned to leave, tears were streaming down his face.

Returning to the small, vine-covered Wilcox home, Roosevelt found that Secretary Root had summoned Federal District Judge John R. Hazel to give the oath. Everyone went into the book-lined, sparsely furnished library where several potted palms had been arranged in the bay window as a backdrop for the solemn event that was now to take place. When all was ready, Root, being the senior Cabinet member present, stepped in front of the palms and said: "Mr. Vice President, I have been requested by all the members of the Cabinet of the late President McKinley who are in the city of Buffalo—" he stopped, cleared his throat, then continued—"who

September 14, 1901: Buffalo, N.Y. Theodore Roosevelt talking to John G. Milburn in whose home President McKinley had died. Immediately thereafter Mr. Roosevelt walked down the street to the Wilcox home to be sworn in as President for the first time. *Wide World Photo.*

are present in the city of Buffalo and by all members of the Cabinet who are not here, to request that, for reasons of weight affecting the administration of the government, you should proceed without delay to take the Constitutional oath as President of the United States."

Roosevelt bowed to Root, then took a place at his side and said: "Mr. Secretary, I am of one mind with the members of the Cabinet. I will show the people at once, in accordance with the request of the members of the Cabinet, that the administration of the government will not falter, in spite of the terrible national blow from which we are suffering. I wish to say that it shall be my aim to continue, absolutely unbroken, the policy of President McKinley for the peace, the prosperity and the honor of our beloved country."

Roosevelt nodded to Judge Hazel, indicating he was ready. The Judge stepped close, and on his first words of the oath, Roosevelt's right arm shot straight up over his head and he kept it there, rigid, until the oath was completed. Before lowering it, he added: "And I so swear." It was three-thirty in the afternoon. The youngest President in the history of the country—in six weeks, he would be forty-three—was now in office.

Despite the circumstances, it seemed fitting to congratulate President Roosevelt, and one by one the men in the room did so in low tones. The Cabinet had gone into another room for a meeting, and Roosevelt joined them for the secret session. After it, most of the men left.

Later, Roosevelt said to Elihu Root: "Let us go for a walk, Mr. Secretary. It will do us both good." As they stepped from the house, three policemen and two plainclothes detectives fell in behind them. The President turned and said: "I don't want to establish the precedent of going about guarded." The police officers touched their hats and stepped away; Roosevelt and Root resumed their walk. But they had not gone fifty yards when two of the policemen began to follow them slowly and the two detectives followed on the other side of the street. It would have to be this way with Presidents from then on.

Roosevelt's Second Inauguration March 4, 1905

The unity in grief was shortlived. A few days later, Boss Mark Hanna of Ohio, who disliked Roosevelt and had fought his nomination as Vice President, remarked: "*Now* look, that damned cowboy is President of the United States!" Like many cowboys, Roosevelt became extremely popular with the American people. Forceful, perky, quick-witted, ebullient and dynamic, he was, as far as Presidents go, in a class by himself. He won the cheers of the man on the street by enforcing the Sherman Antitrust Law against giant corporations—an action that many Republicans regarded as treason—and yet he won approving nods from Big Business when, almost single-handedly, he broke up the great anthracite miners' strike. Roosevelt's only real opposition within the Party came from Hanna, leader of the conservative wing and the only Republican who might have been able to wrest the nomination away from Roosevelt at the 1904 convention. However, Hanna's death in February, six months before the convention, removed this possibility and Roosevelt was nominated by acclamation. Senator Charles Warren Fairbanks of Indiana, a conservative, was chosen as his running-mate.

The Democrats, themselves moving toward conservatism, had trouble finding a candidate. The only safe bet appeared to be Grover Cleveland, but he flatly rejected the nomination. In the hope of being able to carry New York State, the Democrats turned, almost in desperation, to Alton B. Parker, chief justice of the New York Court of Appeals, a capable judge but a political unknown. Chosen to run with him was Senator Henry G. Davis of West Virginia who, at eighty, was the oldest man ever nominated by either Party. This led the Republicans to observe that the Democrats had selected "an enigma from New York and a ruin from West Vir-

ginia" as their candidates. Roosevelt won by over two and a half million votes, the biggest sweep since Grant.

Theodore Roosevelt had come into his own. In one sense, he had kept his promise to sustain the McKinley administration, to the extent of keeping on most of McKinley's men, but actually the three years clearly bore Roosevelt's own stamp. His tremendous victory at the polls in November, 1904, gave him an overwhelming mandate that should have made him one of the most powerful Presidents in history. But he did a strange thing. At the very height of his popularity, he put a time limit on his influence, thereby assuring his enemies that they would not have to fight him—they need only wait him out. On election night, he issued a statement which declared: "On the fourth of March next I shall have served three and a half years, and this three and a half years constitute my first term. The wise custom which limits the President to two terms regards the substance and not the form. Under no circumstances will I be a candidate for or accept another nomination." In years to come, he was to eat these words. For now they made him a "lame-duck" President.

He seemed unaware of this on his inauguration eve, when he said: "Tomorrow I shall come into office in my own right. Then watch out for me." Judging from the festive mood of the city, the country was about to enter a boom era that would be something to watch, indeed. Thousands of jubilant Republicans were pouring into the Capital. The Baltimore and Ohio alone had brought in thirty thousand people on Friday, March 3, and all lines were so overloaded that they were running five and six hours late. Some trains couldn't even get into the station, dumping passengers in the railroad yard or out in the suburbs. Washingtonians wandered the streets looking for their out-of-town friends who had gotten lost in the melee. The hotels and rooming houses being full, home-owners stood on street corners and auctioned off available sleeping space in their basements and attics.

Another incident occurred that Friday, a touching incident known only to a few.

State Secretary John Hay had been one of Abraham Lincoln's personal secretaries, and he had in his possession a lock of Lincoln's hair that had been taken on his death bed. The hair was now encased in the crown of a ring. Friday evening, Hay sent the ring to Roosevelt suggesting that, in view of Roosevelt's admiration for Lincoln, he might like to wear the ring at his inauguration the next day. He did.

Saturday was cold, crisp, and clear, a beautiful day. On Friday, a light snow had fallen, and the brisk temperatures preserved the ermine mantle on the White House lawn. Pennsylvania Avenue, however, had been swept clean. Bleachers were again installed the full length of the street. Wire cables had been strung in each block to hold the crowd back on the sidewalk. The dominant decoration was the American flag, with some fifty thousand of them of all sizes on display, some of them so big that one could cover an entire building front. Fluttering prominently and proudly on the south side of the street, halfway to the Capitol, was an Irish flag—in front of a saloon.

Theodore Roosevelt awoke at seven-thirty in the morning. Before joining his family for breakfast an hour later, he made his usual quick study of the morning papers. At nine he was in his office, but there was little work for him to do. A few minutes later, the Congressional escort began to arrive. Vice President-elect Fairbanks reached the White House at nine-thirty. Outside, the parade escort was waiting. In addition to the Marines, it included five hundred veterans of the Civil War, five hundred from the Spanish American War, and five bands. The highlight was a contingent of thirty of Roosevelt's Rough Riders, all mounted. Originally there were to be a hundred and fifty Rough Riders, but a sudden shortage of horses in the city forced the reduced number. The thirty horses that were obtained came from the artillery, and though they were accustomed to pulling caissons they were not used to the weight of a man on their backs, and they did not like it.

Promptly at ten, Roosevelt came out of the White House with his personal escort,

acquisition of the territory—LaSalle, Marquette, DeSoto, Navarez, Livingston, Jackson, Monroe—had been brought from St. Louis and set up on both sides of the Avenue as a Court of History.

The President clearly enjoyed himself enormously. He stamped his feet and almost danced as passing bands played "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight." He grinned continually, laughed frequently, waved to friends, and every few minutes pointed out to those near him something in the parade that caught his attention. He had a marvelous time. He had a marvelous time, too, at the inaugural ball that night, again held in the Pension Building. The original intention of the decorators was to make the huge hall look like an outdoor garden, but things got out of control and it ended looking like a jungle. Giant palms encircled every column, with banks of flowers in between. The large bandstand at the west end of the room, big enough to hold 125 musicians, was bedecked with flowers. In the middle of the room was an enormous circle of flowers, in the center of which was a bubbling fountain. To overcome the cavernous atmosphere of the four-story hall, the second balcony was closed off, hidden behind acres of dark blue draperies that hung from the ceiling. Under proper light-

ing, this was supposed to give the impression that the upper half of the room was the sky. Because the draperies were inflammable, smoking was prohibited throughout the entire building, and anyone who wanted to smoke had to go outside under the real sky to do so.

President and Mrs. Roosevelt and their sixty special guests gathered in a salon adjoining the ballroom at nine-thirty. To the strains of "Hail to the Chief!" they entered the ballroom on the east side, marched into the room to the fountain and around it, then back out the same door, all this accompanied by the cheers and applause of the thousands of celebrating Republicans. The first balcony was reserved for people who rated as dignitaries. Just over the door through which he had marched was the President's box, decorated with flowers and flags, from which Roosevelt could wave down to the dancers. After the grand march, Roosevelt went up to the box and remained there, waving, for ten or fifteen minutes. He and Fairbanks then received the dignitaries who had been allowed upstairs. Later, a dinner for Roosevelt's sixty special guests was served at small tables in a room that was banked with flowers.

All in all, it was a bully day.

Twenty-seventh



WILLIAM H. TAFT
MARCH 4, 1909

Theodore Roosevelt considered it within his prerogatives to choose his political heir and he found the man in his own Cabinet—War Secretary William Howard Taft. Taft's background was mostly in law, which he preferred to politics, and he entered the political arena reluctantly in 1900, when McKinley appointed him president of the Philippines Commission. Roosevelt brought him into the Cabinet in 1904, but Taft still devoted much time to the Spanish-American War acquisitions, serving for a while as provisional governor of Cuba. When Roosevelt first broached the subject of the Presidency, Taft declined, but on the urging of his wife he reconsidered.

Taft was not the progressive man Roosevelt had judged him to be. Roosevelt's own increasing liberalism had kept him in hot water with the Congress through most of what he regarded as his second term of office. The only major legislation he managed to get through was the Hepburn Bill, that strengthened the Interstate Commerce Commission and fixed railroad rates, but the original bill had to be modified considerably and it only passed with the help of

the Democrats. Conservative Republicans, confident that Roosevelt would keep his word against another term, steadfastly resisted him as he hammered away for more controls on business. Wall Street was quick to blame the 1907 crash on Roosevelt's efforts to curtail free enterprise.

Roosevelt's personal popularity managed to survive against the resistance, the attacks, and the stock market collapse, and it was because of this that he was the major power at the Republican convention of 1908 and led the delegates to choose Taft. A month later in Denver, the Democratic Party swung back to progressivism and once again gave its nomination to William Jennings Bryan, with John Worth Kern, of Indiana, as his running-mate.

There was a dearth of campaign issues, the major issue being the source of funds in the 1904 campaign. Another issue involved Taft's religion. As a Unitarian, he did not believe in the divinity of Jesus Christ, and this disquieted many Christians. Though the Democrats knew better than to make a public argument out of this, they made no effort to stem the widespread rumblings that Taft was a man who

would be unable to swear to his oath of office on the Bible.

The Republican victory in November, by over a million votes, was Roosevelt's triumph more than Taft's: Taft was an unknown quantity; Roosevelt was the man being judged. The election showed, too, a growing trend toward liberalism in the country: Democratic governors won in five states that Taft carried in the national campaign.

As inauguration day neared, rumors spread of a rift between Roosevelt and Taft, growing out of Roosevelt's displeasure over some of Taft's appointments and plans. To counteract the gossip and give a show of unity, Roosevelt invited the Tafts to move into the White House the day before the inauguration and to be his guests at a private dinner that night. The invitation turned out to be wise, not only for political purposes, but particularly because that Thursday, March 3, a blizzard struck Washington, dumping four inches of snow overnight and bringing the city to a standstill. Had the Tafts not moved in when they did, they probably would not have been able to occupy the White House for a week.

Strong winds and heavy snow knocked out the Capital's telephone and telegraph communications with the rest of the world. Railroad signals failed. Trees, poles, and live wires fell across the tracks. Trains moved at a crawl, relying on way station crews for reports on conditions ahead. Fortunately, wireless telegraphy had been installed in Washington, with receiving stations at Baltimore and Philadelphia, and this was the only means by which the outside world could learn what was happening in the city.

Very little was happening. It was impossible for people to move in the streets. Only government couriers, who could not refuse, were about, battling the storm on horseback. Trains that managed to reach the city, hours late, disgorged passengers into already jammed depots: there were no hacks, no street cars, no way to travel to home and hotels. Many people got off one train, crossed a platform and got on an-

other that was going to try to get through the storm and out of it. Some of the marching units that had arrived earlier were quartered in unheated box cars along Fourteenth Street; the night turned freezing cold, and in the morning many of the men had chilblains. Commanders refused to let their men march in the still-raging storm.

Roosevelt, who ordinarily was not an early riser, was up and at breakfast with the Tafts by eight. In the Court of Honor—the widened portion of Pennsylvania Avenue in front of the White House—District sanitation department workers had been shoveling away the snow half the night, only to have the area buried again and again. All along the Avenue were hundreds of other workers, using shovels and sand to keep the way clear, and at the Capitol more workers fought the losing battle. At breakfast Roosevelt proposed that arrangements should be made to conduct the inauguration ceremonies indoors, but Taft suggested that a decision be postponed until the last minute, to give the weather a chance to improve.

By ten there was no improvement. Senator Henry Cabot Lodge of Massachusetts, chairman of the committee on arrangements, reached the White House and urged Taft to approve holding the ceremonies in the Senate chamber. When Taft resisted, Lodge pointed out that Chief Justice Fuller was now seventy-six years old and not well and that for his sake the oath-taking ought not to be performed in a blinding snow storm. Taft agreed. Lodge set into motion the complicated machinery necessary to change the involved plans. No one was sure if there would be a parade.

Others began to arrive—Vice President-elect James S. Sherman, Vice President Fairbanks, Cabinet members, escorts. Outside in the storm, now at its height, stood the band of the Philippine Constabulary, the Black Horse Troop from Cleveland, companies of regulars and veterans of the Grand Army of the Republic, assigned and determined to accompany Taft to the Capitol. About four thousand determined Republicans shivered in the Court of Honor,

waiting to cheer the new President on his way. Pennsylvania Avenue looked bleak; any decorations that had lasted this long threatened to collapse at any moment. Bleachers on both sides of the street were empty.

Shortly after ten, the Presidential party left the White House and went to a line of closed carriages. As Roosevelt and Taft, with their escort of Senators Henry Cabot Lodge and Philander C. Knox, took the first carriage, several members of the White House staff came to the front door. Seeing them, Roosevelt leaned out the carriage window, grinned, waved, and called: "Good-bye and good luck to you all!" This indeed was good-bye: Roosevelt had announced that he would not return to the White House with Taft but would go directly to Union Station, where a special train waited to take him to Oyster Bay, the storm permitting. The entourage moved out to the street; the military escort took its place; the small crowd gave Roosevelt and Taft the loudest ovation it could; Roosevelt leaned out and waved.

The trip to the Capitol was made in less than a half hour, a small but enthusiastic crowd making up in noise what it lacked in numbers. Taft gave no acknowledgment; Roosevelt leaned out the window again and again. About five thousand people were on the Capitol plaza, standing in deep snow behind the ropes that marked off the paved section. The carriage bearing Roosevelt and Taft stopped at the Senate end of the building, and as the two men hurried up the long flight of steps they paused three or four times, turned to the cheering crowd, and tipped their hats. Entering the building they went to Roosevelt's office where, as he signed bills, they chatted with friends who stopped by.

At five minutes to twelve, Roosevelt and Taft went to the Senate door, where the Cabinet members were waiting, and they paused long enough to be announced before entering the room to resounding applause. Roosevelt, typically, acknowledged the greeting broadly, with smiles and waves; Taft, also typically, ignored the greeting until he had reached his chair.

Then he looked up at his wife in the gallery and sent her a smile.

The two men took high-back chairs that faced the dais. Moments later, Vice President-elect Sherman entered and was escorted to the desk where he immediately took his oath of office from Vice President Fairbanks. Before adjourning the Senate, Fairbanks gave his farewell speech. Next, the Senate secretary read the special order reconvening the Senate; Sherman now began his term of office by asking for an invocation by the Senate chaplain, Edward Everett Hale, who had already won fame as the author of such stories as "The Man Without a Country." The invocation ended with the recitation of the Lord's Prayer by all.

This done, Sherman spoke briefly, promising to do his best to live up to the high honor that had been bestowed upon him by the people of the land. Then, after certifying the twenty-nine newly elected Senators, he said: "The Chief Justice of the United States will now administer the oath to the President-elect, after which the President will deliver his inaugural address to the chamber."

A silence fell upon the room. Taft arose and, escorted by Senator Knox, passed to his right up the steps to the dais. Chief Justice Fuller took the arm of Senator Lodge and ascended the steps on the left side. Sherman having moved aside, Taft and Fuller met directly behind his chair. The Chief Justice accepted the Supreme Court Bible from an assistant and presented it to Taft, who placed his left hand upon it, and this brought a low murmur from the crowd. Again complete silence fell, and after a slight pause, Taft took the oath. Finished, he added: "So help me God." Then he took the Bible into both hands and kissed it. This act of reverence by the Unitarian brought a gasp of satisfaction from the gallery, climaxed by a loud and long crash of applause. During it President Taft nervously, almost impatiently, fingered his glasses, occasionally glancing down at his manuscript, which he had placed on the desk. From time to time, he smiled.

In his inaugural address, Taft pledged to continue the policies Roosevelt had established, a promise that was received with some misgivings by the business community. When he finished, he left the dais promptly, after a bow or two. Well-wishers stepped to him, their hands extended. The first to congratulate the President was Theodore Roosevelt. As others moved in, Roosevelt left the Senate chamber almost unnoticed, so quickly did the spotlight switch to his successor. Because of Roosevelt's immediate departure, an inauguration first occurred this day. Mrs. Taft rode back to the White House in the same carriage with the President, the first First Lady to have this experience. And Mrs. Sherman rode with her husband.

The snow had lessened. In the side streets near the Capitol military units had formed ranks to honor their former chief who, as War Secretary, was the first Cabinet member other than a Secretary of State to rise to the Presidency. Trains bearing political clubs that hoped to march in the inaugural parade were still trying to get into the city as Taft began his return to the White House. The parade, therefore, was almost entirely military. As the storm decreased and the wind calmed, more and more people came out of their hotels and homes and made their way to the Avenue, until at last the sidewalks were lined with a crowd of a hundred thousand. Because of a White House luncheon the Tafts gave for their distinguished guests, the marchers had to remain in the gradually decreasing snowfall for almost an hour until, near three, the President went to the reviewing stand. Approximately twenty thousand military men marched as smartly as they could through the Court of Honor, now a sea of slush. As trains arrived, some of them as much as twenty hours late, political clubs and state militia rushed to attach

themselves to the end of the parade line.

The steadily improving weather allowed the rest of the day to pass in a more orderly fashion. The fireworks display, which earlier had been canceled, then rescheduled, then canceled again, was indeed held that night, the snow-covered roofs picking up the bursts of colors in the clear sky. The inaugural ball at the Pension Building differed from Roosevelt's only to the extent that the day's weather gave it the air of a Christmas party.

Next day, President Taft declared open house at the White House for the benefit of those who had missed the usual inauguration ceremonies and wanted something to remember the occasion by besides the blizzard. A line of visitors filed through the White House all day. Also, there was another inaugural parade. The seven thousand members of the New York Seventh Regiment had arrived too late on Thursday to be part of the official parade and they refused to go home without at least the experience of marching through the Court of Honor. Taft agreed to go out and watch them do so. The event was arranged so suddenly that the Secret Service was caught unprepared: only the two or three men at the White House at the moment were available to accompany the President out to the reviewing stand and fight off the hordes of little children who played tag in the stands, threw snowballs at the marching New Yorkers, and clustered around Taft for his autograph.

That same moment, Theodore Roosevelt, home at Oyster Bay, was conducting what he felt would be his last interview with the press. His public life was over, he said. He would be leaving soon, he announced, for Africa to hunt wild animals. He had no idea that, in another four years, he would be back in the wilds of the American political jungle on a hunt for votes.

March 4, 1909: President William H. Taft with M
Taft leaving the Capitol to head his inaugural parac
Photograph by Keystone View Company from the coll
tions of the Library of Congress.



Twenty-eighth



WOODROW WILSON
MARCH 4, 1913

At last the Democrats found a winner. He was a minority winner as far as the total popular vote was concerned, but the Electoral College was his by a landslide, and this was what mattered. Woodrow Wilson was, too, a new breed of politician—an intellectual who, despite his Party ties, was an independent man. His independence, in fact, almost put him out of the running. After eight years as the effective president of Princeton University, he was chosen, in 1910, as the Democratic nominee for the governorship of New Jersey, a turning point in Wilson's life which many of his friends considered to be for the worse. The corruption within the New Jersey Democratic organization was common knowledge and it appeared that Wilson, for twenty-five years an idealistic educator of youth, had chosen to run with thieves. Once elected, however, he broke with the Party machine and put through reforms which cleaned up not only his state but his Party as well. This, nevertheless, was not the sort of free spirit that appealed to top-level Democrats when the time came to think about nominating a candidate for the White House.

The convention summer of 1912 produced many White House candidates in both parties. Progressive Republicans, thoroughly disillusioned with Taft, were willing to help Theodore Roosevelt eat his 1904 words that he would serve only one more term. Actually, Roosevelt himself had already swallowed them and was actively campaigning. Quite possibly Roosevelt could have beaten Wilson, but he could not beat his own Party's machine. Time and again, Roosevelt forces lost out on convention parliamentary procedures and points of order, all aimed at ramming through Taft's nomination.

The breach between Republican progressives and conservatives was too severe to be bridged by compromise or promises of patronage. Six weeks later, the progressives met in Chicago for a conference that turned out to be a convention, and Theodore Roosevelt was clearly their man. When he arrived in the city he was asked how he felt, and he replied: "I'm feeling like a bull moose." Thus the progressives got not only a candidate but a symbol and a name as well.

The Democratic convention developed

into a battle between Speaker Champ Clark of Missouri and Governor Wilson, the two of them running almost neck and neck as ballot followed ballot. William Jennings Bryan was for Clark, whom he considered to be a progressive of his own ilk, but when, after the twentieth ballot, Clark began to court factions such as Tammany Hall and Wall Street, Bryan began to suspect that perhaps the Speaker's liberalism was only skin deep. Bryan switched to Wilson and on the forty-fifth ballot Wilson took such a commanding lead that Clark withdrew, and Wilson won the next roll call.

The probability that Roosevelt would have won the election had the entire Republican Party backed him became clear after the votes were counted. Together, Roosevelt on his Bull Moose ticket and President Taft on the regular Republican ticket garnered over seven and a half million votes, a million more than Wilson, the Democrat, with Roosevelt beating Taft by almost a million. But, being divided, they gave Wilson his overwhelming victory in the Electoral College, where he took almost 82 per cent of the vote.

Woodrow Wilson had never seen the inside of the White House until he entered it at six o'clock on the evening of Monday, March 3, to pay his courtesy call on President Taft. He had arrived in the city two hours before, to a rather inglorious reception. Everybody knew the time of his arrival and with the city now crammed with Democrats there ordinarily would have been a huge crowd to greet him. However, eight thousand suffragettes chose this particular afternoon to stage a protest march from the Capitol to the White House and everybody was over on Pennsylvania Avenue watching the fun. The fun veered toward violence when, there being little police supervision, thousands of men, all in their cups, dashed into the street, teased and taunted the women and at the same time tried to make dates with them. At several places along the Avenue the merriment broke into rioting, with injuries to persons and damage to property. Because of all this there were only five hundred

people in Union Station to welcome Wilson when his train drew in from Trenton, and about a thousand outside.

The chaos on Pennsylvania Avenue prevented the Wilson caravan from using the city's principal thoroughfare. Hardly anyone paid any attention to the line of cars whizzing through the Washington back streets, and if anyone did recognize Wilson sitting in the open car, the new President was gone before he could be cheered. A small crowd filled the sidewalk at the Shoreham Hotel; hotel guests applauded the Wilsons as they passed through the lobby to the elevator, then to their fourth-floor suite.

A few minutes before six, President Taft's car arrived at the Shoreham to bring the Wilsons for their courtesy call to the White House, about a block away. Lining the street the whole distance were a thousand Princeton students and five hundred students from the University of Virginia, which Wilson had also attended. As the car made the short trip, the students raised their hats to the passing President-elect and his lady, and from time to time the President-elect raised his.

The Tafts were waiting at the main door of the White House and led the Wilsons into the Blue Room. They were together about five minutes when from the White House lawn came the voices of the Princetonians raised in "Old Nassau," the sentimental hymn of their school. Woodrow Wilson asked to be excused, went outside to the students, stood there facing them, and sang with them. Princeton enjoyed unusual prominence throughout the inauguration ceremonies. The students again lined the street when the Wilsons returned to the Shoreham where, an hour later, the Tafts paid a return call. And an hour after this Wilson went to the New Willard Hotel to a smoker attended by eight hundred Princeton graduates from the classes of 1859 to 1911.

Inauguration day, a Tuesday, began under a chilly, clouded sky, but the weather improved quickly and by breakfast time the day was almost balmy. At nine Wilson received the press; little newsworthy came

out of the meeting. Dignitaries began to arrive, the most important of whom was Vice President-elect Thomas Marshall, former Governor of Indiana, but the most popular was William Jennings Bryan, the new Secretary of State: on both entering and leaving the hotel, he received an ovation that was second in volume only to the greeting given Wilson when at ten he came out to ride to the White House.

The Princeton and Virginia students again lined the route to the White House, their "Zizz boom bah, rah rah rah, Wilson! Wilson! Wilson!" giving the event all the razzmatazz of a college homecoming. Wilson stayed briefly at the White House, just long enough for the two-horse carriage he had used to be replaced by a four-horse victoria, and at ten-fifteen the approach on the Capitol began. Two hundred thousand people, the biggest crowd to date, shouted their lungs out as the entourage passed, block after block. As wild as the adulation was, it was nonetheless orderly, for steps had been taken to assure this. Seven hundred fifty special police were on duty to keep the crowd out of the street. Also, eight thousand waist-high posts had been installed along the curbs to hold a rope that kept the people on the sidewalks. The bleachers were full to overflowing. That morning, when it had looked like rain, seats sold at fifty cents, but as the sun went up so did the price, to five dollars.

President Taft seemed to be enjoying this day more than he had his own inauguration. On his own day he had been forced to surrender most of the spotlight to the popular Theodore Roosevelt, while today there was the popular Wilson. Taft appeared now to be more cheerful; he smiled a lot and waved at the crowd; he and Wilson chatted constantly, frequently breaking into laughter. The people saw this and in every block came the cry: "You're a good loser, Mr. Taft!" This made Taft beam even more.

Another hundred thousand people crammed into Capitol Park—the largest crowd there anyone could remember. Anticipating that the more fervent Wilson fans would risk their lives for a look at

him, the Capitol staff had installed a railing along the cornices on the roof of the building to prevent anyone from falling off. As the escort neared, there were five thousand people on the roof, mostly women. The roar when Wilson came into view was stupendous.

The principals entered the building. Taft invited Wilson to spend the hour of waiting in the President's office, adding: "It is your office now, Mr. President." On the desk when they entered were a number of bills sent in from the Senate, which was still in session. As he examined them Taft questioned members of his Cabinet about their content and made some explanatory comments to Wilson.

According to the published schedule, the oath of office was to be taken on the outside platform at 12:45, but a few Senators had decided to take advantage of the presence of so many women in the Senate gallery to express their support for the women's vote, and the proceedings were delayed twenty minutes. When at last Wilson entered the chamber, he broke precedent by having as his escort the members of his Cabinet. The ceremonies in the Senate chamber were now quickly performed. Taft's Vice President, Sherman, had died on the previous October 30, and so Senator Jacob H. Gallinger of New Hampshire, as presiding officer pro tempore, administered the oath to Marshall. It was one o'clock when the procession appeared outdoors and made its way down the red carpet on the east steps to the platform.

The sight and sound of the huge crowd must have been staggering. Mrs. Wilson, overwhelmed, changed paths on the way to her seat, went out onto the speaker's stage to the railing and stood there gazing at the vast throng. Her three daughters and Mrs. Marshall joined her. "Isn't it beautiful?" Mrs. Wilson asked in amazement. Her daughter Margaret said: "Yes. Isn't it?" Then, realizing where they were and what they were doing, the five women hurried to their seats just as Wilson and Taft approached the rostrum.

At ten minutes past one, Chief Justice Edward Douglass White, a Confederate

March 4, 1913: President Woodrow Wilson (hatless) receiving congratulations at conclusion of his first inaugural address. *Collections of the Library of Congress.*



veteran, administered to Woodrow Wilson the oath to preserve and protect the Constitution of the United States. The Bible, which had been used at Wilson's inauguration as governor of New Jersey, was open to the Psalm 119; when Wilson kissed the page his lips touched the words: "So shall I keep Thy Law." To get a better view of this great moment in her husband's life, Mrs. Wilson stood on her chair.

Waiting for the cheers to subside, Wilson noticed that directly in front of the platform were students from West Point and Annapolis, to serve as a buffer against the crowd that was restrained by a rope. Wilson turned to a nearby Army officer and said: "Have those men move away and remove that rope so that the people can come closer." This brought a thunder of adulation even greater than before.

Wilson's inaugural address was short, so rich with idealisms that the throng listened in spellbound silence. "This is not a day of triumph," he said in closing, "it is a day of dedication. Here muster not the forces of Party but the forces of humanity. Men's hearts wait upon us; men's lives hang in the balance; men's hopes call upon us to say what we will do. Who shall live up to the great trust? Who dares fail to try? I summon all honest men, all patriotic, all forward-looking men to my side. God helping me, I shall not fail them, if they will but counsel and sustain me!" Men would have died for him then and there, so stirred were they.

On the return to the White House, Taft stayed just long enough to say good-bye and good luck, then he left by a side door. Luncheon occupied Woodrow Wilson for an hour. At three o'clock he went out to the reviewing stand to watch the parade of forty thousand marchers (a record) who took over four hours to pass. The highlight of it, at least for Wilson, was the appearance of the Princeton boys, who stopped in front of the stand long enough to give him another "locomotive" cheer. Twilight fell quickly at six, darkening the Avenue and sending away some of the watchers, but then the lights in the Court of Honor were turned on, bringing gasps from those who

remained and bringing back most of those who had left. Wilson stood throughout the parade. At one point he commented, "A chair would feel comfortable right now," but when one was offered he refused it.

Finally at seven-fifteen the parade was over and President Wilson returned to the White House. He took a nap for an hour. At the Wilsons' request, there was no inaugural ball. However, later that evening Woodrow Wilson left the White House to attend a stag dinner of Princeton graduates, class of '79, his class.

Wilson's Second Inauguration March 5, 1917

Public sentiment during the 1916 Presidential contest between Woodrow Wilson and Charles Evans Hughes was so sharply, so evenly, divided that no candidate would hazard a guess on the outcome. In fact, two days before the election, Wilson informed his Cabinet that, in view of the world conditions caused by the war in Europe, he might, if he lost the election, ask his staff to join him in resigning from office in order to turn the Government over immediately to the newly elected leader of the country. Backed by a skillful, rich machine and benefiting from the factional complaints against Wilson, Hughes, virtually unknown nationally at the time of his nomination, so seriously threatened the Democratic administration that by midnight of election day Eastern newspapers were giving the race to Hughes. In New York Democrats were crying in their victory-party beer at the Biltmore Hotel, while Republicans were dancing in the streets outside the Astor Hotel. Hughes fell asleep that night believing that he was the President of the United States, only to awaken in the morning to discover that he was just an ordinary citizen—and unemployed, at that. It was California that

turned the table, falling into Wilson's column by a margin of less than four thousand votes. Wilson won in the Electoral College by a plurality of twenty-three votes. Had a handful of Californians voted the other way, Hughes would have won by three. Peace had been the basic issue. Historians subsequently opined that no matter which man would have won, war was inescapable. In the first days of the following March war was in the air in Washington. German submarine assaults on American shipping had been stepped up and could not be tolerated much longer. The only question was: how soon?

In such an atmosphere it was difficult for the Democrats to kick their heels over another victory. Even the most ardent of them realized that their remaining days at home were few, so the crowd that descended upon Washington for Woodrow Wilson's second inauguration was a third the size of that which had come four years before. People didn't feel much like celebrating. The Washington newspapers reported that Union Station, usually a bedlam on inauguration eve, was this time a morgue. Perhaps part of this was attributable to the calendar, for this year March 4 fell on a Sunday. Because of world affairs Wilson did not want the country to be, in essence if not in fact, without a President even for a day. He therefore announced that he would take his oath of office in private on Sunday and would take it again in public on Monday. The Monday ceremony would be, many people felt, anticlimactic.

Woodrow Wilson's wife Ellen had died on August 6, 1914; on December 18, 1915, he married Edith Galt, a widow, and on this Sunday morning it was she who rode with him to the Capitol for the private inauguration. They rode unescorted in a closed carriage; no one noticed them along the way. Reaching the Capitol at eleven, they went to the President's office, where a stack of bills awaited examination, the Congress being in special session in its two chambers. As Wilson worked, a mild traffic of Cabinet members and Congressional leaders moved in and out of the room, all

of them pausing briefly to visit with Mrs. Wilson, who sat in a corner of the room near the windows. In her hand was the small Bible which Wilson had used before and would use today.

Shortly before noon Chief Justice Edward D. White entered, accompanied by James D. Maher, Clerk of the Supreme Court. Wilson left his desk and went over to shake hands with the two men. As they advanced into the room, talking, they made their way to the mantle. There were about a dozen people in the room. Someone brought over the Bible and gave it to Maher. The clock began to strike twelve. "All right?" Justice White asked. Wilson nodded. Maher opened the Bible at random and presented it. Both White and Wilson placed a hand on it, raising the other. As White began to administer the oath the room went quiet. Everybody seemed to have backed away, leaving the three principals alone at the mantle. The doors were open. Several people watched from the corridor.

When the oath was finished, the Chief Justice added: "So help you God."

Slowly and solemnly, Wilson said: "So help me God." He took the Bible in both hands and kissed it, his lips touching the words: "The Lord is our refuge; a very presence in the time of trouble." He closed the Bible and gave it to Maher.

Chief Justice White offered his hand and said: "Mr. President, I am very, very happy."

They shook hands. "Thank you, sir," said Wilson. He shook hands with Maher. Mrs. Wilson had approached, and the President turned and pressed her hands and smiled. Others in the room came forward to congratulate the President, and while this was going on Wilson sent his wife an inquiring glance. She nodded; she was ready to leave, the Bible again in her grasp. Moments later, as the Wilsons were leaving, people in the corridors applauded them politely. Outside it was raining.

Monday morning was cold and overcast, but the wind changed at nine and the sun came out; the temperature was near freezing. Wilson got up at eight and at nine had



breakfast with his family and house guests. He had no appointments this morning, until the departure for the Capitol at eleven. Printed copies of his inaugural address arrived; he read one quickly before approving the release of it to the press. The morning passed quietly. At ten the Twelfth and Sixty-ninth Regiments of the New York National Guard moved into Pennsylvania Avenue: soldiers were stationed eight feet apart on both sides of the street all the way from the White House to the Capitol as special guards. This was the first time since Lincoln's second inauguration such precautions were taken to protect a President, but this was the first time since then that an emotion-torn nation presented possible danger. Meanwhile, in front of the New Willard Hotel, mounted cadets of Culver Academy formed ranks as the escort for Vice President Thomas Marshall, who, by his re-election, became the first Vice President to succeed himself since Daniel D. Tompkins under Monroe in 1821. Since these two men were succeeding themselves, they had room in their carriages for another passenger and each chose his wife.

At the Capitol, the ceremony was all in order. At twelve-fifteen the procession to the platform began. Wilson went outside, without an overcoat and hat, and when he and Marshall and Justice White were on the speaker's stage, acknowledging the cheers of the crowd of thirty-five thousand, the Chief Justice asked: "Mr. President, aren't you afraid you might catch cold?"

"No, I'm not," said Wilson amiably, but he soon changed his mind as the stiff wind swept across the stage. His coat and hat were brought to him, and as he donned

them the crowd expressed its approval by applauding.

The enormous platform slowly filled. Today the West Point and Annapolis men were not in front of it. Instead a line of mounted policemen was there and in back of them a line of Boy Scouts and Girl Scouts; beyond them, twenty feet from the platform, was the crowd. Wilson beckoned to his wife, who received an ovation as she came forward, and he indicated that he wanted her to remain close. She was standing just a few feet away when at twelve-forty-five Wilson took the oath of office for the second time. His inaugural address was as short as had been his first four years ago. It concentrated entirely on the threat of war, assuring the crowd and the world that America would not tolerate further harassment. "We are provincials no longer," he President said. "The tragic events of the thirty months of vital turmoil through which we have just passed have made us citizens of the world. There can be no turning back. Our own fortunes as a nation are involved whether we would have it so or not."

There was no inaugural ball, this time out of respect for Mrs. Wilson, who was in mourning, her sister having died a few days before. The social event of the day, therefore, was a buffet lunch attended by three hundred special guests at the White House. Afterwards, they all went out to the reviewing stand to watch the inaugural parade, a smaller one this time because so many of the military units were already on alert.

A month later the country was at war.

Twenty-ninth



WARREN GAMALIEL HARDING MARCH 4, 1921

Having won the First World War, America wanted little more to do with the world, and this was the core of the 1920 Presidential campaign. Tradition precluded Woodrow Wilson from a third term, but he would have run had he been nominated and he would have served had he been elected. This was a reversal from his attitude before the war, when he indicated to friends that he would be glad when his second term ended and he could return to private life. But, by 1920, the whole country had gone into reverse. After twenty years of progressivism, there was now a national trend toward the right. Wilson feared that the trend threatened what he profoundly believed to be the only hope for the future peace of the world—the League of Nations. The idea for the League had been encompassed by the fourteen points Wilson proposed for the peace treaty; it was one of the few points to survive the bitter negotiations in France.

Republican gains in the 1918 off-year elections, virtually on the eve of the armistice, weakened Woodrow Wilson's posture as the spokesman for a truly united country, and the Republican-led rejection by

the right-wing senate of the Versailles Treaty—and thereby the League of Nations—definitely marked his administration as a failure. Wilson now looked upon the 1920 election as a national referendum on both his policies and philosophy: his place in history depended on the outcome. To get his message across to the people, he went on a cross-country speaking trip in the early autumn of 1919. On September 26, after speaking at Pueblo, Colorado, he suffered a stroke that left him paralyzed on the left side. This put an end to his career.

Both major parties went into convention that summer of 1920 without a candidate of any stature, and both of them chose candidates of similar stature. Both were from Ohio, both were newspaper publishers, both were little known. The Democrats named James M. Cox, publisher of the *Dayton Daily News* and three times Governor of Ohio. The Republicans decided on Warren Gamaliel Harding, publisher of the *Marion Star*, also serving as Senator from Ohio. Both parties, too, picked Vice Presidential candidates who were superior to the standard bearers. The Democrats chose Franklin D. Roosevelt of

New York, former Assistant Secretary of the Navy; the Republicans chose Governor Calvin Coolidge of Massachusetts.

The question before the country was: Shall the United States take a more active part in world affairs or shall it not? All other issues were secondary, even phony. On Election Day, the voters, turning again to Conservatism, answered the question with a resounding no. In the popular vote, the Republicans won by almost two-to-one, in the Electoral College by almost three-to-one.

On Friday, March 4, the inauguration of the President of the United States was practically a family affair. The Hardings had announced well in advance that they wanted absolutely no fuss. There was to be no inaugural ball, there was not even to be an inauguration parade. Federal employees got the day off but the rest of the city followed its normal pursuits. Some believed that the decision was based on Harding's concern for Wilson's ill-health—the usual, strenuous day would have been too much for him. If so, this was an extraordinarily magnanimous gesture. At any rate, it resulted in a most unceremonious day.

The Hardings had no children of their own but they had numerous relatives, and on Thursday, March 3, some fifteen of them arrived in Washington by train from Ohio with the President-elect and his wife, all of them going to the New Willard Hotel. On the same train were two hundred Marion neighbors, the largest group and—judging from contemporary reports—presumably the only group to come to Washington for the inauguration. That afternoon, the Hardings had tea at the White House with the Wilsons, an awkward meeting that passed with difficulty. Because of the President's health, the Wilsons did not return the courtesy call.

Woodrow Wilson was determined to go through as much of the day's routine as his stamina would allow, rejecting suggestions from his wife and doctor that he excuse himself entirely. After breakfast at eight-thirty, he dressed in the formal morning clothes worn on these occasions, then, with

the help of a cane, made his way to his office on the second floor. Last-minute legislation was on his desk; he was still occupied with it at ten-thirty, when Edith Wilson came in to announce that the Hardings were downstairs in the Blue Room, as were the Marshalls, the Coolidges, and the Congressional escort. Wilson put on his overcoat and hat and, with his wife, took the elevator downstairs and went to the Blue Room.

Warren Harding was attentive and solicitous toward Wilson. When the time came to leave, he offered the President his arm and assisted him in this way to the door. Outside was a line of cars: for the first time, the inaugural ride to the Capitol was to be made by automobile. At the door, Wilson released Harding's arm and supported himself with his cane. A number of photographers were outside and Wilson wanted to face them on his own. He did not know that the photographers had already been ordered not to take any pictures of him as he limped along; fifty policemen were there to see to it that nobody tried. He managed to reach the car all right, but he needed help to get in. Harding gave him a hand, then went around the back of the car to get in on the left side. Now the photographers were allowed to do their work.

The only thing resembling a parade escort to the Capitol was a unit of mounted cavalymen up front, and they had to ride almost at a gallop to stay ahead of the fast-moving cars. Wires had been put up along the Avenue to hold back the crowd, only there was no crowd. At several intersections were small clusters of people who applauded as the motorcade sped by, but there were long stretches where there was nobody except those who were going about their business. The crowd in Capitol Park numbered about ten thousand—the place was virtually empty.

When the motorcade reached the Senate steps, Warren Harding and most of the others left the cars and hurried up the steps. Wilson remained where he was. The cars moved forward then, out of the crowd's sight, to a ground floor door, for

Wilson's convenience. As the arrangements for Coolidge's inauguration were proceeding, Vice President Marshall appointed the two Senate Floor Leaders to go to Wilson to ask if he had any further communications for the Senate. He did not. Almost immediately Harding and Coolidge came in and spoke quietly with Wilson at his desk. Wilson was heard to say: "I'm sorry, Mr. President, but it cannot be done." Harding and Coolidge shook hands with Wilson and then left. Wilson turned to his wife and, smiling, asked: "Are you ready to scoot?" This was the first indication that he had decided not to remain for the ceremonies. Minutes later, as Calvin Coolidge was approaching the Senate door to be inaugurated, Woodrow Wilson was approaching a White House car that was to take him to the home he had purchased on S Street.

In line with Harding's instructions for a simple inauguration, the enormous platform usually on the East Portico had not been erected this time. In its place stood a small kiosk that could accommodate about thirty people. On either side, facing it, were two small stands for any members of the Congress who wished to attend. In the kiosk were a few chairs and a small table on which lay the Bible that George Washington had used in New York. At the railing was a microphone: this was the first inauguration at which a loud-speaker system was used. Earlier, engineers had tested it by reading Lincoln's Gettysburg Address.

It was one o'clock when the principals began to approach the kiosk and the stands, one-eighteen, when Harding took the oath of office from Chief Justice White. After repeating the oath, Harding added: "So help me God." He kissed the Bible. The crowd cheered and the Marine Band played the National Anthem. Harding's speech lasted thirty-seven minutes. In it he urged a return to normalcy, which had been his campaign theme, though nobody knew exactly what it meant; he now also said that the home market should be exploited more and that America should avoid foreign entanglements at all costs.

The loud speaker enabled everyone in the crowd to hear him clearly; his words were interrupted several times by applause, usually initiated by the Republican Congressmen on the adjacent platforms.

After the speech, President Harding returned to the Senate chamber for an executive session at which he presented the names of his Cabinet for approval. Thomas Jefferson had been the last President to submit his Cabinet to the Senate in this way. Harding's Cabinet contained some names that were to live as long as his—State Secretary Charles Evans Hughes, Treasury Secretary Andrew W. Mellon, Agriculture Secretary Henry C. Wallace, Commerce Secretary Herbert C. Hoover. The list was quickly approved.

At two-thirty, the President's party returned to the waiting cars for the ride to the White House. The crowd had already left the plaza; the Avenue was even emptier than before. At the White House, only the family went inside, to lunch at a table set for seventeen. At three, President Harding received the two hundred neighbors who had traveled with him from Ohio. At a quarter to five, when he observed a large crowd out on the street beyond the fence, he rescinded an order Wilson had given on April 6, 1917, the day war was declared, that no visitors were to be allowed on the White House grounds. Now the gates were opened. Four or five hundred people swarmed across the lawn, up to the house, and they pressed their noses against the windows as they peered in. Harding also announced that thereafter people who requested permission in writing would be allowed to tour the White House. At five o'clock, a hundred members of the Hamilton Club of Chicago were led into the East Room to meet President Harding, and they gave him a gold membership pin to their elite executive organization. That evening, the same members of the Harding family who had lunched at the White House also dined there; they were to spend the night. There were no other visitors.

The only event in the city that at all suggested the glamour usually associated with an inauguration night took place at the

sumptuous home of Evalyn Walsh McLean, wife of the publisher of the *Washington Post*. A dinner party held there had as its guests of honor Vice President Calvin Coolidge and his wife and the new cabinet members with their wives. After the dinner two hundred Washington socialites arrived

for dancing. That night, gathered in one house, were most of the people who would soon become the perpetrators of scandal and the victims of tragedy. Perhaps it was not irrelevant that at the time Evalyn McLean was the owner of the accursed Hope Diamond.



March 4, 1921: President-elect Warren G. Harding rides to his inauguration with President Woodrow Wilson. *Collections of the Library of Congress.*

Thirtieth



CALVIN COOLIDGE
AUGUST 3, 1923

The Teapot Dome scandal was still boiling when, on June 30, 1923, President Harding, his wife, and their party left Washington by train on a western trip that was to take them all the way to Alaska. The city was hot, but Harding's political predicament was much hotter. Congressional investigations revealed his administration to be rife with corruption. Millions of government dollars had found their way into private hands—sometimes the hands of underworld leaders. More personally, it was known that the President was drinking heavily, that he was the father of an illegitimate child whose mother continued to make secret visits to her lover in the White House, and that Harding had lost a fortune playing the stock market. Thus the trip, a brief escape from Washington, seemed a wise move all the way around.

If there was one person beyond reproach in the Harding administration it was Vice President Calvin Coolidge. Aloof, reserved, laconic, the New Englander had little to do with the administration, little to do with the Government itself despite his high position. He once admitted to a friend that being the Governor of Massa-

chusetts had been a more important job than the Vice Presidency. In Washington he kept himself apart from the usual political circles, and had it not been for his charming, gay wife, he probably would not have participated in any social events.

The absence of the President from Washington was no reason why the Vice President should remain there: the nature of American politics puts the Government wherever the President happens to be. Thus, as Harding's party was arriving at Seattle from Alaska at the end of July, Calvin Coolidge left Washington to spend a few days at his father's farm near Plymouth, Vermont, in the house where he had been born.

Harding's trip had not been a pleasant one, his Washington woes hounding him all the way. Moreover, the President was ill. He had a cardiac condition that had been incorrectly diagnosed as a digestive disturbance and which was to remain unrecognized for what it was almost to the end. He tired easily; a short walk or climbing stairs exhausted him. Evidence of his exhaustion, however, had become so apparent that when on July 27 his party re-

turned to Seattle, his doctors ordered Harding to bed. He refused, going instead to address an outdoor political rally in the afternoon and to a banquet that night. On Sunday, July 29, when he arrived at San Francisco, he was so weak that a wheel chair was brought to the station for him. He rejected it, walking from the train to a car and later from the car into the hotel to the elevator and then to his room. There he collapsed.

Now his heart condition could not be denied. San Francisco specialists were summoned. For three days and nights the doctors worked on the President continuously. His response to treatment was almost miraculous and by Thursday morning, August 2, he was looking and feeling so well that the specialists were dismissed and an optimistic prognosis was released to the press. The Hardings expected to be on their way to Washington in a day or two.

That Thursday evening at seven-thirty Mrs. Harding was alone with the President, reading to him an article from the *Saturday Evening Post* entitled "A Calm View of a Calm Man," in which Harding was praised for his swift, direct, and unemotional handling of the scandals that had sprung up all around him. Mrs. Harding was in the middle of a sentence when the President sat up stiffly, shuddered severely, then sank back. Mrs. Harding ran to the door and cried out for Doctor Boone, who was just down the hall, and when the young physician bent over Harding's body seconds later, he saw that the President was dead.

It was ten-thirty in the East. In his father's house in Plymouth, Vermont, Calvin Coolidge was already asleep, as he usually was by this hour. He had spent the day trying to save an old maple tree that had been attacked by fungus. He had gouged out the rotted wood and intended the next day to pack the hole with cement. That the Vice President of the United States should occupy himself in this way was not unusual for Plymouth. In the hamlet of two hundred people, everybody knew everyone else and many people had known Coolidge since his boyhood on his father's

small farm. After his graduation from Amherst College, they had watched him rise in the political life of Northampton, Massachusetts, where he settled to practice law, progressing from city councilman to mayor, then state senator to Governor. Ordinarily he came home every summer; ordinarily he helped out around the house. It was an old house, the oldest parts of it built by his great-grandparents when they migrated from Lancaster, England, in 1780, with additions made as the family's needs required. It was now a rambling house, but the rooms were small. It had no electricity, no indoor water facilities. Coolidge's mother had died when he was twelve, his sister when he was eighteen; living in the old house now were his father, Colonel John Coolidge, seventy-eight, a notary public as well as a farmer; Aurora Pierce, the housekeeper; and Bessie Pratt, the maid. Traveling with Coolidge and his wife were Edwin C. Geisser, a clerk in the Vice President's office, and Joseph M. McInerney, a chauffeur. There were two guests: ex-Congressman Porter H. Dale and L. L. Lane of the Railway Mail Association.

Calvin Coolidge had been kept informed about Harding's illness in San Francisco through the press and through despatches wired from Washington to the telegraph office in Rutland, twelve miles away. The news on Thursday that the President was improving restored peace and quiet at the Vermont farm. Soon after ten the Coolidge house was blacked out. Shortly after midnight there was a banging on the door: it was a telegram from Washington with the announcement that Harding had died and that Coolidge should make immediate arrangements to be sworn in as President.

Mrs. Coolidge broke down and wept. "What a blow, what a terrible blow to poor Mrs. Harding," she said. "She has had such a heavy burden to bear up under—and now this!"

Others had come from their rooms—John Coolidge, Dale and Lane, Geisser, McInerney. Coolidge told them what had happened, and then he asked: "Father, are you still a notary?"

"Yes, Cal," the Colonel said.

"Then I want you to administer the oath."

"All right, Cal."

"Do you know the wording of the oath?" Coolidge asked.

"No, I don't."

Nobody else did. Coolidge frowned. "I don't remember it myself." He turned to his clerk. "Edwin, send a telegram to Washington and tell them to wire us the wording of the oath of office."

It was two-thirty in the morning when the reply arrived from Washington. Meanwhile Joseph H. Fountain of the Springfield, Vermont, *Reporter* reached the Coolidge house, about to become the only newspaperman in the country to witness the inauguration of the new President. The Bible used was not the family Bible but one Coolidge's mother had used a great deal. A kerosene lamp was lighted to

provide better illumination. At two-forty-seven in the old farmhouse and in the presence of only six others, John Coolidge, holding the Bible in one hand and the telegram in the other, gave the oath of office to his son, who thus became the only President to be inaugurated by his father.

The ceremony over, Calvin Coolidge stood in silence for a moment, thinking, then said: "I think I can swing it."

He shook hands with the men present and kissed his wife. John Coolidge left the house and went across the road to the post office. On the second floor was a large meeting room which, expecting crowds momentarily, he wanted to open to accommodate all the people. But the village was dark and quiet, everyone asleep. Even the Coolidge housekeeper and maid had slept through the historic event.

At seven in the morning, however, all of Plymouth's two hundred citizens were in

August 3, 1923: An artist's representation of President Calvin Coolidge taking his first oath of office from his father in the parlor of the old family home at Plymouth, Vt. *From the Boston Post, 1925. Collections of the Library of Congress.*



front of the house cheering Calvin as he entered his car to begin the journey to Washington. Moments later everyone was gone again, and again there was quiet. John Coolidge went into his barn to feed and water his horse. Then he turned to the chore the President of the United States had left unfinished. He put cement in the hole in the trunk of the maple tree.

Coolidge's

Second Inauguration

March 4, 1925

The President arose at six-thirty, early, since he had been up late the night before—late, at least, for him. On Tuesday, March 3, a performance of “Aida” was given at the newly constructed Auditorium Theatre, and the President had attended with his father, his son John, his mother-in-law, and a number of Massachusetts friends. Mrs. Coolidge remained at the White House. Her younger son, Calvin, Jr., had died the previous summer from complications after a foot injury and she was still in mourning. Actually the Coolidges had seldom gone out during their eighteen months at the White House, and they entertained only when protocol required. Their son's death had made them even more retiring. Attending the opera was, therefore, the only festive observation Calvin Coolidge allowed himself in a city that was ringing with joy. He returned to the White House after ten-thirty, a half-hour after his customary bed time, and it was another half-hour before he turned out the lights in his room.

Clearly, the stigma suffered by the Republican Party during the Harding years had been erased. The administration was clean, the economy seemed sound, rising prosperity appeared certain, taxes had been cut—with promises of more cuts. Coolidge's tight-budget and hands-off-business policies were heralded by industry. The prophets of doom and gloom, who kept

warning that the economy was far from sound and prosperity far from certain, had, so it seemed, been firmly shut up by the electorate.

Understandably, then, the President was in a good mood on the morning of his second inauguration. Minutes after arising he stepped out of the White House front door and looked at the sky. It was gray but the forecast was for clearing. The President left the porch and began to walk across the lawn to the fence. Two Secret Service men fell in behind him. Reaching the fence, Coolidge looked through the bars to the reviewing stand on the sidewalk; workmen were putting the finishing touches to it. Interested, he walked along the fence to the gate on the Treasury Building side, then went out to the bleachers and began to inspect them carefully. Across the street in Lafayette Square early parade-watchers had already taken advantageous positions along the curb; they recognized the President and applauded him, but he did not acknowledge them. Apparently satisfied with the seating arrangements, he went back into the White House for breakfast.

By eight he was at his desk, signing minor bills, chatting with his secretary, Everett Sanders, and receiving a few friends. The White House gates were closed at nine to keep out the growing crowds. Only accredited reporters and photographers were admitted, and already there was an array of them at the front door. John, the President's son, arrived from his college and, not having eaten as yet, was served a breakfast in the family quarters on the second floor. His mother and grandfather sat with him.

The President had asked that the inauguration ceremonies be simple. For the most part, his wish was heeded. There were only fourteen cars in the procession to the Capitol, only three military units—one from each branch of the services. Ordinarily Pennsylvania Avenue would have been lined with bleachers, but today there were bleachers only in three or four places along the several blocks. All buildings along the route displayed the flag; only a

few buildings were decorated with bunting.

At ten-forty the inauguration principals were in their cars and moving down to the White House gate. The plan was to have the Navy unit march in front of the Coolidge car, with the Marines behind, then the Vice President's car, and then the Army. Coolidge's car took its proper position, but by the time the Dawes car came forward the Army had moved in close behind the Marines and there was no room, so Vice President-elect Charles Dawes' auto brought up the rear on the trip to the Capitol. A few minutes past eleven Coolidge, his wife, father, son, and a few friends entered the President's office adjacent to the Senate chamber. Coolidge went directly to a desk and began to read the pile of bills awaiting his signature.

The delay caused by the final minutes of Senate work disrupted the schedule for the inauguration of Dawes precisely at noon. Three times a newspaper reporter had to lean over the press box railing and push the Senate clock back to twelve o'clock. It was almost a quarter past the hour before members of the House were in their places: Mrs. Coolidge, Mrs. Dawes, and their guests in the gallery; the Cabinet, the Supreme Court, and the diplomatic corps in the front rows below. Applause rose as Dawes was escorted into the room and to the raised desk, and more applause as Coolidge entered with his escort.

Then Senator A. B. Cummins of Iowa, president pro tempore of the Senate, stood and said: "It is now twelve o'clock—" and his words declaring the adjournment of the Sixty-eighth Congress *sine die* were lost in laughter. He then announced an immediate special session for the purpose of the inaugurations. Dawes stood up, a Bible was presented, and the new Vice President took his oath of office in a loud, firm voice. He then launched into his inaugural address, which was an unusual one in the circumstances. He sharply criticized the Senate for its filibusters that had held up legislation Coolidge had wanted. His words brought cheers and applause from the gallery, but the men seated in front of him were strangely quiet.

At twelve-fifty-six Calvin Coolidge was escorted outside to the front of the platform on the East Portico and four minutes were occupied in preparing for the oath, given at one o'clock. The Bible used at Plymouth was used again, and two inaugural firsts occurred: Coolidge became the first President to take his oath of office from a former President—Chief Justice William H. Taft, the country's twenty-seventh President, appointed to the high court by Harding in 1921; second, Coolidge was the first President to have his oath and inaugural address broadcast over radio—twenty-five stations carried his words to an audience of twenty million.

The President's speech ran forty-two minutes. Hatless, Coolidge stood on a raised platform, seldom gesturing, seldom changing his tone or varying his pace. He touched on the problems of the day—peace, disarmament, economy, spiritual values, a world court—and he was optimistic about them all. Part way through his speech, great numbers of his audience wandered off to the parade route to find good positions before the rest of the crowd arrived. Enough remained, however, to give the speech rousing approval when it was finished. Coolidge did not stay for all of the applause. A minute after his last words, he and Dawes were in their cars for the fast ride to the reviewing stand in front of the White House.

The parade verged on insignificance. Colonel Archibald Hopkins, a contemporary commenter on Washington affairs, complained in the *Evening Star* that if any more of the pageantry was eliminated from Presidential inaugurations the ceremony might disappear from the American scene altogether. But Coolidge had wanted it this way. Political and fraternal organizations which usually provided the zest for inaugural parades were banned from this one. Visiting governors participating in the parade were instructed to limit their groups to one hundred people. The Armed Forces dominated the event, giving it a military atmosphere that seemed out of place here and now. Rumbling tanks drowned out the few bands. The whole thing was over in less than an hour.



There was no inaugural ball. Instead, various Washington civic organizations held a charity ball that evening at the Mayflower Hotel. The Coolidges did not attend but dined at the White House with relatives and a few friends. Before the ball dinners were given by the various groups at hotels throughout the downtown section of the city, with all parties converging on the Mayflower around ten. A miniature inaugural parade was performed, minus the

tanks, as each governor and his entourage marched through a chain of ballrooms to the main room, to the accompaniment of small bands. Finally, escorted by sailors, soldiers, and Marines, came the Vice President and Mrs. Dawes, and when they were settled in the Presidential box the dancing began.

The whole country was dancing, whirling its way to disaster.

March 4, 1925: President Calvin Coolidge in the reviewing stand on the White House grounds during his second inaugural parade. *Collections of the Library of Congress.*

Thirty-first



HERBERT CLARK HOOVER
MARCH 4, 1929

While vacationing in the Black Hills of South Dakota in August, 1927, Calvin Coolidge issued the following statement to the press: "I do not choose to run for President in 1928." A typically laconic Coolidge remark, the statement shook the Republican Party. Despite his frigid personality, President Coolidge enjoyed widespread popularity. His hands-off attitude toward everything won him the support of Capitol Hill, industry, Wall Street and every other segment of the country that opposed government intervention. Replacing a man who was popular, personally spotless, and politically innocuous was going to be a difficult job, and the Party leaders knew it. A "draft Coolidge" movement took shape, but Coolidge himself squelched it. No less a Party idol than William Howard Taft approached Coolidge personally, but to no avail.

Commerce Secretary Herbert Clark Hoover, his path cleared, wasted no time. His eyes had been on the White House for years. In 1920 the Democrats offered him the key, until he disclosed that he was a Republican, and when his own Party failed to display similar generosity he went out

after it himself. Days after the Coolidge announcement, state bosses began to receive visits from Hoover men who wanted to have a long talk about their candidate. Rarely had a bandwagon been so skilfully constructed. Almost a half million dollars went into it and it picked up speed so subtly that it was out in front before anyone realized it, and favorite sons, who had had their own ambitions, found themselves riding with Hoover because there was nothing else to do. The only problem was that Hoover had not consulted Coolidge, who ordinarily would have had something to say in choosing his successor, and Coolidge was displeased by the oversight. One word from Coolidge, even at the last minute, would have been enough to turn back the Hoover tide, but Coolidge did not speak. At the Kansas City convention, the first roll call put Hoover well over the top, and the nomination was then given to him unanimously. Charles Curtis received the Vice Presidential nomination.

At Houston, Alfred E. Smith had almost as easy a time of it. For months Smith forces had been traveling through the South, trying to overcome objections to

him on the basis of his Catholic religion, and the first ballot at Houston indicated that they had been successful. Smith was only ten votes short of the necessary two-thirds majority. After Ohio switched to him from its favorite son, giving Smith the nomination, other hold-out states quickly fell into line and made the nomination unanimous. Joseph T. Robinson was Smith's running-mate.

Whatever problems faced the nation in the autumn of 1928, the two that figured most prominently in the Presidential campaign were Prohibition and the Pope. In accepting the Democratic nomination, Al Smith, a known "wet," also accepted the Party platform pledge "to make an honest effort to uphold the Eighteenth Amendment," but it was promptly charged that, if elected, he would quickly have the Amendment repealed and touch off an epidemic of alcoholism across the country. The fact that the Amendment itself had touched off the worst crime wave in the country's history did not disturb the Prohibitionists as much as the threat to national morality in the possible return of the neighborhood saloon. The religious controversy got completely out of hand. Top Republican campaigners avoided the subject of course, but the underground battle was fierce and dirty, thriving on stupidity and prejudice.

The heaviest turnout in election history gave Hoover a plurality of six million votes—forty states with 444 Electoral votes to Smith's eighty-seven. Smith carried only six of the hard-core Southern Democrat states, plus Catholic Massachusetts and Rhode Island. It was a sad and crushing defeat, but a year later Al Smith could be grateful for it, for when Wall Street collapsed the following October it fell on Hoover.

Hoover's victory did not warm his relationship with the White House. For much of the four months until inauguration, the Hoovers traveled; for several weeks they were out of the country on a Latin-American cruise.

Inauguration Day fell on a Monday this year, providing Washington with a lucra-

tive weekend. More than two hundred thousand visitors poured into the city. Many had to sleep in their cars or on their special trains. Victory still hung zestfully in the air, there was dancing in the street, singing in the hotel lobbies and—Prohibition or not—anybody who wanted a drink had no trouble finding one. The only worry was the weather. Sunday was heavily overcast, but the weather man claimed that rain would not fall until late Monday.

Hoover arose early Sunday morning and after breakfast with his family went with them to Quaker services at the Little Friends Meeting House on Irving Street. Some two hundred worshipers were in the church, all mindful of the important personage in their midst, but the only reference to him came when a woman arose and prayed: "For one of us upon whom his fellow countrymen have placed a heavy burden we all come to Thee again for Thy good will, that he may feel not only that the hearts of his countrymen are with him but has Thy everlasting grace."

After the service, some five hundred people outside applauded the President-elect as he drove off with his family. At noon, the Hoovers gave a lunch for the new Cabinet members and their wives. The only other caller Hoover received that day was Robert Woods Bliss, Ambassador to Argentina. That evening the Hoovers were invited to dinner at the White House, as were Vice President-elect Charles Curtis, his sister and official hostess Mrs. Edward Gann, and Frank W. Stearns and Mrs. Earl P. Charlton, two Coolidge friends from Massachusetts. In view of Coolidge's natural iciness, his dislike for Hoover and Hoover's dislike for Curtis, a critic who had been forced on him by the convention, the evening ended early.

The weather man was wrong. But the heavy rains that fell intermittently all day Monday made little difference to the Republican revelers. Out early, they jammed Pennsylvania Avenue until it was impossible for anyone to run for cover during the sporadic cloudbursts, and people just stood there helplessly, laughing at themselves. The inauguration principals went through





March 4, 1929: President Herbert C. Hoover taking his oath of office from Chief Justice William Howard Taft. *AP Newsfeatures Photo from Wide World Photos.*

their duties in the same good spirit. The Coolidges and Hoovers rode together in an open car to the Capitol, and to everyone's surprise Calvin Coolidge seemed to be enjoying himself immensely. Many Washingtonians saw his smile for the first time as he waved to the crowd, tipped his hat repeatedly, and engaged in animated conversation with his wife. This was good-bye to Washington for him, apparently with no regrets; ready at Union Station was the train that would take him home.

It was noon by the Senate clock, though twelve-twenty-five by the correct time, when Vice President Curtis took his oath of office in the crowded chamber that smelled of wet fur and wool. He swore upon one of the oldest Bibles in existence, a Geis edition printed in Cologne in 1564 and verified by the signature of the Emperor Ferdinand of Germany. Kansas Representative James G. Strong had first offered the Bible to Hoover, but the President-elect preferred to use a Bible that had been in his family for generations.

As Curtis was announcing the procession to the outside platform, a Senate marshal came up with the news that rain had begun to pour. Would it be advisable to wait a while or perhaps transfer the ceremonies to the chamber? No. Herbert Hoover knew that a throng estimated at one hundred thousand filled Capitol Park and the adjoining streets: he did not want to disappoint them. Quickly, then, the procession formed and began to move outside. A pagoda had been built at the speaker's platform to protect the new President as he read his speech, but a strong wind swept the rain horizontally across the plaza and the pagoda was as drenched as the platform behind it.

Something seemed to have gone wrong. There was Hoover in the pagoda, Coolidge beside him, Chief Justice Taft in front of him, several others, and they were just standing there. The crowd, having yelled itself hoarse, was quiet, waiting, wondering. At last after several minutes, two small figures appeared at the rear of the platform, huddled together against the rain, and they came hurrying forward—Mrs.

Coolidge and Mrs. Hoover, flustered, laughing, embarrassed. On leaving the Senate gallery, they had gotten lost in the Capitol's labyrinthine corridors and had to ask for help to find their way out. Now the ceremony could proceed. Hoover had instructed that the Bible was to be opened to the Sermon on the Mount, but because of the disruption caused by the missing First Ladies it was opened at random and Hoover's fingers rested on Proverbs II, 9:18—"Where there is no vision the people perish; but he that keepeth the law, happy is he." Sadly, there had been no economic vision for some time, and the law would be helpless against the chaos that lowered on the horizon.

President Hoover's half-hour inaugural address was a disappointing plea for the status quo, except in one area. *END CRIME!* *HOOVER MESSAGE TO U.S.*, was all the Washington *Herald* could find in the speech to use for a headline. Europe received the message with a shrug: America evidently intended to remain in its shell. The great crowd on the plaza gave the speech mild approval, showing spirit only when Hoover pledged stern enforcement of the Eighteenth Amendment, which had been the cause of the crime. At one-forty, the Coolidges were congratulating the new President before going to their train. Vice President Curtis and his sister rode back with the Hoovers to the White House, reaching there at two minutes past two. By now, President Hoover was soaked to the skin. His clothes had been moved into the Executive Mansion during the ceremonies at the Capitol; he went upstairs and changed.

By the time he came down, three hundred celebrated guests had arrived for a buffet luncheon that lasted an hour. At three, they all accompanied Hoover out to the reviewing stand to watch a parade of twenty-thousand marchers. Capturing special attention was the popular Major John Coolidge of the Connecticut militia, who gave his father's successor a snappy salute as his unit passed in the pouring rain. Hoover returned to the White House at five and went immediately to work on the

Cabinet list to be presented to the Senate the next day.

Vice President Curtis and Mrs. Gann represented the Administration at the charity ball held that night at the Washington Auditorium. By all accounts, it was the biggest such event in the Capital's history. Six orchestras had to be hired to play for dancers in the various nooks of the vast arena. All day the heavy rain had caused traffic jams all over the city. To avoid that at the ball, parking was forbidden on the surrounding streets and private cars were not allowed to call for departing guests after the ball was over. A fleet of taxis was hired so that all the guests could go home by cab. Six months later, a lot of them couldn't afford taxi fare.

Thirty-second



FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT MARCH 4, 1933

The 1929 Depression turned Herbert Hoover's administration into the bleakest any President had ever experienced. An extremely capable executive, Hoover struggled in vain to overcome the financial crisis. His greatest obstacle was the political philosophy of his own Party—that Government should keep its hands off business and that the problems of the nation should be resolved at the state level. Both these attitudes kept President Hoover hamstrung during the worst economic disaster the country had ever faced. By the summer of 1932, fifteen million were unemployed. Lethargy gripped the land.

The hour demanded a daring man, a man of bold and dramatic action, a dashing and forceful leader, and the man who appeared filled the role superbly. He was Franklin Delano Roosevelt, Governor of New York, whose campaign for the nomination was masterfully supervised by James A. Farley, chairman of the New York Democratic Committee. Opposed in the East by the powerful Tammany Hall which favored Al Smith, Farley built up Roosevelt's strength in the South and West, putting him well in the lead before the

convention began. The Tammany forces disintegrated on the fourth ballot. In a dramatic gesture typical of him, Roosevelt flew to Chicago to accept the nomination and unify the Party. He stirred the delegates by vigorously declaring: "I pledge you, I pledge myself, to a new deal for the American people." So the campaign got a name, and so did an era.

The Depression was the major campaign issue. Hoover did not stand a chance. Roosevelt and his running-mate, House Speaker John Nance Garner of Texas, won the popular vote by a margin of 3-to-1 and swept the Electoral College by 9-to-1.

At the end of February, 1933, Franklin Roosevelt was at his Hyde Park home, working on his inaugural address. On the morning of Wednesday, March 1, he went by car to his New York City home. For over a month, bank after bank had been failing across the country. On this Wednesday morning, banks in twelve states declared "holidays" and kept their doors shut rather than face further depletion of their reserves by panicked depositors who were withdrawing their money in fear of more bank closures. In New York, Roosevelt

summoned William Woodin, who was to become his Treasury Secretary; he remained at the Roosevelt house until they left for Washington the following afternoon. As he came from the house, the President-elect was smiling broadly, as though he hadn't a care in the world. Actually, he had decided against taking on the cares of the world until he had the authority to do something about them.

It was this decision that brought about a bitter confrontation of Hoover and Roosevelt on Friday at the White House. The Roosevelts were staying at the Mayflower Hotel. At four, Franklin and Eleanor Roosevelt, with their son James and his wife Betsy, arrived at the White House for the traditional courtesy call. The Roosevelts were kept waiting in the Green Room for several minutes before Mrs. Hoover came in and there was another half-hour wait before the President entered. With him was Ogden Mills, his Secretary of the Treasury. Hoover and Mills plunged into a discussion about the failing banks, but Roosevelt refused to express any opinions without the presence of some of his "Brain Trust" advisers. This infuriated Hoover, who feared that the nation's entire banking system was about to collapse at any moment.

When the time came to leave, Roosevelt said: "Mr. President, I know how busy you must be, so I suggest that it would be all right if you don't make the customary return call on me at the hotel." To which Hoover reportedly said: "Mr. Roosevelt, when you have been in Washington as long as I have been, you will learn that the President of the United States calls on nobody." And he stalked out.

Both men spent the evening with their advisers. President Hoover telephoned Roosevelt twice, at eleven-thirty and at one o'clock in the morning, and the outcome was that both men agreed that the country would probably get through the weekend without falling apart. Roosevelt went to bed immediately; Hoover retired an hour later.

On the day he became President, Franklin Roosevelt arose at eight and had breakfast with his wife. Mrs. Roosevelt had al-

ready been up an hour and had taken her terrier Meggie for a walk. It was a chilly, heavily overcast morning, but there was a good wind and the prediction that the day would clear as it progressed. The police had estimated that over three hundred thousand outlanders had come to the city for the inauguration in the past two days, with more pouring in by car at the last moment. All week there had been victory parties in homes and hotels. Friday evening, thirty governors held a joint reception at the Pan-American Building, attended by ten thousand. At Constitution Hall there had been a concert featuring Rosa Ponselle, Lawrence Tibbett, Efrem Zimbalist, Hans Kindler and the National Symphony Orchestra, where the principal guest was Mrs. Sara Delano Roosevelt, mother of the President-elect, who was scheduled to stay at the White House indefinitely.

The country seemed to have no crises at all this Saturday morning. The crowds were out early. Mrs. Roosevelt had been cheered as she walked her dog. Franklin Roosevelt was cheered when, at ten, he, his family, and some friends crossed the Mayflower lobby. Outside on Connecticut Avenue, a mob waited for a glimpse of the President-elect, but the cars had been sent around to the LaSalle Street exit, which the Secret Service recommended as a safeguard. There was reason to be watchful. On February 15, after finishing a speech in Miami, Roosevelt had been shot at by Giuseppe Zangara, an Italian immigrant who admitted that for years he had felt compelled to kill a capitalist king or president. He missed Roosevelt but shot five others, including Mayor Anton Cermak of Chicago who still lay in a Florida hospital fighting a losing battle for his life.

This Saturday morning the Roosevelts were going to church, a feature which had not been part of an inauguration day since George Washington's first. Washington had led New Yorkers to church after taking his oath; Roosevelt was going to church before taking his. The service was held in St. John's Episcopal Church on Lafayette Square, opposite the White House; the minister was the Reverend Endicott Pea-

body who had married Franklin and Eleanor Roosevelt twenty-eight years before. As Roosevelt prayed during the brief ceremony he buried his face in his hands.

Vice President-elect Garner was already at the Capitol, bringing to a close his career as House Speaker. He had been invited to join Roosevelt at the White House for the ride along Pennsylvania Avenue, but he declined, dismissing the entire ceremony as "Foolishness." Vice President Curtis, therefore, did not go to the White House either but spent the morning in the Senate, closing his career as its presiding officer. Having occupied himself at his desk most of the morning, President Hoover left the Executive Wing at ten-thirty-six and walked down the enclosed corridor to the White House to get his hat and coat. About ten-forty-five, Roosevelt's seven-car motorcade drew up to the front door.

Franklin Roosevelt now broke another precedent: he did not get out of the car to go into the White House for the customary brief visit. However, Eleanor Roosevelt got out and, going up the few steps to the porch, chatted with White House aides until Hoover came out five minutes later. Mrs. Hoover followed almost immediately. All three shook hands at the door. Then Herbert Hoover went to Roosevelt's car and shook hands with him before sitting at his right side. The two women went to the second car. Seated next to the chauffeur in the Presidential car was a Secret Service man; in the same position in the second car was James Roosevelt, ready to go forward to help his father when the entourage reached the Capitol.

In the excitement everybody forgot about the cavalry unit waiting in the Court of Honor to escort the motorcade. A Secret Service agent gave the signal to start, the vehicles moved out quickly, swept into the Avenue and were just passing the Treasury Building when there were cries of "Wait!" from behind and the cavalry troop came galloping up to take its place at the head of the line.

Pennsylvania Avenue was jammed. Experts estimated that three hundred thousand people packed the sidewalks and the

bleachers. It was a high-spirited crowd, cheering, applauding, singing at the top of its lungs that happy days were here again. Roosevelt loved it, his big grin broad on his face, as he laughed and waved and raised his hat. Herbert Hoover looked straight ahead, scarcely saying a word, until Roosevelt gave up trying to make conversation with him.

At nine minutes after eleven, the cars stopped at the Senate steps. Filling the park and the streets beyond were an estimated 115,000 people, all of them shouting ecstatically. As most of the Presidential retinue was hurrying up the stairs, James Roosevelt went forward to help his father from the car. A ramp had been installed on the stairs; Franklin held his son's arm as he made his way up the ramp, pausing from time to time to rest, to wave at the crowd. Inside the building, he was escorted to the Military Affairs Committee room. Hoover was already in his office, signing or rejecting last minute legislation. Mrs. Hoover, in beige wool, and Mrs. Roosevelt, in blue, had taken their places in the Presidential pew in the Senate gallery. On the far side of the building, John Nance Garner, strictly a no-nonsense man, had refused to dress formally for the occasion and wore a brown business suit with brown shoes. After thirty years in the capital, he was no longer impressed by what was happening around him and what was about to happen to him. Many events this day were happening for the last time. The Twentieth Amendment had been passed, changing inauguration day from March 4 to January 20 and setting the opening day for the new Congress on January 3. At future inaugurations there would be no last-minute legislation to delay the ceremonies, and there would be no reason to use the Senate chamber for anything but a gathering place for the procession to the East Portico. The four-month political lethargy that had hamstrung past Presidents had come to an end; the "lame duck" had been laid to rest.

At last, twenty-eight minutes late, events began. Garner adjourned the House and said good-bye, then strolled across the Ro-

tunda to the Senate door. He paid no attention to the applause that accompanied him to a seat at Curtis's left. Hoover came in next and after a few minutes Roosevelt, on his son's arm. Curtis called the session to order, administered the oath to Garner, said a few words of farewell, then brought the Seventy-second Congress to a close. Garner immediately summoned the Seventy-third Congress into session and asked the Chaplain for a prayer. When this was done and the procession was forming, Garner left his desk and went to Roosevelt to be congratulated with a shake of hands and a slap on the back.

Outside, benches to accommodate twelve thousand ticket-holders had been erected on the asphalt section of the plaza, but the crowd beyond was so thick that many of the privileged guests had been unable to get through to the benches, and there were vacant patches throughout the area. Actually, it was a bit too chilly to sit down for long; the temperature was thirty-seven degrees. A stiff wind kept the thick clouds moving fast; occasionally the sun broke through.

Increasing tension brought its own warmth as members of the procession began to fill the vast platform. For Roosevelt's convenience ramps had been installed on the approaches to the platform, and when he came into sight the great shout that went up from the crowd suggested a messianic appearance. Indeed, the country yearned for a messiah: there seemed to be no other way out of the present chaos. This was, without doubt, the most critical moment in the nation's history since Lincoln's first inauguration in 1861, when war threatened to destroy the Union. Gripped now in its worst economic despair, America needed a man of miracles.

Chief Justice Charles Evans Hughes refused to proceed until the shouting subsided and he had to wait several minutes. Then Roosevelt and he placed their left hands on the Dutch Bible which Roosevelt's ancestors had brought to the country three hundred years before. It was opened, at Roosevelt's request, to First Corinthians,

thirteenth chapter, in which Paul wrote on the nature of true charity. Roosevelt added "So help me God" to his oath, but he did not kiss the Bible, turning, instead, to shake the hands of those near him, and then he faced the crowd.

His short address rang with daring and determination. "The only thing we have to fear is fear itself," he said, "nameless, unreasoning, unjustified terror which paralyzes needed efforts to convert retreat into advance." Without going into details, he disclosed that he already had prepared legislation which he would propose to the Congress at a special session he would call, and he let it be known that he expected Congress to do its job, declaring: "But in the event that Congress shall fail, I shall ask the Congress for the one remaining instrument to meet the crisis—broad Executive power to wage a war against the emergency as great as the power that would be given to me if we were in fact invaded by a foreign foe." He was, in fact, to enjoy a hundred days of the most extraordinary Congressional cooperation any President ever experienced.

The Senate demonstrated its cooperation minutes after the inaugural address by going into special session to approve without committee hearings Roosevelt's entire Cabinet. In itself this was almost as unusual as the Cabinet. In its need for action, the country was prepared to move far to the political left, but Roosevelt's Cabinet leaned the other way. The Democrats were rich and inclined to conservatism. Two Republicans had been named—Harold Ickes of Illinois, to the Department of Interior, and Henry A. Wallace, who had been Harding's Secretary of Agriculture and now was Roosevelt's. And, for the first time, there was a woman in the cabinet—Frances Perkins, Secretary of Labor. Raymond Moley expressed the opinion that history would never be able to understand why Roosevelt had chosen a Cabinet whose views were so different from his own, and yet that itself might have been the reason.

After the speech, the Hoovers said goodbye and went to Union Station to their special train. Franklin and Eleanor Roose-



March 4, 1933: President Franklin D. Roosevelt delivering his first inaugural address. *UPI photo, Franklin D. Roosevelt Library.*

velt rode together in the lead car on the trip back to the White House, an unbelievable roar of adulation given to them from both sides of the Avenue. Mrs. Roosevelt said later that the experience terrified her. At the White House a buffet lunch was served to over a thousand guests, and at two most of them accompanied the Roosevelts out to the reviewing stands to watch a parade of twenty-five thousand marchers, including thirty-six bands and eighteen drum-and-bugle corps. There were four noteworthy features of the parade: One was the reappearance of the model of the *Constitution* used so frequently in past parades, this time with Sea Scouts aboard, running the sails up and down. A second feature was the presence in the parade of three hundred members of the Electoral College, invited to march by Roosevelt personally, in a gesture of recognition of that controversial body which many people felt was outmoded and should be disbanded. The grand marshal of the parade was a man with a noteworthy distinction: thirty years before he had marched as a West Point cadet in the inauguration of McKinley and now he was Chief of Staff of the Armies—General Douglas MacArthur. Also in the parade was another man of distinction, whose rift with Roosevelt had been healed in the last weeks of the campaign—Alfred E. Smith, who, marching with Tammany Hall, received an ovation as he passed through the Court of Honor and tipped his hat to his protégé who now occupied the White House.

After the parade, when Roosevelt's Cabinet gathered in the Oval Room to be inducted by Associate Supreme Court Justice Benjamin Cardozo, nobody could locate a Bible. The Roosevelt family Bible was still at the Capitol and other editions had not as yet been unpacked. Then Charles S. Baum, a White House policeman, remembered that he had a Bible in his locker in the basement and fetched it, obtaining thereby a memorable souvenir.

The inaugural ball, held that night at the Washington Auditorium was the first such event for the Democrats since the days of Grover Cleveland, and it had been sold out for weeks. Disaster almost struck when the Roosevelts indicated they would not attend—cancellations poured in. Because of this, Mrs. Roosevelt said she would go, and the cancellations were rescinded. Nine thousand people were there, the women in lovely gowns, the men in tails, including John Nance Garner. The Army, Navy, and Marine bands alternated during the early part of the evening; there was a concert by the United States Indian Reserve Band, comprised of twenty full-blooded Indians representing eighteen different tribes, and later dance music was provided by Rudy Vallee and his Connecticut Yankees and Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians. Mrs. Roosevelt stayed an hour, long enough to hear a concert by Rosa Ponselle and to witness the Parade of Governors, each man greeted by his state anthem as he entered the main room.

There had been a buffet dinner for seventy-two at the White House. After it Roosevelt went to bed. Louis Howe, his old friend and confidant, sat with him, discussing the problems facing the nation, and they were still talking when Mrs. Roosevelt returned from the ball.

The next day, Sunday, after church and lunch, Roosevelt gathered his Cabinet for their first meeting, and decisions were made that would affect the fate of the country for many years. That same day, in Germany, an event was occurring that would affect the fate of the world. On the previous January 30—Roosevelt's birthday—President von Hindenberg, in an effort to save his shaky government, appointed as Chancellor the leader of the Nazi Party, Adolf Hitler. This Sunday, after a month in office, Hitler called upon the German people to pass judgment on his brief administration by going to the polls to elect a new Reichstag. His party won.

Roosevelt's Second Inauguration January 20, 1937

It seemed impossible that Franklin Delano Roosevelt could become a more admired man than he was the afternoon of his first inauguration, yet this occurred. His "honeymoon" with Congress lasted three months, during which legislation was rushed through to stabilize the banks, protect savings, initiate public works, establish family relief, and in general give the nation economic confidence. Even after Congressional affections began to mellow, Roosevelt's romance with the American people continued to thrive. In the off-year elections of 1934, when an Administration setback of some extent might have been expected, the voters gave Roosevelt a bigger margin in Congress than he had enjoyed before.

To be sure, Roosevelt lost some friends. Al Smith, critical of his liberalism, broke with him; Raymond Moley was among several Brain Trusters to withdraw, and Garner, a Southern conservative, was becoming disquieted. The Cabinet remained steadfast with only two changes, due to the deaths of Treasury Secretary Woodin and War Secretary George Dern. Old Guard Republicans loathed Roosevelt, of course, and about 75 per cent of the country's newspapers opposed him so vehemently that even news accounts of his activities were slanted beyond recognition. FDR took his battles to the people by radio, and here he was invincible. He was a masterful speaker, probably the most effective ever to occupy the White House; he could achieve any mood he wanted. His "fireside chats" gave the people the impression that he was consulting them and they liked this. If ever there was a President of whom it could be said that he talked his way into the White House it was Franklin D. Roosevelt.

That he would be the Democratic Party's nominee in 1936 was such a foregone conclusion that its convention was a waste of

time and money. To fill out the scheduled four days of the convention, James A. Farley arranged for seconding speeches to be made by representatives of every state in the Union. No roll call was necessary: the nominations of Roosevelt and Garner were made and approved by deafening acclamation. Roosevelt again went to the convention to accept the nomination, speaking to an overflow crowd of one hundred thousand in a baseball park and to millions more by radio.

The Republicans gave their nomination to Governor Alfred M. Landon on the first ballot, and to Frank Knox, Chicago newspaper publisher, as his running-mate.

The campaign developed into a contest between the "haves" and the "have-nots," and since most of the people in the country had very little the outcome was practically preordained. On November 3, Franklin Roosevelt was re-elected by a popular vote of eleven million, the largest plurality in history to that time. In the Electoral College he won almost 99 per cent of the vote, the biggest sweep since James Monroe. Landon carried only two states, Maine and Vermont.

What with Election Day, Thanksgiving Day, Christmas Day and New Year's Day rapidly following each other, Inauguration Day in January sent the triumphant Democrats reeling to the climax of their celebrations. President Roosevelt had asked that the ceremonies be kept as simple as possible and Nature obliged with a rainstorm that made ceremony almost impossible. Nebraska Senator George W. Norris, whose bill had resulted in the Twentieth Amendment that set the new inaugural date, disclaimed responsibility for the weather. The inaugural committee, bowing to Roosevelt's request, decreed that there be no ball and that the parade be restricted to military units. Political, civic, and fraternal organizations were unhappy about this at first, but when they looked out their windows that Wednesday morning they were grateful that they had been denied participation.

As late as ten o'clock, no final decision had been made as to whether there would

be any parade at all. The matter was put to Roosevelt. He pointed to the several thousand people milling in the Court of Honor and said: "If they can take it, so can I."

Shortly after ten, Roosevelt, his personal and his official families left the White House in closed cars to go to St. John's Church for a religious service, again conducted by Dr. Peabody. Vice President and Mrs. Garner were in the group, and the Vice President had made an extreme concession for a man of his individuality: he dressed in formal clothes, silk hat on his head. At ten-forty the party returned to the White House to await others who would make the drive to the Capitol. An hour later Roosevelt entered the first limousine with his Congressional escort. Secret Service men followed in two open cars. Next came Garner with his escort, and then Eleanor and Sara Roosevelt, the latter about to become the first American mother to see her son inaugurated as President for the second time. The rest of the long line of cars were filled by members of the personal and official families. A contingent of Washington police on motorcycles led the parade and following them was mechanized cavalry, as small tanks were made part of the escort for the first time.

Because of the restricted ceremonies, fewer people had come to Washington for the inauguration than did in 1933; due to the rain the crowds along the Avenue and at the Capitol were much smaller. During the trip Roosevelt lowered the windows of his car and leaned out to wave happily at those who had braved the storm for his sake. Two minutes before noon, the limousine pulled up at the platform outside the Capitol. The plan had been for Roosevelt and the others to go directly onto the platform for the inaugurations, but the downpour was so heavy that everyone went into the Senate chamber to wait for the weather to break.

The Senate was not in session today—enough Senators had shown up to make a quorum, but having no business to conduct they had promptly adjourned. In view of the weather, Roosevelt had notified mem-

bers of both Congressional bodies that they need attend the ceremonies only if they so desired. About two hundred Representatives had come and about twenty-five Senators, all of them now lounging in the Senate chamber. A half-hour passed, then Roosevelt decided that, for the sake of the people out on the rain-drenched plaza, the ceremony would begin.

It was twelve-twenty-three when Roosevelt, aided by his son, his wife nearby, came upon the platform and was greeted by soggy cheers from the waterlogged spectators. Though the crowd was much smaller than four years ago, its presence in such weather was as much adulation as a man could expect. And if the cheering soon stopped, it was not for a lack of spirit but because of the falling water that cascaded onto the upturned faces.

Three minutes later, Garner took his oath of office, administered by Senator Joseph T. Robinson of Arkansas, the Senate majority leader. Roosevelt stood during this brief ceremony, and in another three minutes it was his turn again. The family Bible was used as before. This time it was covered with a protective sheet of cellophane. Even these dismal circumstances could not rob Franklin Roosevelt of his dynamism. The *New York Times* reported:

The unexpected, the unscheduled, the more dramatic incident took place before the President began his inaugural address. It was indefinable, intangible and yet it impinged upon the consciousness of almost every one there, as Lincoln's eloquence at Gettysburg must have impressed those fortunates who heard it. It came as he repeated after Chief Justice Charles Evans Hughes the traditional oath of office taken by the thirty-one Presidents who have preceded him . . .

The President and the Chief Justice were scarcely a yard apart. The Presidential flag crept up the mast slowly and suddenly as the magnified voice of Justice Hughes floated over the crowd.

Mr. Roosevelt, with his left hand upon the Bible and his right hand upraised, listened intently to the solemn words with which for 150 years the chosen leaders of the people have acknowledged their responsibility to all the nation.

Then he responded. There was no trace of the famous campaign smile. His strong jaw came out; his strong, vibrant voice resounded over the rain-drenched throng and was carried resonantly to

the far island territories and to ships at sea by the mechanistic miracle of radio.

Not content was he to say "I do." Instead he repeated the oath verbatim, emphasizing by his manner and by his voice the words "Constitution," "preserve, protect and defend," and bearing down hard on the word "domestic," as contrasted with foreign enemies.

It was a moment to be remembered. At the risk of being trite, one might say that it was not what was said but the way in which it was said. The emphasis was not lost upon the crowd. Under the umbrellas men and women turned to one another. They understood.

His inaugural address had the same effect. Again, he offered no specific remedies for the problems of the nation, urging only that more must be done of what had been started under his leadership. "I see one-third of a nation ill-housed, ill-clad, ill-nourished," he said. "The test of our progress is not whether we provide enough for those who have too little. If I know aught of the spirit and purpose of our nation, we will not listen to comfort, opportunism and timidity. We will carry on."

Twice during the speech he had to pause to wipe the water from his face. Even so, when the time came to return to the White House, he turned away from his limousine and asked for an open car. His wife and he rode in it the mile down Pennsylvania Avenue, laughing and waving, and the several thousands on the sidewalks laughed and waved in return.

Because so few Washington dignitaries had gone to the Capitol—or had not remained for the entire ceremony—most of the six hundred notables invited for a buffet luncheon were already at the White House when the Roosevelts arrived. Without bothering to change their wet clothes the President and the First Lady went directly to the Blue Room to join their guests. At two-thirty Roosevelt was driven around to the reviewing stand at the Court of Honor. This year the stand had been designed to resemble Andrew Jackson's home, the Hermitage, at Nashville, and the glass-en-

closed booth from which Roosevelt was to watch the parade would have been the portico on the old house. Earlier in the day Roosevelt learned that the glass was bullet-proof. He ordered it to be removed.

For an hour and a half, Roosevelt stood in the booth and watched units of the Army, Navy, Marines, and Coast Guard march past. Rain was an inch deep in the enclosure; the rest of the stand was equally soaked and people could not sit down. Also in the parade were the state militias, a governor at the head of each contingent. All the governors rode in closed cars, save one—Governor George Earle of Pennsylvania, who had brought his state into the Democratic column for the first time in years and who now, smiling up at Roosevelt, rather hoped that he would be the next President to be standing victoriously in that place. When the governors of Maine and Vermont passed, the people booed.

At five President Roosevelt went back into the White House, immediately to receive three thousand guests who had been invited for tea. All the governors came and Roosevelt remained downstairs until he had shaken hands with each of them and shaken hands, too, with the members of the Electoral College, again especially invited to the inauguration by the President. Then he went upstairs to rest. Eleanor Roosevelt remained with the guests until six-thirty, when, before going upstairs, she made a hasty tour of the crowded rooms to be sure there was enough for everyone to eat.

That evening the Roosevelt family, a small crowd in itself, dined privately. Afterwards Eleanor and Sara Roosevelt, the two older Roosevelt sons and their wives, and two or three close relatives went to the inaugural concert in Constitution Hall. The First Lady's special guest was another First Lady—Mrs. Woodrow Wilson.

That Man, as the political cartoonists called him, stayed home.



January 20, 1937: President Franklin D. Roosevelt taking the oath of office for his second term. *International News Photo, Franklin D. Roosevelt Library*

Roosevelt's Third Inauguration January 20, 1941

There was no one else.

Though everybody knew this, not everybody liked it. Many people feared that the country was drifting into a dictatorship. As evidence they pointed to President Roosevelt's efforts in 1937 to reconstruct the United States Supreme Court. Apparently believing that old age—six of the nine justices were over seventy—was depriving the Judiciary branch of the Government of the daring vision demanded by the times, Roosevelt sought legislation that would authorize him to appoint to the Court a younger man for each present member who had reached his seventieth year. The mere idea was the worst political blunder of Roosevelt's career and cost him considerable popularity. Followed by a business recession and an epidemic of strikes during the winter of 1937–38, it also cost him the 1938 off-year elections. Big Republican gains were made in Congress; a number of Democratic governors, including Earle of Pennsylvania, were defeated. Even Roosevelt's personal stumping on behalf of Democratic candidates proved fruitless: it began to look as though the Roosevelt magic was wearing out.

But in 1940 the Democratic Party was well aware that it had no other candidate who could win. This meant a third term for Roosevelt, which tradition opposed. The American dread of a White House dynasty practically made it illegal; the attitude of previous Presidents, such as Washington and Jefferson and Jackson, turned the thought of it virtually into a sin. And yet if it were not to be Roosevelt for the Democrats, then who?

The Democrats convened with no assurance from Roosevelt that he would accept a third nomination. James Farley was openly interested in the nomination, as was Vice President Garner, and Secretary of State Cordell Hull had a strong following. Democrats opposing a third term favored

Senator Millard Tydings of Maryland. The great majority of the delegates, however, wanted Roosevelt, if they could get him. For over a year there had been "Draft Roosevelt" clubs at the grass roots of the country but the President had given no sign that he could be drafted, and the fact that men closest to him were after the nomination for themselves indicated that he had not disclosed his personal plans to anyone. He had not even suggested a favorite to be his successor. With his keen sense of drama, he kept everybody guessing until the last minute. The last minute came in the final moments of a convention speech by the permanent chairman, Senator Alben W. Barkley of Kentucky. He had just received a message from the President, said Barkley, to the effect that, though Roosevelt was not seeking the nomination himself, the delegates should consider themselves free to vote for any candidate—any candidate. The delegates inferred from this that the list of candidates could include Roosevelt, and they put him on it. On the first roll call, out of about a thousand votes, Roosevelt had 946; Farley, 72; Garner, 61; Tydings, 9; Hull, 5. Roosevelt accepted the nomination by radio. Despite some opposition from the South, the convention obediently gave him Henry Wallace, the ex-Republican, as a running-mate.

The Republicans, sensing the liberal mood of the voters, turned from the conservative leadership of Senator Robert A. Taft of Ohio and gave the nomination to Wendell L. Willkie, Wall Street lawyer and erstwhile Democrat who had left the Party in opposition to the Tennessee Valley Authority.

The campaign did not provide much argument. Willkie conceded that he approved of just about everything Roosevelt was doing but he did not like the way it was being done. Basically, there were two issues. World War II had begun in Europe in September, 1939, and since then Roosevelt had given England all aid possible within the law. At the same time he accelerated America's own national defense program, both in the production of weapons and the building up of the armed forces

through military conscription. The Republicans now accused him of leading the country into war. The other issue was the third term. Both issues created another campaign of fear and smear. But the outcome was as before.

Roosevelt's victory was not so smashing as it had been in 1936 but it was still overwhelming enough to equip him with an unequivocal mandate. The heavy vote—over fifty million—was the biggest in history and it went to Roosevelt by a popular plurality of five million. In the Electoral College he did not do so well as he had done even in 1932, but nevertheless it was a landslide victory—85 per cent.

President Roosevelt's request for a simple inauguration program did not this time discourage the thousands who stormed the capital city to witness the event. This was, after all, an historic occasion—a President's third inauguration. The parade again was restricted to the military; again there would be no inaugural ball, and this time there would be no concert. The spirit of the day was preparedness and such an atmosphere discouraged frivolity.

It was a cold day, the temperature hovering at the freezing point, with a brisk wind. The day began officially in the Roosevelt tradition, with religious services at ten-thirty at St. John's, this time conducted by the Reverend Frank R. Wilson, pastor of the President's home church, St. James of Hyde Park. Among those present were Crown Prince Olaf and Crown Princess Martha of Norway. By eleven the party was back at the White House and the entourage was ready at eleven-forty. The excitement affected Fala, the President's dog, which repeatedly tried to get into the car with Roosevelt and finally had to be carried into the house.

Riding with Roosevelt were his son James, now a Marine Corps captain, House Speaker Sam Rayburn, and Senator Alben Barkley. The second car contained Secret Service agents; in the third were Garner and Wallace. John Garner was having trouble with the top hat he had borrowed. At the last moment he had discovered that his own hat was at home in Texas and he

refused to buy a new one or to rent one. The hat he wore belonged to Bascom Timmons, Washington correspondent for Texas newspapers, an old friend, whose head happened to be smaller than Garner's, and the hat kept slipping off the Vice President's head.

The crowd along the Avenue was bigger than ever before, estimated by the police to number four hundred thousand. Many of them were backed into the side streets and could not see anything at all. It was the same at the Capitol, where another hundred and fifty thousand overflowed the forty-acre park. A steady blast of cheers followed the motorcade on its journey. The cars drew up in front of the great stage at the Capitol; most of the party hurried up the stairs to their places. Roosevelt and his son entered the building and ascended to the platform level by elevator.

The two Vice Presidents were standing bareheaded at the microphones in the front of the platform when Franklin Roosevelt and his son appeared at the rear approach. The crowd had a clear view of the President as he came slowly down the ramp, and the great roar drowned out the Marine band's vigorous rendition of "Hail to the Chief!" Reaching the front Roosevelt raised his arms to the crowd, beaming, turning from one side to the other. At last, he backed away, allowing Garner and Wallace to approach the microphones. Garner administered the oath in a matter-of-fact voice; resonantly, Wallace declared: "I do."

Once more Chief Justice Hughes and Franklin Roosevelt stood face to face, the Roosevelt Bible, open to the same page of Paul's letter to the Corinthians, between them. As before Roosevelt repeated the oath in its entirety. The cheers went up, the band played, men stepped forward to shake Roosevelt's hand. As Garner did so Roosevelt put an arm around him and said: "Good luck, Jack. I'll miss you."

Roosevelt had worked hard on his inaugural address, rewriting it seven times and then submitting it for appraisal to Archibald MacLeish and Robert E. Sherwood. It was a philosophical speech, a serious

comment on democracy, a way of life now being threatened by the war in Europe, and he seemed to want his vast audience to grasp fully the values of the way of life they might soon be called upon to defend. Early in the speech, he made a slip of the tongue which revealed boldly an attitude that he personally believed to be as great a threat to this way of life as the war itself. The prepared text put it:

"To us there has come a time, in the midst of swift happenings, to pause for a moment and take stock—to recall what our place in history has been, and to rediscover what we are and what we may be. If we do not, we risk the real peril of inaction."

But what he said was: "If we do not, we risk the real peril of isolation." He paused the slightest second, then added "—and the peril of inaction." He commented later that he thought his slip had improved the speech.

It did not go well—perhaps it was too profound. The few interruptions by applause were warm but brief and they came mostly from the platform from men who carried the burden of leadership with Roosevelt. When he finished the cheers that came were quickly silenced, as the Marine

band started to play the National Anthem, and when the song was over the people moved out along the Avenue to find places for the parade.

The solemnity which Roosevelt's speech had effected in Capitol Park vanished, both for himself and the crowd, as he rode back to the White House. His wife and he conversed continually as they acknowledged the crowd's ovation with obvious pleasure. Reaching the White House at five after one, they received a thousand guests for a buffet luncheon. The parade began at two o'clock and lasted an hour and a half. Overhead 235 Army and Navy planes displayed America's air power, a demonstration that was carefully watched by three representatives of Japan, who rose to their feet for a better look each time a wave of heavy bombers came in low and threatening over what was now called Freedom Court.

At five the President and the First Lady received two thousand more guests for tea. That evening at eight the only man in the history of the country to be elected to the Presidency three times marked the extraordinary occasion by having dinner privately with his family.

January 20, 1941: Fala tries to ride to the third inauguration with President Franklin D. Roosevelt. *International News Photo, Franklin D. Roosevelt Library.*



Roosevelt's

Fourth Inauguration

January 20, 1945

The Republicans were asking: "How long is this going to go on?"

That was the sum and substance of the 1944 campaign. The Republican who most often asked the question was Thomas E. Dewey, elected Governor of New York in the 1942 political swing to the right, a swing that dug deeply into President Roosevelt's majority in Congress and appeared to be a repudiation of the Administration's domestic and foreign policies, the worst such repudiation in a dozen years. By 1942 the country was at war and the swing to the right was merely the natural pendulum of political emotions which affect practically every Administration in off-year elections, heightened this time by the emotional impact of war.

The Republican Party had false hopes for an even greater victory in 1944. The well-oiled machine of New York Governor Thomas E. Dewey brought him the nomination of his Party, with Governor John W. Bricker of Ohio as his running-mate.

It was the Vice Presidency that put some excitement into the Democratic convention. Roosevelt having indicated early his willingness to run for a fourth term, there was no contest for the top position, but Henry Wallace had been steadily moving farther and farther to the political left until he became more than even the most devout New Dealers could stomach. The South did not like him at all. Rather than disrupt the convention by forcing the issue, Roosevelt indicated to Party leaders that, though he preferred Wallace, he would accept either Senator Harry S. Truman of Missouri or Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas. Truman did not want the Vice Presidential spot, but he was summoned by Democratic National Chairman Robert E. Hannegan and shown a note reported to be in Roosevelt's handwriting saying: "Bob, it's Truman. FDR." Even

this did not convince Truman, who had not received a word from Roosevelt on the subject. In an effort to convince him, Hannegan put through a long distance telephone call to Roosevelt at San Diego, where the President was inspecting the Navy base. When the connection was made, Hannegan held the telephone away from his ear so Truman, sitting a few feet away, could hear Roosevelt's strong voice.

Roosevelt said: "Bob, have you got that fellow lined up yet?"

Hannegan said: "No. He is the contrariest Missouri mule I've ever dealt with."

Roosevelt said: "Well, you tell him if he wants to break up the Democratic Party in the middle of a war, that's his responsibility." And he hung up with a crash.

Stunned, Truman walked around the room for two or three minutes, and then he turned to Hannegan and said: "Well, if that is the situation, I'll have to say yes, but why the hell didn't he tell me in the first place?"

The campaign was brief and, on the Republican side, ludicrous. Desperate for an issue, the Republicans charged that, on an inspection tour of the Aleutians, Roosevelt had left his dog Fala behind and then sent back a destroyer to get the dog, at a cost of millions to the taxpayers. Retelling the story in a campaign speech, Roosevelt, using tones of great astonishment, made a mockery of what he called "the Republican fiction writers in and out of Congress."

Election Day brought Franklin Roosevelt another landslide victory—his smallest (three million plurality in the popular vote; eighty-one per cent of the Electoral College), but he was clearly still the nation's leader.

Because of the war it was decided that the inauguration ceremonies of 1945 should be even more simple than ever. The ceremony would be conducted at the White House; there would be no parade, no ball. Part of the decision was based on the obvious impropriety of political festivities at the height of a war. Part of it was based on the obvious dangers of exposing the President to great crowds at a time when enemy agents were at work in the

country. And part of it was based on the fact that the President, ten days away from his sixty-third birthday, was beginning to show the effects of the crushing demands of his office, an office he had filled during the twelve most critical years of American history.

Roosevelt had made only one request—that his thirteen grandchildren should be brought to the White House for the event. That morning his family was with him when the traditional religious services were held, this time in the East Room of the White House. The Reverends John G. Magee and Howard A. Johnson had come over from St. John's to officiate. About two hundred carefully chosen guests were invited to participate. The same care had been taken with invitations to the inauguration itself, to be conducted at noon on the South Portico. Admission cards to the White House grounds were issued in six colors: blue, for Senators and Representatives, governors, officials, and special aides; salmon, for diplomats; white, for Democratic National Committeemen, Democratic state chairmen, and Presidential electors; brown, for veterans; yellow, for the press; red, for the Cabinet, the Supreme Court, and others permitted on the Portico. Holders of red cards were allowed to bring their cars inside the White House gates. About seven thousand cards had been issued, but because of a heavy snow that covered the White House grounds, only about five thousand people came. Beyond the south fence, some two hundred yards from the building, another three thousand had gathered to watch. Just in front of the building canvas sheets were spread to provide dry footing for dignitaries with the blue cards.

Shortly before noon possessors of the red cards began to appear on the Portico. The Roosevelt grandchildren were on the staircases that curved down to the lawn. Eleanor Roosevelt came out and was applauded as she went to the children for a few moments, then returned indoors. She was carrying a bouquet of violets. A couple of minutes before twelve, Harry Truman and Henry Wallace came out and were ap-

plauded. Both men were hatless and wore overcoats; like most of the men present, they were dressed in business suits. The only two men in complete formal attire, top hat and all, were Governor George M. Dale of New Hampshire and George Jessel, the comedian.

At one minute to twelve President Roosevelt came out on the arm of his son James, now a Marine colonel. The Marine band struck up "Hail to the Chief!" and the crowd applauded vigorously. Over his gray business suit the President wore the Navy cape that had become as much his trade mark as his pince nez and long cigarette holder. He wore no hat. His son indicated a nearby chair but Roosevelt shook his head and looked over at Truman and Wallace, who now approached the microphones. When the music had stopped and the crowd went quiet, Wallace administered the oath of office to Truman. "I do," said Truman at the end of it, and he smiled at the crowd when the applause began.

Then Franklin Roosevelt, removing his cape, came forward and faced Chief Justice Harlan Fiske Stone. The family Bible was presented, open to the same page, and as before Roosevelt responded by reciting the complete oath.

"So help you God," the Chief Justice added.

"So help me God," Roosevelt said firmly. Then he smiled for the first time as Stone and he shook hands. He then turned to the microphones. The six-minute speech he read was the second shortest inaugural address in history, Washington's second being the shortest. This time, his reference to isolationism was no slip. He said:

"We have learned that we cannot live alone, at peace; that our own well-being is dependent upon the well-being of other nations, far away. We have learned that we must live as men, and not as ostriches, nor as dogs in the manger. We have learned to be citizens of the world, members of the human community."

More Americans agreed with him than had agreed with Woodrow Wilson. America's worst depression and history's worst war had had maturing effects.



January 20, 1945: President Franklin D. Roosevelt delivers his fourth inaugural speech from the White House porch. Son James stands beside him. *Acme photo, Franklin D. Roosevelt Library.*

Colonel James Roosevelt again indicated with a nod that a chair was available for his father, but the President again shook his head and stood nearby as the Right Reverend John A. Ryan, director of the social activities department of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, gave the benediction. The Marine band then played the National Anthem, followed by "Hail to the Chief!" Roosevelt now shook hands with Monsignor Ryan, waved at the crowd, and went inside.

All those who had been given cards had also been cleared to enter the White House at some time during the afternoon, either for the buffet luncheon or the five o'clock tea. Thousands of them now began going inside. Eleanor Roosevelt and Bess Truman found themselves mobbed by well-wishers. The President had gone into the Red Room for lunch with a few members of his family and several old friends. Truman was there. Having resigned from the Senate the previous day, Truman had been unemployed until the moment he took his oath. As he sat down to lunch he observed: "So I'm on the payroll once more." Roosevelt grinned at him.

Roosevelt spent the rest of the afternoon in the Red Room, receiving friends in small groups, and at five he once more greeted two hundred members of the Electoral College at the tea party. Then he went upstairs, leaving the hordes of guests to his wife and Mrs. Truman. He was very tired. That day his doctors had issued a statement to the effect that he was in the best of health. A reporter had asked if there was any explanation for why the President lately seemed to have difficulty hearing questions at press conferences, and the doctors admitted that the hearing in Roosevelt's left ear had apparently diminished slightly but that it was not serious and a thorough examination would be made as soon as the President had the time.

That was the trouble these days—Roosevelt never had enough time: there was so much to do. In just two weeks he was due to make a secret trip to Yalta for a conference with Stalin and Churchill and it would require a great deal of preparation. When he returned and after he had made his report to the Congress, there might be time to go down to Warm Springs, Georgia, for a little sun, a little rest.

Thirty-third



HARRY S. TRUMAN
APRIL 12, 1945

Morning fog and rain grounded all planes at the Washington airports. At eight a White House aide telephoned Warm Springs, Georgia, to inform William D. Hassett, secretary to Franklin Roosevelt, that the mail pouch would be late and probably would not arrive much before noon. It was just as well. The President's official day began with the mail: now the day would start later and the President needed the rest.

Roosevelt and his personal staff had arrived in Georgia on Good Friday, March 30, for what was to be a three-week vacation. There would be, of course, work to be done every day, but away from the constant pressures of Washington there would be time to sit in the sun, time to read, time for daily swims in the waters which seemed beneficial to his legs. Roosevelt had begun visiting the Georgia spa for rehabilitation treatments after recovering his strength following his polio attack. In 1927 he bought the clinic, named it the Georgia Warm Springs Foundation, and made its services available to other polio patients who otherwise could not have afforded the place. This was the nucleus of the National

Foundation for Infantile Paralysis (March of Dimes), which he organized with his former law partner, Basil O'Connor, who thereafter served as its volunteer president. On the property was a five-room frame cottage which over the past dozen years had become known as the Little White House.

Harry Truman left his apartment at seven for his morning walk, a daily rule with him whatever the weather. As presiding officer of the Senate, he had no idea what sort of a day he would have, but he knew what was on the agenda and he didn't expect anything exciting. He made a mental note that sometime during the day he must write to his mother. A question crossed his mind. He had noticed in the morning paper an announcement that Bishop Julius Atwood, retired Episcopal Bishop of Arizona, had died in Washington, where he had been residing. Knowing that the Bishop was a friend of Roosevelt's, Truman wondered if the President would return from Georgia for the funeral. At Truman's heels trailed one of the Secret Service men assigned to him, a necessary precaution due to the war but a nuisance to the Vice President. They reached

Truman's apartment building but the agent did not go in. However, there was another agent standing at the front door, upstairs.

At noon in the Capitol Harry Truman was finishing a letter that began: "Dear Mama and Mary: I am trying to write you a letter today from the desk of the President of the Senate while a windy Senator . . . is making a speech on a subject with which he is in no way familiar." The letter ended with the news that the next night on radio he was to make a Jefferson Day speech, to be followed by an address by the President. "I think I'll be on all the networks," he wrote, "so it ought not be hard to get me."

At one-fifteen that afternoon, while posing for a painting by Elizabeth Shoumatoff as he worked at his desk in the Little White House, President Roosevelt put a hand to his forehead and remarked: "I have a terrific headache." Then he slumped forward, the victim of a massive cerebral hemorrhage. At three-thirty-five Georgia time—four-forty-five in Washington—he died without regaining consciousness.

At five Harry Truman was walking down the corridor of the Capitol on his way to the suite of House Speaker Sam Rayburn for what had become a daily ritual for the two old friends. In a small room adjacent to his office Rayburn kept a supply of bourbon miniatures, the perfect drink for two Southerners as they discussed the Congressional day and planned the next one. When Truman entered he saw that James M. Barnes, a White House aide, and Lew Deschler, House parliamentarian, were also there.

As Rayburn handed Truman his drink, he said: "Oh, by the way, you just got a call here from the White House."

After a nod, Truman went to a telephone, identified himself and asked for the White House. He was put through to Stephen Early, Roosevelt's press secretary, who said: "Please come right over and come in through the main Pennsylvania Avenue entrance."

"All right," Truman said. He called to Rayburn: "I'm going to the White House."

He did not know why. He remembered the morning news about Bishop Atwood and expected that the summons to the White House had something to do with that. Instead of returning to his office for a coat and hat and a Secret Service agent, he went directly to the Capitol basement where a limousine always awaited him at this hour. He was rather pleased that for the first time in weeks he was able to go somewhere without a Secret Service agent at his heels.

At five-twenty-five, Harry Truman reached the main door of the White House and was escorted upstairs to the sitting room. Mrs. Roosevelt was there, her daughter Anna and her husband Colonel John Boettiger, and Steve Early. Truman immediately sensed that something was wrong: it showed in their faces. He stood there, looking from one to the other, waiting.

Then Eleanor Roosevelt came slowly to him, put a hand on his shoulder, and said: "Harry, the President is dead."

Truman's own life seemed to drain out of him. He could not speak. At last, he managed: "Is there anything I can do for you?"

She said: "Is there anything *we* can do for *you*? You are the one in trouble now."

No one knew what to do. There was a knock at the door, then in came State Secretary Edward R. Stettinius, tears streaming down his handsome face.

At the Capitol, a phone rang in Sam Rayburn's office. He picked it up, listened, gulped, returned the telephone to its cradle. He said nothing for a few moments, then looked up at the tall Texan standing in front of his desk. "Roosevelt is dead," Rayburn said. The two men stared at each other, speechless, and tears came to the eyes of Congressman Lyndon B. Johnson.

The news was officially announced at Warm Springs and in Washington at approximately the same time, five-thirty-eight in Washington. A great groan of shock and sorrow rose from the world.

Harry Truman now assumed his duties. He instructed Early and Stettinius to call the Cabinet together. He again asked Mrs. Roosevelt if there was anything he could do for her. She wanted to go to Warm

April 12, 1945: Harry S. Truman is sworn in as President on the death of President Roosevelt in the Cabinet Room, executive offices of the White House. Photo by Harry Goodwin, courtesy of Harry S. Truman Library, and The Washington Post.

Springs and she asked if it would be proper for her to use a government plane. He assured her that it was, that he would arrange for the plane immediately. Then he went to the Executive Wing of the White House and, for the first time, entered the President's office as its authorized occupant.

He telephoned his wife, told her what had happened, and asked that she and Margaret come to the White House to witness his inauguration. Bess Truman was so shaken by the news that she broke down and could not leave the apartment for an hour. Meanwhile Cabinet members began to arrive at the White House, Congressional leaders, Chief Justice Harlan F. Stone, others, all of them stunned, dazed. They were taken to the Cabinet room. A search for a Bible was going on; one was found in Hassett's office. Down the hall, the reporters were clamoring to see Truman but he refused, instructing Early to tell the press that his only statement at this time was that he would carry on the policies

and programs of President Roosevelt. When, near seven, there was no sign of Bess and Margaret Truman he inquired about them and was told they were with Mrs. Roosevelt.

Truman went to the score of people waiting in the Cabinet room. A few minutes later his wife and daughter came in. Seeing them, Truman picked up the Bible that lay on the conference table and approached Chief Justice Stone. It was eight minutes after seven. A minute later, Harry S. Truman was the President of the United States.

Five minutes later all except the cabinet members had left the room and President Truman sat down with them for their first conference. Before they could begin, Steve Early came to the door and said the reporters wanted to know if the San Francisco organizational meeting of the United Nations would now be canceled.

"No," said Truman, making his first decision as President. "It is too important to



world peace. It will be held as President Roosevelt directed."

The President turned to his Cabinet. He asked them all to stay on. He made it clear that he intended to be President in his own right, that he expected there would be changes in the Cabinet eventually, but for the present he wanted those in the room to stand behind him on any decisions he would make. They all agreed. He suggested that they meet again the first thing in the morning, after they had all had a little time to adjust to the sudden change and to the shock.

The members began to leave, but War Secretary Henry Stimson lingered behind. Months before, when Truman was chairman of the Senate war investigating committee, examining the adherence to Government contracts by thousands of war plants, he had heard about an expensive project in Tennessee on which there appeared to be very little information. As he began to investigate, Stimson had come to his office, told him that the project was top secret and asked him to call off his inquiry. Truman agreed.

Now, alone with Truman in the cabinet room, Stimson said: "Mr. President, sometime back you and I had a conversation about a defense project in Tennessee."

"Yes," said Truman. "You told me it was top secret so I dropped the investigation."

"That's right, sir," said Stimson. "Well, Mr. President, the time has come for you to know all about it."

It was a project that would change the way of the world.

Truman's

Second Inauguration

January 20, 1949

One of the most memorable newspaper photographs ever taken was that of Harry S. Truman holding up the November 3, 1948, bulldog edition of the Chicago *Tribune* which bore the headline: "DEWEY DEFEATS TRUMAN." Like the presumptuous *Tribune*, most people thought this was going to happen. Though the early returns in big cities gave Truman the lead, experts were certain that a heavy rural vote would erase it and put Thomas E. Dewey in the White House. The *Tribune* evidently thought so and in its haste produced a front page that provided Harry Truman with a superb moment of triumph.

Few incumbent Presidents had less chance for re-election than Harry Truman in 1948; as though sensing this, Truman had indicated the previous December that he would not even try. His change of heart over the next six months evolved not from any improvement in the public images of himself or the Democratic Party but rather out of the dismal fact that the Party couldn't find anybody else who wanted to head the ticket. Efforts were made to bait General Dwight D. Eisenhower, whose political leanings were unknown, but he would have no part of it. Supreme Court Justice William Douglas also slammed the door.

The plight was not Truman's responsibility alone. The administration had been in trouble with Congress even before Truman inherited it, and after a brief display of unity following Roosevelt's death the Congress battled with the White House—even before World War II had come to an end. Later, historians were to label Harry Truman as one of the country's strongest Presidents, but during his incumbency this was never the opinion of the men at the other end of Pennsylvania Avenue. A coalition of Republicans and Southern Democrats blocked practically all of Truman's

efforts for progressive legislation, creating the impression that he was making no effort at all. In the 1946 elections the Republicans taunted him by chanting at the American voter: "Had enough?" It seemed so. The Eightieth Congress was under Republican control; so was every state capital outside of the deep South. In the next two years the Congress overrode six of Truman's vetoes. Small wonder that the President called the Eightieth Congress the worst in history.

The Democratic convention opened in the atmosphere of a wake. The only lingering opposition to Truman came from the South and was based on his demands for an effective civil rights plank. With Hubert H. Humphrey, Jr., the Mayor of Minneapolis, leading the fight, the plank was approved by a narrow margin of seventy votes out of over twelve hundred. Delegates from Mississippi and Alabama walked out. In a few days the entire South walked out, organized the Dixiecrat Party and named Governor J. Strom Thurmond of South Carolina for President and Governor Fielding L. Wright of Mississippi for Vice President. And a few days after that Henry A. Wallace beckoned the more liberal faction of the Democrats by accepting the nomination for President from the newly-formed Progressive Party. It looked as if the Democratic Party were hopelessly splintered.

The Republicans gave a neater performance at their convention. Thomas E. Dewey remained the Party strong man and the popular Governor Earl Warren of California took the second position on their ticket.

Kentucky's masterful Senator Alben W. Barkley teamed up with Truman.

The hour, the mood, the experts all pointed to a Republican victory. So for that matter did the candidates. Thomas Dewey, polished, literate, handsome, confident, comported himself with studied charm. Truman, on the other hand, began his campaign with a meekness that suggested he was out of his class, and not until he became personally indignant over the many polls that doomed him did he turn

into a scrappy terrier. Truman's particular asset was that he loved politics. He was proud of being a politician and he thrived on political in-fighting. He humanized the Presidency by shattering the halo which Republicans always put on it, and in doing so he won affection in areas where he otherwise could not hope to win support. This saved his political life in a fierce battle against an extremely capable opponent who had everything except the common touch.

Winning a two million lead, Truman carried 38 states with 57 per cent of the Electoral vote.

Inauguration week was a week crammed with more victory celebrations than any preceding inaugural week, and Truman attended more of them than did any of his predecessors. On Wednesday, January 19, his wife, his daughter, and he went to a morning party at the Colonial Dames Club, lunched at the Mayflower Hotel, attended a Missouri reception at the Shoreham Hotel, returned to the Mayflower to dine with the Electoral College, then went to the gala at the Washington Armory. Sometime during the day Truman met with ninety-seven fellow veterans of Battery D, 129th Field Artillery in World War I, and when they expressed their disappointment at not having more time with him he said: "All right, I'll have breakfast with you tomorrow morning at the Mayflower at seven. Seven sharp, not seven-ten or seven-fifteen."

At the gala that evening, which featured such stars as George Jessel, Lena Horne, Phil Harris and Alice Faye, Gene Kelly, Edgar Bergen, and Jane Froman, the President remained until after the last act at one in the morning, though a third of the audience of fifteen thousand had wearied of so much talent and had gone home earlier. At luncheon that day with the Democratic Finance Committee, Harry Truman described himself with a flash of that candid sincerity that made him such an unusual man, saying: "I am just an ordinary human being who has been lucky, or unlucky, whichever way you look at it. And I have always said that I am sure there are a mil-

lion men in the United States, no doubt, who could do the job better than I can—or could—do it. But I have the job and I have to do it and the rest of you have got to help me.”

Six-thirty on inauguration morning, Harry Truman stepped from Blair House, where the First Family was living while repairs were being made to the White House, and entered his car to drive to his breakfast appointment, arriving twelve minutes early. His old friends seemed a little uncomfortable in his presence and when one of them referred to him as “Mr. President,” he said: “Not ‘Mr. President’ here. It’s ‘Captain Harry,’ and that’s an order.” This was the Harry Truman they knew of old. He had asked the Battery to march alongside his car in the parade as his special escort and now he said: “Although some of you have a rubber tire around your middle, I’m sure you can still make the one-hundred-twenty steps a minute for a mile and a quarter. I won’t be marching with you. I have to wear a high silk hat and a long-tailed coat and I can’t march in that rig.” They presented him with an ebony cane with a solid gold handle and he said: “I will pass it on to my daughter and perhaps some day she can give it to my grandson.” Before he left he warned: “After one o’clock, or twenty-five minutes later, I don’t give a damn what you do, but until then, stay sober.”

On the way back to Blair House, to don his long-tailed coat and high silk hat, he stopped at his White House office to pick up some papers on which he expected to work during his spare moments during the day, but there were few spare moments. By the time he changed clothes, special guests—the Cabinet, Barkley, Chief Justice Fred M. Vinson, military aides—were downstairs, waiting to accompany the Trumans to St. John’s Church for religious services at ten. There were hymns, prayers, psalm-reading, but no sermon, and in reading the traditional prayer for a President, Reverend C. Leslie Glenn committed a slip of familiarity that had become a national habit. Instead of using the full name of the present Chief Executive, the clergyman

asked God’s blessings on “Thy servant, Harry, President of the United States.” Nobody seemed to mind.

From church, the official party returned to Blair House to await the Congressional escort, and at eleven-thirty the journey to the Capitol began. Seven hundred and fifty thousand visitors had come to Washington



January 20, 1949: President Harry S. Truman, riding in the parade at his second inauguration with Vice President Alben Barkley, is escorted by an honor guard of his World War I buddies
Wide World Photo.

for the day—more than the population of the city. Over one hundred fifty thousand were in Capitol Park. It was estimated that a million people were along Pennsylvania Avenue that day, or as near to it as they could get. For the first time, inauguration ceremonies were being televised, to an audience estimated at over twenty million, more than had witnessed all forty previous inaugurations put together.

At the Capitol, Truman, Barkley, their families, guests, and other principals went to the office of Leslie L. Biffle, Secretary of the Senate, where they waited for the outdoor ceremonies to begin. Because of the tremendous crowd on the plaza, the ceremonies ran a bit late, and it was twelve-fourteen when Truman and Barkley came into sight on the vast platform and the Marine band struck up "Hail to the Chief!" The cheering went on for almost ten minutes, and it was twelve-twenty-three before Barkley could take his oath. Using his own Bible, open to the first chapter of Paul's letter to the Galatians ("Grace be to you and peace from God the Father, and from our Lord Jesus Christ."), Barkley repeated the oath phrase by phrase after Associate Justice Stanley F. Reed, then he kissed the Bible. At twelve-twenty-nine Truman faced Chief Justice Vinson before the microphones and television cameras. Two Truman Bibles were used, one open to the Sermon on the Mount, the other to the Ten Commandments, and like Barkley Truman repeated his oath phrase by phrase, his left hand covering both Bible pages.

President Truman's inaugural address was one of the most remarkable in history. Other Presidents had used this occasion to defend themselves or complain about the campaign; some had used it to philosophize or inspire or prophesy, but Harry Truman used it to spell out the details of what became his Point Four program of world aid which, different from the Marshall Plan, went beyond a stop-gap measure against Communism and offered a long-range plan for American assistance in the fullest development of human and natural resources everywhere. Western leaders

heralded the bold project for its vision and selflessness. The crowd at the Capitol interrupted the speech frequently with cheers and applause. Directly in front of the platform was a fenced-off section of wooden benches, to accommodate seventeen thousand special guests. The day was clear and cold and most of these people wore gloves that muffled their applause. To express their approval, they began pounding on the benches, sending up a thunderous rumble.

After the speech, the inaugural principals returned to Biffle's office for a brief lunch, and it was two o'clock when Truman and Barkley climbed into a convertible to lead the parade to the White House reviewing stand. The President's comrades-in-arms formed a line on either side of the car as the honor guard, and only two of them had to fall out of the march before completing the mile hike along the Avenue that was a solid mass of howling, ecstatic Democrats. At the White House, the President, Vice President, members of their families and other notables filed into a reviewing stand to watch a parade that was seven and a half miles long, that began with the Missouri veterans, ended with a calliope tooting "I'm Just Wild About Harry," included bathing beauties, trick dogs, trained seals, cowboys and Indians, all branches of the military and state guards, the whole thing taking over three hours to pass. Overhead a flight of five B-36 bombers flew simulated attacks on the White House at fifteen hundred feet. The planes had left Texas that morning, circled for over an hour until the parade began, then returned to Texas nonstop. Throughout the parade, Truman and Barkley remained standing in the brisk wind, toasting the passing units with paper cups of hot coffee.

One passing unit did not get a toast—the South Carolina contingent led by Dixiecrat Strom Thurmond. As the South Carolinians approached, Truman turned his back to talk with someone at the rear of the platform. Thurmond waved, then waved again, then once more. Barkley sent him a sad smile. Chief Justice Vinson was

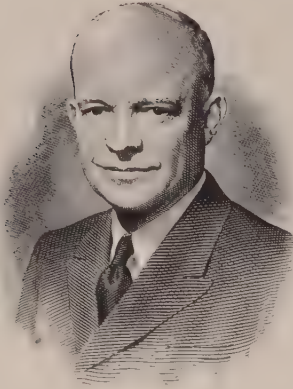
just about to raise his hand in greeting, when Truman's hand moved out and held Vinson's hand down. Truman faced the parade just in time to give Thurmond a thin-lipped stare. Later, when the New York delegation passed, the crowd shouted: "Where's Dewey?" Thomas Dewey was in Albany struggling with his annual budget message to his legislature. At the height of the parade, there was a skirmish at one end of the reviewing stand that brought the Secret Service agents on the run. There, surrounded by towering policemen, was a growling Tallulah Bankhead, actress-daughter of the late House Speaker, an admirer of Harry Truman, whom she could not now get near because she did not have a ticket to the stands. A Secret Service agent recognized her throaty fury and restored peace by letting her pass.

So many visiting groups had asked to be received by Truman that, after the parade, with his family and Barkley, he went over to the National Art Gallery for a reception for ten thousand people. After shaking over a thousand hands, President Truman had to step behind a curtain to treat his aching palm with salve. Following this President Truman returned to Blair House for a private dinner with his family; Vice President Barkley, a widower, went to the

apartment of his daughter, Mrs. Max O'Bell Truitt, for dinner. Still ahead were the hordes at the Armory for the inaugural ball that evening. The *New Yorker's* ubiquitous reporter Stanley came away from the ball with the impression that uppermost in President Truman's mind all evening was a desire to dance with his wife. The Trumans apparently enjoyed themselves enormously, remaining at the ball until well after midnight.

And the celebrating was not over. Next day, the Kentucky delegation presented a special ball for Vice President Barkley, which the Trumans also attended. This affair was not without political undercurrents. At this point, nobody could foresee Truman's plans for 1952, but Alben Barkley was evidently prepared to stake his claim. Seventy-one years old, his major challenge was to establish his stamina for the ordeal of the Presidency. He took his first step in this direction shortly thereafter by taking in wedlock a young and beautiful wife. Four years later he took another step by leading followers on a vigorous hike on Chicago's Michigan Boulevard, where the Democrats were convening to choose a new candidate. But both he and his Party were out of luck, for the Republicans had found themselves a giant.

Thirty-fourth



DWIGHT DAVID EISENHOWER JANUARY 20, 1953

The most attractive prospect on the horizon, a man either Party would have been happy to snare, was General Dwight D. Eisenhower, the widely popular hero of World War II. In November, 1945, Truman made him the Army chief of staff and, two years later, chief of the unified armed forces staff. In February, 1948, Eisenhower retired from the Army to become President of Columbia University. That summer he turned down nomination feelers from both parties. Two years later, when NATO was formed, Truman appointed Eisenhower supreme commander of its military arm.

In 1951 liberal Republicans, headed by Dewey and Senator Henry Cabot Lodge of Massachusetts, made political overtures to the General but were refused. After Truman's decision against another term, some Democrats made the same gesture to Eisenhower, with the same result. Gradually, however, Eisenhower mellowed toward the Republicans and allowed his name to be entered in the New Hampshire Republican primary, which he won decisively. Write-in campaigns in other primaries indicated a definite Eisenhower strength. It was no surprise, therefore, when he resigned from the

Army in June, 1952, and returned home for a serious try at the nomination. He did not have to try hard and was chosen as the Republican standard-bearer. Nominated for the Vice Presidency was Richard M. Nixon, thirty-nine-year-old California Senator, who had won fame as a member of the House Un-American Activities Committee during the investigation of Alger Hiss.

Most Democrat delegates got their first look at Adlai E. Stevenson when, as Illinois Governor, he gave a welcoming address on the first day of the convention, July 21, held in the Chicago Amphitheatre. They took a good look because, despite Stevenson's objections, the convention trend toward him was growing steadily stronger. In all, fourteen nominations were made and on the third ballot Stevenson was over the top. Named to run with him was Senator John J. Sparkman of Alabama, a liberal except toward civil rights.

It was an extremely hot campaign, not only on the platform but among the people. The electorate was emotionally divided between adulation for the war hero and reverence toward the brilliant Illinois

Governor. Issues did not seem to matter so much as personalities and in this regard both men were outstanding. People found themselves passionately defending their favorite without knowing why except that they loved him.

Election returns showed clearly that people had voted for the man and not for the Party. It was the biggest turnout in history up to that time, over sixty million. Eisenhower, with a popular plurality of six million, won 55 per cent of the vote, taking 83 per cent of the Electoral College. The Republican Party itself did nowhere as well. The breakdown of the Congress gave the Republicans a majority of seven in the House; in the Senate, there were forty-eight Republicans, forty-seven Democrats and one independent. This was the best majority Eisenhower was to enjoy on the Hill.

Having won, Dwight Eisenhower went to Georgia for some rest and some golf. He had scarcely got off the first tee when he received a communication from Harry Truman, suggesting that the two men and advisers meet to brief the new men on world affairs and to plan an orderly take-over by the new administration. The meeting occurred on November 18 and an icy occasion it was. Both men had been caustic in their references to each other during the campaign; this now showed in their attitudes as they met in the White House. When the meeting was over, Truman presented a joint statement to be issued to the press; the Eisenhower men edited out anything that suggested agreement between the two men in any area.

Back in New York the Eisenhowers moved into the Commodore Hotel. Hoping that, like Franklin Roosevelt, he could have his Cabinet inducted on the day of his inauguration, Eisenhower summoned the Cabinet prospects for a two-day conference at the Commodore on January 12 and 13 to discuss the inaugural arrangements. They discussed his inaugural address, the parade, the length of the ceremonies at the Capitol, the social differences between the two inaugural balls—Eisenhower said he preferred to spend more time at the ball for

the Party workers than at the one for the Party leaders. Eisenhower had already announced that he would wear a homburg, not a top hat, and a short coat, not a cutaway, and he now reaffirmed this. He did not care, he said, what others wore, but that would be his outfit, and with this he set off a panicked rush for homburgs in every major city in the land.

The Eisenhowers left New York on Sunday, January 18, by special train and on arriving in Washington checked into Suite 1240 of the Statler Hotel. The city was jammed with almost as many people as had come to Truman's inauguration. Eisenhower had requested a simple, dignified inauguration, but it got completely out of hand. An inaugural committee of two hundred had increased to ten thousand; the budget of three hundred thousand had already passed the million dollar mark. However, since this was the first Republican inauguration in twenty-four years the extravagance, though contrary to the Republican philosophy of frugality, was in keeping with the joyful hour.

Every hour, there was a celebration of some kind. Sunday night at Constitution Hall, Yehudi Menuhin, Jeanette MacDonald, and James Melton joined the National Symphony Orchestra in an inaugural concert. On Monday, twenty different events were scheduled, including a fashion show, with Mrs. Mamie Eisenhower as principal guest; a governors' reception, with all the top Republican officials present; and two galas that night, at the Uline Arena and the Capitol Theatre, both under the direction of movie actor George Murphy, who corralled a constellation of stars including Abbott and Costello, Imogene Coca, Sid Caesar, Marge and Gower Champion, Lauritz Melchior, Ed Sullivan, Irene Dunne, and the orchestras of Fred Waring, Guy Lombardo, Wayne King, Emile Coleman, Noble Sissle, and Lionel Hampton.

On Monday, ordinarily, the President-elect would have called on the President at the White House, but Dwight Eisenhower did not do so. The original schedule for Tuesday, Inauguration Day, called for the President to pick up the President-elect

at his hotel at eleven-thirty in the morning, but Harry Truman decided that he was not going to. He had bought a homburg, and that, he swore, was as far as he would go.

Tuesday morning, at nine-thirty, the Eisenhowers and the official family attended religious services at the National Presbyterian Church. Returning to the hotel, Eisenhower learned that Truman was not coming over; there was nothing the General could do but go to the White House. However, when he got there around eleven-thirty, he refused to go inside, as was customary, and waited in his car. An infuriated Truman waited inside for three or four minutes until he realized that, with Eisenhower at the front door, he had won half his battle. He went outside, shook hands with Eisenhower, and sat down beside him.

The thousands and thousands of people cheering the motorcade on its way to the Capitol on this mild and sunny morning could not perceive the sub-zero atmosphere in the car that bore Truman and Eisenhower. The two men seemed happy enough, waving and smiling at the crowds, but few words passed between them. They had an exchange in the Senate sergeant-at-arms' office, as they waited to go out to the platform. Eisenhower's son John, a major in the Army, had been on active duty in Korea when Truman ordered him to Washington for his father's inauguration. Earlier, Eisenhower had reportedly said: "Somebody very kindly ordered my son home from Korea." Now, in the Senate office (according to Truman), Eisenhower turned on Truman and demanded to know who was trying to embarrass him by having his son pulled off the front lines and brought to Washington. Truman explained that he, as President, had issued the order, not in any effort to embarrass anyone but to afford the young major the opportunity to watch his father take the oath of office. At this point, both men were advised to take their places for the procession, and that was the end of it.

The inaugural platform, built at a cost of almost a hundred thousand dollars, was filled with four thousand dignitaries when

Eisenhower and Richard Nixon came into view and the Marine band broke into "Hail to the Chief!" Harry Truman was already at his seat down front; so was Herbert Hoover. Before the platform were the benches for twenty thousand special guests. Invitations for this area had been sent out late and many of the guests were arriving in Washington as the invitations were arriving at their homes, as far away as California. Over eight thousand had to struggle through the chaos of getting new tickets at the inaugural headquarters.

The ceremonies began with an invocation by Archbishop Patrick O'Boyle of Washington, then the National Anthem was sung by Dorothy Maynor. After this, Richard Nixon stepped to the microphone with William F. Knowland, senior Senator from California, who administered the Vice President's oath. Nixon, a Quaker, chose to "swear" to his oath. Following a song by Eugene Conley of the Metropolitan Opera and a prayer by Rabbi Abba Hillel Silver of Cleveland, Dwight Eisenhower and Chief Justice Vinson stepped forward. Two Bibles were used, the one George Washington had used in New York and the Bible Eisenhower had used at West Point.

The huge crowd of over a hundred thousand was very quiet during the oath-taking. Truman watched with no particular expression on his face. During the cheers that followed President Eisenhower shook hands with the Chief Justice, then went over and kissed Mrs. Eisenhower.

The prepared text of Eisenhower's inaugural address had already been distributed to the press. It came, therefore, as a surprise when, as he began to speak, the President broke from his text and said: "My friends, before I begin the expression of those thoughts that I deem appropriate to this moment, would you permit me the privilege of uttering a little prayer of my own. And I ask that you bow your heads." This had never before occurred at an inauguration. Eisenhower read the prayer he had written that morning at the hotel, after returning from the church services:

"Almighty God, as we stand here at this moment my future associates in the Execu-

tive branch of Government join me in beseeching that Thou will make full and complete our dedication to the service of the people in this throng, and their fellow citizens everywhere. Give us, we pray, the power to discern clearly right from wrong, and allow all our words and actions to be governed thereby, and by the laws of this land. Especially we pray that our concern shall be for all the people regardless of station, race or calling. May cooperation be permitted and be the mutual aim of those who, under the concepts of our Constitution, hold to differing political faiths, so that all may work for the good of our beloved country and Thy glory. Amen."

He cleared his throat; then he began his speech. Though it lacked specifics, it contained the message that the whole world was waiting to hear. Contrary to his isolationist Republican predecessors all the way back to Lincoln, Dwight Eisenhower stated that the United States would continue to fulfill its role of leadership in international affairs. Democrat and Republican liberals heralded the announcement; foreign leaders welcomed it. Isolationism as a Republican trade-mark was dead.

The President was concerned about the marchers. At his insistence, the lunch hour following the platform ceremonies had been cut in half: he was anxious to get on with the day. The day had already brought him a serious disappointment. Because Senator Wayne Morse had requested further investigation into the stockholdings of Defense Secretary-designate Charles E. Wilson, former head of General Motors, the induction of the Cabinet had been stalled and could not take place this day.

The Trumans, after the platform ceremonies, congratulated the new First Family, then went to the home of State Secretary Dean Acheson for lunch. Harry Truman was surprised that some five hundred people had gathered at the Acheson home, and they applauded him as he stepped from the car. "I thought everybody'd be over at the parade," he said; he was touched when a spokesman said they had all come to say good-bye to him. Later, at Union Station, he was amazed to find there

a crowd of ten thousand to see him off. He had finished his public career at a low point in his popularity, and he knew it. This display of affection stirred him.

Three hours had been allotted for the parade, but it took five. Some twenty-five thousand marchers participated, about seven thousand of them from civic and political clubs; the rest were military. An air show of four hundred and fifty planes and fifty helicopters was called off at the last minute as a safety measure: had anything gone wrong with any of the aircraft the lives of thousands packing the White House area would have been endangered. But there was more than enough to dazzle the spectators—dog acts, trained seals, dancing horses, even three elephants. There were scores of floats, their total value put at a hundred thousand dollars. The most successful came from Texas, Eisenhower's native state—ten floats depicting the high points in the General's life—the house where he was born, a boy representing him at his first job in a dairy, a youth as Eisenhower in West Point, and other scenes of his marriage, his war career, his inauguration.

Eisenhower's enjoyment kept the Secret Service agents in a constant fret. He repeatedly leaned out over the stands to shake hands with governors in passing cars, he beckoned into the stands old friends the Secret Service agents did not know. A cowboy on horseback lassoed Eisenhower, which delighted the President but terrified the agents who feared he might be dragged into the streets. Sadly enough, the long parade continued after darkness fell. As though to console the late-comers, Eisenhower expressed even more joy at seeing them than he did for those who had first marched by hours before.

It was nine minutes after seven when the Eisenhowers entered the White House for the first time as the First Family, but they had little time to enjoy the experience. Still facing them were two inaugural balls, requiring formal dress, an ordeal for the President and a production for his wife. They had dinner on trays in their private quarters, then began to change. Eisen-



January 20, 1953: While reviewing the parade at his first inauguration President Dwight D. Eisenhower is amused to be lassoed by Monte Montana. *AP Photo, from Wide World Photos.*

hower was downstairs and ready to go at a quarter to ten, but, like any husband, he had to wait for his wife. At ten after ten, Mamie Eisenhower came down, sparkling in a gown of Renoir pink, glittering with two thousand rhinestones.

To avoid accusations of discrimination, the plan to hold one inaugural ball for Party leaders and another for Party drones was replaced by a policy of assigning the big states to the National Armory and the smaller states to McDonough Hall, the gymnasium of Georgetown University. The result was the same, with the Party power congregating at the Armory. The dance bands and performers who had entertained at the two galas on Monday night were shuttled between the two festivals so that everybody saw the same show. Diplomats, guests of the Party, were assigned to either one arena or the other, but the basis for a particular assignment was not disclosed. With the exception of the diplomats and a handful of Party principals, everybody paid either twelve dollars for a ticket or three hundred dollars for a box for eight, both at the Armory and at the gym. Liquor was not served, though it could be obtained, and the sumptuous buffets had gone out of style before the First World War. Private dinners and suppers were now in fashion; refreshments at the formal parties were kept light. At the Armory, for example, the guests consumed eight thousand gallons of lifeless punch and forty-five thousand miniature sandwiches.

The Eisenhowers went first to the Armory, where they were taken to a reception room to meet the inaugural committee and the Hollywood and Broadway stars. Mamie Eisenhower was then escorted to an adjoining room to meet Mrs. Alice Roosevelt Longworth, daughter of Theodore Roosevelt, and the women who had worked with her on several inaugural committees. At last the First Family entered the main hall. As the Marine band played "Hail to the Chief!" and the crowd cheered, the Eisenhowers made their way to the Presidential box. Jeannette MacDonald sang the National Anthem, and

then the show began. The Nixons, meanwhile, were at Georgetown for a similar observance.

At midnight, the Eisenhowers went to the gymnasium and the Nixons came to the Armory, and each couple went through the same thing all over again. It was after one when the Eisenhowers headed back to the White House, after one-thirty when good-nights were said and the President and Mrs. Eisenhower went upstairs to the quarters which last night had been occupied by the Trumans.

Eisenhower said: "It has been a very long but a very wonderful day."

He was soon to discover that the days ahead would not be quite so wonderful.

Eisenhower's Second Inauguration January 21, 1957

Political leadership for President Eisenhower was frustrating. As General Eisenhower, he had been accustomed to giving an order and having it obeyed, but political life in Washington did not work that way. Also, in war, even when the sensitivities of foreign militarists had to be taken into consideration, there was a team spirit, a common goal—victory. Eisenhower now discovered that team spirit was the last thing a President could expect, even from his Cabinet, particularly from Congress. He did not relish his role as the head of the Republican Party and did little to carry it out. His influence on the Congress therefore diminished; it was Senator Robert E. Taft, more than the President, who established Republican policy on the Hill, and the policy often conflicted with what Eisenhower claimed to be his views. In 1954 control of Congress passed to the Democrats and the President found that to get things done he had to rely more on Senate Leader Lyndon B. Johnson and House Speaker Sam Rayburn than on members of his own Party. Not being a pol-

itician, he did not know how to reach the hearts of politicians.

Yet the President lost none of his personal popularity with the voters. His aura of being in command persisted; his grin exuded confidence; his forcefulness while uttering platitudes made him sound profound. Though as his first term ended he could not be described as a strong President, he was still, as an individual, unbeatable, and the mournful task of proving this again devolved on Adlai E. Stevenson.

Reluctant though Stevenson had been in 1952, he now wanted the nomination and this required hobnobbing with delegates, which he was not adept at and did not enjoy, and some of the delegates sensed this. He had not only the memory of his 1952 defeat to overcome but, equally damaging, Truman's public accusation that he was a conservative and a defeatist. That he nevertheless remained the front-runner was measurably due to his well-organized backers and the endorsement of Eleanor Roosevelt. He still had—and would always have—his fervent followers among intellectuals, but this minority could not be decisive in a Presidential election. His nomination on the first ballot, by a lean majority provided by liberals, gave evidence that the entire Party was not wholeheartedly behind him.

Stevenson's decision to let the convention pick his running-mate threw the delegates into a panic, for this was a prerogative they had not enjoyed for a century. Half a dozen hopefuls plunged into the fray but eventually Senator Estes Kefauver of Tennessee won over the boyish Massachusetts Senator John F. Kennedy.

The Vice Presidential contest provided the only life at the Republican convention. When Eisenhower agreed to run for a second term he pointed out that he would be sixty-six years old if elected, older than any previous President starting his second term, and he reminded everyone that he had already had one bad heart attack. His Vice President would, therefore, have to be a man qualified to fill the highest office in the land, should this eventuality occur. Some Republicans did not

feel that Richard M. Nixon was the man, but Nixon did and he put up a strong fight. Eisenhower and Nixon were both nominated by acclamation.

"You never had it so good," the Republicans assured the country as the campaign began, and Adlai Stevenson had a difficult time trying to prove that this was not necessarily so. There were issues—defense, civil rights, farm prices, foreign relations, and Stevenson proposed the end of the draft and an atom bomb test ban treaty with Russia—but he could find no one to argue them with him. And to criticize Eisenhower personally bordered on sacrilege. Peace-and-prosperity was the Republican theme and since these both tenuously prevailed, the electorate could not get very excited over Stevenson's warnings. The result was a greater Eisenhower victory than before, with a ten million plurality over Stevenson and a clean sweep in the Electoral College of 457 to 73.

But a strange thing had happened. Both chambers of Congress went to the Democrats, the Senate by a majority of two, the House by a majority of thirty-three. This made Eisenhower the first President to go into office with the Hill completely in enemy hands. The victory, then, as before, was his and not his Party's.

As before, Dwight Eisenhower requested a simple inauguration, and in one sense he had it. January 20 fell on a Sunday. Since the government was remaining in the same hands, a delay in the oath-taking of twenty-four hours would not have presented any serious problems. But there were crises in Poland, Hungary, the Middle East, and the Far East, and the Russians were testing bombs again. To keep the situation legal, Eisenhower decided to go ahead with the inauguration as prescribed.

The inauguration of Dwight Eisenhower and Richard Nixon in the East Room of the White House on Sunday morning was an extremely private affair. The press was barred. Plans to televise the ceremony were canceled on Eisenhower's orders. Some eighty people witnessed the event, most of them relatives—forty-eight Eisenhowers, ten Nixons, the cabinet, and a few friends.

The day began for most of them with religious services at the National Presbyterian Church at nine o'clock, and at ten they were back at the White House. The only guests who could be considered outside the personal or official families were Captain E. E. Hazlett, USN (Ret.), and his wife. Hazlett was a boyhood friend of Eisenhower's and had persuaded him to try for acceptance by the Naval Academy; when Eisenhower turned out to be too old, he turned to West Point, was accepted, and began the career that had led him to the East Room this morning. The youngest guest was Eisenhower's thirteen-month-old granddaughter, Mary Jean Eisenhower, who, though not on the official guest list, had been sent for by the President at the last moment and reciprocated his thoughtfulness by sleeping through the entire event.

It was ten-twenty-six when Richard Nixon and Senator Knowland faced each other for the Vice President's oath. His wife and the Eisenhowers were standing nearby; other guests formed a semi-circle a short distance away. Nixon's family Bible was used. Two minutes later, Chief Justice Earl Warren and Dwight Eisenhower stepped into the same spot, the President's personal Bible, held open by Frank Sanderson, a White House aide. By ten-thirty the inauguration was over and there was hand-shaking all around. Afterwards, a breakfast of coffee, sweet rolls, and coffee cake was served in the State Dining Room. The rest of the day was passed quietly by those who had participated in this unusual inauguration.

But it was not so quiet in the rest of the city. Hundreds of thousands had again packed Washington for the public ceremony to take place at the Capitol on Monday. Managed by Robert V. Fleming, a Washington banker, the inauguration committee outdid its predecessors. Only in one area was Eisenhower's plea for simplicity heeded: the parade was held down to two hours, with each state allowed only one float, one band, and one military unit. In other areas, the inaugural weekend forged to new records in crowds and glamour.

Saturday was crammed with receptions, for the wives of famous men and for women famous in their own right, for Young Republicans, and for the old Republicans who controlled the Party. That night George Murphy, having imported most of Hollywood and Broadway, produced his galas. On Sunday the Young Republicans conducted a program on "American Dedication To Peace"; there were also a gigantic reception by the governors and numerous small receptions by diplomats, followed by a concert in the evening by the Washington Symphony Orchestra, where, as always, the audience got more attention than the performers.

Monday Eisenhower had breakfast at seven-thirty, then went to his office to work for two hours. Next he dressed for the inauguration; his attire: striped trousers, short coat, top coat, homburg. The motorcade to the Capitol passed between solid walls of full-throated ovation and, though the thousands in Capitol Park knew Eisenhower and Nixon had already taken their oaths, the repetition on the outdoor platform stirred the familiar awe in those who saw it.

Eisenhower's second inaugural address was much more forceful, more dynamic, than the first. His tremendous personal victory at the polls seemed to give him a different view of the Presidency, an attitude that suggested that though teamwork could continue the team would now have a more decisive leader. Not only was he firmer regarding America's role on the international scene, but he struck at a Republican sore spot—government spending—by stating that the country had to be prepared to pay the price for the peace it had, whether through increased national defense or the subsidy of wavering foreign governments that needed help. His subsequent acts upheld this new view: his budget request was the biggest in peace-time history; he was quicker to use his veto power against the rebels on the Hill.

Following his speech, the President experienced the discomfort of having all America watch him, via television, while he ate his lunch. Time and again, his food

was stopped in mid-air when someone stepped up for an autograph and to chat. He seemed to be glad when it was over. He seemed to be glad, too, when the fabulous inaugural parade came close to remaining within its time schedule. He was able to rest briefly before a family dinner at the White House, and at nine that evening he was swept into another inaugural first.

There were four inaugural balls, the most ever. William Henry Harrison had three such festivals, but this was the first time there were four. The Eisenhowers agreed to attend all four, which they did; they promised to spend an equal time at each, and they did; the inaugural ball com-

mittee pledged that all four affairs would be equally glamorous and gawdy, which they were. The principal ball was at the National Guard Armory, and the others were at the Sheraton Park, Statler, and Mayflower hotels. Some fifteen thousand people paid fifteen dollars each for tickets that afforded them a close look at one of the most popular Presidents in history.

It was after one when the Eisenhowers returned to the White House. Again for the President it had been a long and a wonderful day of seventeen and a half hours, and perhaps the best part of it was knowing he would not have to go through it again.

January 20, 1957: Scene at the private White House ceremony when Chief Justice Earl Warren administered the oath to President Dwight D. Eisenhower for his second term. Senator William Knowland of California, Mrs. Richard Nixon, and Mrs. Eisenhower witness the ceremony as Frank K. Sanderson, administrative aide, holds the Bible. *Photo by a Navy photographer; courtesy, Wide World Photos.*



Thirty-fifth



JOHN F. KENNEDY
JANUARY 20, 1961

The Twenty-second Amendment to the Constitution, introduced by a Republican-controlled House in February, 1947, limited a President to two terms. The obvious intention was to prevent another "dynasty" like Franklin Roosevelt's, but the unexpected boomerang was the prevention of a third term for Dwight D. Eisenhower. He certainly could have obtained his Party's nomination had he wanted it; he probably could have won the election. Now the way was closed.

But it was open for Senator John F. Kennedy of Massachusetts who, having almost won the Vice Presidential nomination at the 1956 Democratic convention, immediately set out on the rugged road to the White House. Young, handsome, brilliant, liberal, he faced only one serious problem: he was a Roman Catholic. The memory of Al Smith's defeat because of his religion was too vivid in Democratic minds for the Party to support him with any enthusiasm. Even after victories in the primaries, Kennedy had to go to the Los Angeles convention to fight Party leaders who were convinced that his nomination would spell disaster.

Similarly, Vice President Richard M. Nixon faced opposition within his Party. The Republicans realized that their best hope would be a candidate shaped in Eisenhower's image but Party liberals did not feel that Nixon was the man: his record in Congress was too conservative; he had too readily accepted the conservative first-draft of the Party's platform.

Both Kennedy and Nixon won their nominations by the sheer force of their own political machines. With the same force they confronted each other for a long and grueling campaign. Teamed with Kennedy was Senator Lyndon B. Johnson of Texas; with Nixon, Henry Cabot Lodge, U.S. ambassador to the United Nations. All four men set records for time spent in travel and speeches. Kennedy had the toughest road because of his Catholicism. On all sides the religious issue popped up again and again. After a group of Protestant leaders issued a statement to the effect that a Catholic should not be the President of the United States, it became necessary for Kennedy to appear before the Houston, Texas, ministerial association, where he tried to explain that there would be no

conflict between his duties as President and as a Catholic. Without doubt, there were both backlashes and frontlashes among both Catholics and Protestants, as was shown in the pattern of voting on Election Day.

If members of either denomination crossed Party lines because of the religious issue, an equal number must have crossed the line because of other issues. The Catholic vote alone was not enough to give Kennedy a victory; not even the combined vote of all denominational and racial minorities was enough for that. Experts estimated that the Protestant vote constituted anywhere from 35 to 45 per cent of the Kennedy total. Here was the victory, not just for John F. Kennedy, but for America, for it was now clear that the shackles of old prejudices were falling away and that the day was not far off when the religion of a Presidential candidate would make as little difference to the electorate as the color of his eyes, perhaps even the color of his skin. It was on this frontier of tolerance that the country could achieve its true greatness, for, with all of America's power, wealth, and genius, it was the last frontier left to be conquered, the frontier on which the United States could fulfill its destiny or fail it.

The election was phenomenally close. Out of some sixty-nine million votes cast, Kennedy had a popular majority of 112,881—one-tenth of one per cent of the total. The splinter vote, added to Nixon's, made Kennedy a minority winner, but there had been a number of these in political history. In 1860, Lincoln's three-man opposition out-pollled him by a million, but he won in the Electoral College. This time, twenty-three states gave Kennedy 303 electoral votes; 26 states gave Nixon 219; Mississippi gave its 8 votes to Senator Harry Byrd of Virginia.

On December 6, 1960, Kennedy and his aides went to the White House to prepare for the take-over from the Eisenhower administration. The atmosphere was far different from the Eisenhower-Truman meeting of eight years before. Kennedy's criticisms of his predecessor had been less

barbed, less personal than political accusations usually were, with the emphasis on the methods instead of the man, a wise maneuver in view of Eisenhower's continued popularity. The three-hour meeting, therefore, went well, ending affably on both sides.

The President-elect spent most of the next six weeks at his family's winter home, in Palm Beach, Florida, selecting his cabinet and making administrative appointments. Soon after the election, Kennedy had become a father for the second time, with the birth of his son John.

Inauguration week began when, on Monday, January 16, a thousand Republicans gathered at the Statler Hotel for what was defined as a "transition" ball. It was actually a farewell party for appointees at all levels who were about to be displaced by Democrats. Crying towels were provided and a Republican spokesman said he expected the Democrats to hold a similar affair in 1965.

Tuesday morning the President-elect's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph P. Kennedy, flew to Washington from Palm Beach. Later in the day, Kennedy made the same flight, reaching the capital at six o'clock. In his Georgetown home he conferred with David Bell, his budget director. After this he went to the nearby home of his sister and brother-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Smith, for a party whose 125 guests included Vice President-elect Johnson and his wife, Kennedy's parents and other relatives, and the Hollywood and Broadway stars who, led by Frank Sinatra, were to present a gala Thursday evening. Kennedy remained at the party about an hour, then, still dressed in his dinner jacket, went to the airport for a plane to New York and a round of conferences.

Wednesday morning, Kennedy conferred for forty minutes with Governor Luis Muñoz Marín of Puerto Rico, their conversation covering a wide variety of Latin-American topics, on which the Governor was a recognized authority. Next, Kennedy's tailor called for fittings of the formal suit that was to be worn at the inauguration; the tailor informed reporters

that Kennedy had put on a little weight. While being fitted, the President-elect examined a collection of silk hats and bought two, thus setting the male fashion for his inauguration. At noon, he went for lunch to the home of Averell Harriman, where another guest was British labor leader Hugh Gaitskell. The luncheon presumably had no relation to Kennedy's next appointment—with his dentist, at three-thirty. At five he was on a plane back to Washington, and shortly after six he was at the Statler Hotel for the reception which House Speaker Sam Rayburn gave for Vice President-elect Lyndon Johnson.

Thursday it began to snow, with a prediction of six inches in the next twenty-four hours. Great groans went up, as rumors spread that the inauguration ceremonies might be held indoors and perhaps the parade would be canceled. Thousands upon thousands of Democrats had come into the city; the hotels were packed, and many who could not obtain quarters were forced to use the bunks on their chartered trains. The fast falling snow snarled traffic; snarled again were the invitation arrangements, both for the inaugural balls and the ceremonies at the Capitol. The offices of all inaugural committees were jammed with visitors pleading for help. Originally, three inaugural dances had been planned, but within the last day this had been increased to four, and then to five, in an effort to meet the demand for tickets.

It was a busy day for John Kennedy. At his request, he had another White House meeting with President Eisenhower at nine. At eleven-twenty, he began conferences with General Lyman Lemnitzer, Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff; with Najeeb Halaby, Los Angeles lawyer, whom he appointed to head the Federal Aviation Agency; and with Labor Secretary-designate Arthur Goldberg. With Goldberg, at two, he went to call on the AFL-CIO Executive Council at the Sheraton-Charlton Hotel. This was, in a sense, a peace mission, meant to placate the union leaders who were disappointed because a high position in the Defense Department had not been given, as expected, to one of their members.

Kennedy literally arrived hat-in-hand, carrying the fedora the hat-makers union had given him in the hope that he would cease undermining their sales efforts by his habit of going bareheaded most of the time. Peace evidently was established: after the meeting the union leaders pledged their full support to the new President. It was also announced that he had ordered another hat. The next stop, at three, was the Sheraton Park Hotel, where forty-three governors held a giant reception. Lyndon Johnson was there, as were Harry Truman, his wife, and his daughter. Truman then accompanied Kennedy to his Georgetown home for a half-hour private conference on—it was disclosed—"a lot of ideas on the Presidency."

By now, four inches of snow had fallen on the city. Still ahead were an inaugural concert at Constitution Hall and the star-studded gala at the Armory. The most frantic person in the city was Frank Sinatra, who had put a great deal of work into the gala, which was to raise over a million dollars to pay campaign debts, and who now looked upon the blizzard as a personal affront. The storm had prevented several big-name performers from reaching the city. It also prevented the landing of a plane carrying Herbert Hoover, who, after circling the city for two hours, ordered the plane back to Florida.

Because of the storm, the Kennedys had to forego Eleanor Roosevelt's reception and a dinner given by publisher Philip Graham. They did, however, manage to arrive at Constitution Hall in time for the concert, only to discover that half the orchestra and the conductor were snow-bound elsewhere. Half an hour later the concert began, with a third of the orchestra still missing and about four hundred people in the auditorium, which could seat four thousand. At the Armory, Frank Sinatra faced a similarly decimated audience. Some twenty-thousand had been expected, at a hundred dollars a seat, ten thousand dollars a box, but at show time there were just five thousand people there. Worse, no one was sure that the real stars of the evening, John and Jacqueline Kennedy, were go-

ing to be able to make their way from Constitution Hall through streets now blocked with snowdrifts. That they were able to do so was due to the assistance provided by police cars which, receiving radio instructions along the route, were able to guide the Kennedy limousine on a wide detour along streets free of drifts and stalled cars. They arrived at ten-thirty; the show went on ten minutes later, now to an audience of some eight thousand. In addition to Sinatra, the cast included Peter Lawford, Kennedy's brother-in-law, and Sir Laurence Olivier, Sidney Poitier, Helen Traubel, Jimmy Durante, Milton Berle, and Ethel Merman. Jacqueline Kennedy remained at the gala until one o'clock, but the President-elect stayed for another hour, until the performance ended, then joined the cast at a lobster-and-champagne supper his father gave at a Washington restaurant. It was almost four when he reached home.

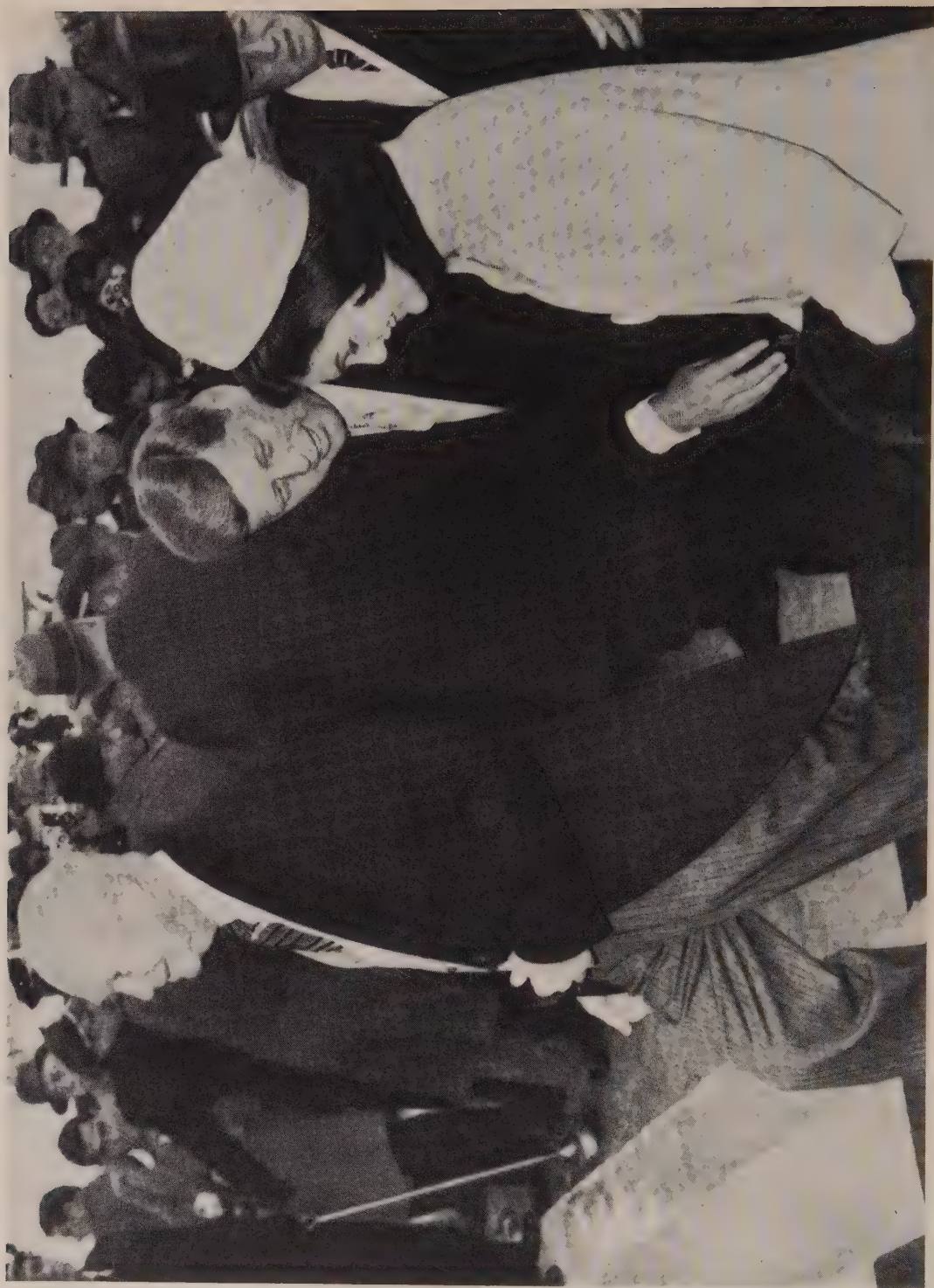
He was up at eight and, over breakfast, studied a copy of his inaugural address. At nine he was at the Holy Trinity Roman Catholic Church for Mass. When he returned home at nine-thirty he went across the street to the house of Miss Helen Montgomery, who had allowed the press to use her home as headquarters. In gratitude, the reporters were giving her a plaque, and Kennedy had agreed to make the presentation. It was repeated outdoors for the cameras and during the ceremony Kennedy noticed that one of the reporters was wearing a black homburg. Kennedy joked: "Didn't you get the word? It's top hat this time." He then went home for his own.

After dumping almost eight inches of snow on the Capital, the storm had ceased at dawn, but there was still a strong wind and the temperature was twenty-two. Hundreds of shovelers had worked all night on the thoroughfares that would be used during the day's festivities. At four minutes to eleven, a White House bubble-top limousine was able to pull up in front of the Kennedy home, and almost immediately the President-elect and his wife entered it for the eight-minute ride to the Executive Mansion. Eisenhower, in a cutaway and striped trousers, stepped out of the main

door as the limousine drew to a stop; his warm and friendly welcome reminded observers of the morning, eight years ago, when the old and new Presidents met at this same spot in an atmosphere that verged on open combat.

Eisenhower led the young couple inside. In a few minutes, the Nixons and the Johnsons arrived and went inside. At Eisenhower's suggestion, everyone had arrived early for coffee.

When, at eleven-thirty, Eisenhower and Kennedy came out of the White House and headed for their car, both were wearing toppers, and Eisenhower looked more dapper, more at ease, in his than did the young Bostonian. Into the first car with them went Speaker Sam Rayburn and Senator John J. Sparkman of the Congressional escort committee. The next two cars bore Secret Service agents, then came a limousine containing Mrs. Eisenhower and Mrs. Kennedy, followed by a bubble-top in which rode Nixon and Johnson and, last, the car with their wives. Because of the cold, the crowd along Pennsylvania Avenue was smaller than had been expected. Gloves muffled the applause; the wind swept cheers away before they could be heard. At Capitol Plaza, some twenty-thousand chilled guests shivered on the benches between the high banks of snow. It was two minutes past noon when, the lesser luminaries in their places on the platform, Harry and Bess Truman came out of the Rotunda and began to descend the stairs. Truman grinned as the crowd cheered. Then the wives of the four principals came upon the platform and took their places. At twelve-ten, the Marine band played ruffles and flourishes as Eisenhower and Nixon came down the stairs and the band started "Hail to the Chief!" A minute later Lyndon Johnson followed. At twelve-thirteen Kennedy, carrying his hat, appeared at the top of the stairs. The platform guests and the crowd on the plaza all rose and gave him an ovation as he advanced to the microphones. He shook hands with those nearby and took a chair next to Eisenhower and they began to converse as Sparkman, master of ceremonies, started the program.



The first personage to participate was Richard Cardinal Cushing of Boston, close friend of the Kennedy family, who was to give the invocation. As the Cardinal began to pray in his slow sing-song voice, smoke rose from the podium, but he did not seem to notice it. Actually, a wire had short-circuited and attendants moved in quickly to make repairs. The Cardinal revealed later that he had indeed seen the smoke. The thought struck him that it might be coming from a smoldering bomb intended for Kennedy, and the Cardinal immediately decided to recite his prayer even slower so that, in case there was an explosion, he would take the impact of it, thus protecting the young man who was minutes away from the Presidency. The crowd that was there and the millions watching on television were amused during these few moments which the Cardinal was prepared to make the last of his life.

Marian Anderson then sang the National Anthem, after which Archbishop Iakovos, of the Greek Orthodox Church, read a prayer. An inaugural first occurred next as Sam Rayburn administered the oath of office to Lyndon Johnson—the first time a Speaker of the House had sworn in a Vice President. Following this, the Reverend John Barclay of the Central Christian Church, Austin, Texas, read a prayer, and then came one of the most amusing moments of any inauguration. Kennedy had asked Robert Frost, the poet, to participate in the ceremonies, the first time an invitation of this kind had ever been extended. Frost, eighty-six, was deeply moved by this recognition and had written a special preface to that effect to his popular poem “The Gift Outright,” which he was now going to read.

Frost approached the lectern and spread out the page on which he had written the preface. The wind riffled his hair and made the page flutter; a bright sun put a glare on the paper, but he began: “Summoning artists to participate/In the august occasions of the state/Seems something for us all to celebrate. . . .” Then he stopped. His tone changed into an old man’s complaint as he muttered: “I am not having

a good light here at all.” The crowd laughed and applauded; the world-famous men on the platform smiled patiently. Lyndon Johnson stepped to Frost and, offering his top hat to shade the page, held down the paper with his free hand. Frost’s expression indicated he had changed his mind, and he announced: “This was to have been a preface to a poem which I do not have to read.” And he looked out at the crowd and recited his poem. The freezing plaza seemed warmer.

The Bible used when Chief Justice Earl Warren administered the oath to John F. Kennedy was a Douay version which had belonged to Kennedy’s grandmother. During the one-minute oath-taking, Kennedy’s hand moved from the Bible to his side, an inadvertent act which later brought many inquiries as to whether the oath, sworn while not actually touching the Bible, was valid. It was, the White House explained: the use of the Bible to solemnize the oath was merely traditional and not prescribed by the Constitution.

It was eleven minutes after one, a half-hour behind schedule. President Kennedy shook hands with Justice Warren, then with Richard Nixon, as the Marines played “Hail to the Chief!” in his honor for the first time. He and his wife exchanged smiles.

His brief inaugural address was quickly acclaimed to be a masterpiece, its phrases becoming classics as he uttered them. He spoke slowly, forcefully, punctuating his points with thrusts of his right hand, and each point was a challenge. He said: “If a free society cannot help the many who are poor, it cannot save the few who are rich.” And: “Let us never negotiate out of fear. But let us never fear to negotiate.” And: “I do not believe that any of us would exchange places with any other people or any other generation. The energy, faith, the devotion which we bring to this endeavor will light our country and all who serve it—and the glow from that fire can truly light the world.” And: “My fellow Americans: ask not what your country can do for you—ask what you can do for your country.”

A few minutes later, when the National

Anthem was played again, Kennedy's lips moved as he said the words to himself.

Whatever the weather, the triumphant return to the White House and the inaugural parade brought a million spectators into Pennsylvania Avenue. The President and the First Lady rode together in one of the bubble-top limousines, waving and smiling during the forty-five minute trip. On the Treasury Building steps were the President's parents and fourteen of his nieces and nephews, all of whom received a special wave of the top hat Kennedy had rarely put on his head. The low temperature took some of the color out of the long parade: many of the thirty-thousand marchers had put on their overcoats. For Kennedy the high point of the parade was a PT boat, mounted on a float and painted to resemble the PT 109 which he had commanded during the war. He shouted: "Great work!" to the crew as they rode past.

Jacqueline Kennedy remained in the viewing stand only an hour, when the cold drove her into the White House. Shortly thereafter, the Trumans went into the White House, their first time inside since they had moved out eight years before. As both twilight and the temperature fell, it was suggested that Kennedy ought to go in but he said: "I'll stay if it takes all night." It took until six-fifteen, by which time Kennedy, his brother Robert, and Robert's wife, Ethel, were practically the only persons still watching. Most of the family dined together at the White House, but the President had dinner with classmates from Choate, his prep school, and he was back at the White House by nine-thirty in time to change for the tour of the inaugural balls.

The Johnsons joined the Kennedys at the White House as the tour began. The first stop was the Mayflower Hotel, where the smallest of the five dances was held, but the room was so crowded that dancing was impossible. The guests crushed in on the Kennedys when they tried to work their way across the room, shaking hands, and the effort had to be called off. Getting out of the room proved to be almost as difficult for the Presidential party as had getting in, which caused a delay in its arrival at the next stop, the Statler. Here a calmer procedure was adopted: the officials were brought into an anteroom for a brief reception. The main event was at the Armory, to be televised at eleven o'clock, and, knowing that millions would be watching, it was necessary to cut down the group's stay at the Statler in order to reach the Armory on time.

Crowds waited at two more hotels for visits by the First Family, but for Mrs. Kennedy, still recuperating from surgery, the day had already been too long. She returned to the White House. For the President, however, it was the shank of an evening he had worked for months and traveled thousands of miles to reach and he continued the tour. At two in the morning on his way back to the White House Kennedy realized that he was near the home of Joseph Alsop, the newspaper columnist who was also a personal friend, and he thought it would be pleasant to stop off for a nightcap.

Outside, weary, cold, and slightly dazed, waited the reporters who had trailed Kennedy since his return to Washington on Wednesday. They wondered how long, at this pace, they could keep up with him.

Thirty-sixth



LYNDON BAINES JOHNSON NOVEMBER 22, 1963

It was a day for tears.

Although the trip to Texas had been labeled as nonpolitical, it was clearly an accelerated effort at some political fence-mending in order to keep the state's twenty-five electoral votes in the Democratic column. The Democratic Party was in trouble in Texas. In 1960 the Party had carried the state by a slim plurality of 46,233 votes, and the U.S. Senate seat vacated by Lyndon B. Johnson had gone to Republican John G. Tower. Moreover, the Party was split: the senior Texas senator, Ralph W. Yarborough, had won in 1956 despite opposition from Johnson, then considered leader of the Party in his state.

Even Vice President Johnson had been losing popularity in his home state. In 1960 Northern liberals considered Johnson to be a costly compromise just for the sake of bringing Texas back to the Democratic Party after its two lapses into Republicanism in both Eisenhower campaigns. But Johnson subsequently dispelled such fears by the boldness with which he broached the civil rights and religious issues before the Southern audiences who were most sensitive about them. Though this com-

forted the North, it disturbed the South, with the result that this traditionally one-party section of the country gave a Democratic winner the narrowest majority in history. In doing so the South, especially Texas, indicated its reservations not only toward Kennedy but toward Johnson, a native son, as well.

With the 1964 election only a year off, it became vital to determine how seriously the Administration's stand on civil rights had threatened its position in the South. A mob attack on United Nations Ambassador Adlai E. Stevenson in Dallas on October 24 heightened White House concern. An announcement came that President Kennedy would make two visits to the South, one to Florida on Monday, November 18, and a two-day tour of Texas at the end of that week, for the purpose of filling certain speaking engagements. He would be accompanied to Texas by his wife, Jacqueline, by Vice President and Mrs. Johnson, by Senator Yarborough, by a covey of Texas Congressmen, and by members of his staff. And escorting him in Texas would be Governor and Mrs. John W. Connally. As far as Texas was concerned, the

entourage constituted the full might of the Democratic Party, and pundits saw in the trip an effort to make a show of unity and a test of popularity.

President Kennedy's ten-hour tour of Florida could hardly have been called a political success. Small crowds welcomed him at Tampa and Miami; his reception by the Florida State Chamber of Commerce convention at Tampa had been lukewarm, and his talk that evening in Miami was so coolly received that he hurried through it and returned quickly to Washington. In 1960 he had lost Florida's fourteen electoral votes to Nixon and now there did not seem much chance that he would win them in 1964. In Washington on Wednesday he was host to seven hundred guests at the annual reception for the Justices of the Supreme Court; Jacqueline Kennedy, in mourning since the death of her infant son in August, used the party for the occasion of her first public appearance. Next morning they left for Texas.

The warmth of the Texas welcome was a staggering surprise. The crowds were large, their enthusiasm resounding; there was no evidence of the hostility that had marred Stevenson's visit. From San Antonio to Houston to Fort Worth, the Presidential entourage advanced in triumph. By nightfall it was a safe bet that, barring some unforeseeable turn of events, Texas would be with Kennedy in the 1964 election. In high spirits the President awoke early on Friday morning in his suite in the Texas Hotel in Fort Worth, where he was scheduled to address a breakfast meeting of the Chamber of Commerce. It had rained during the night, but by eight o'clock the sun had broken through, and a large crowd gathered in the parking lot opposite the hotel, hoping for a glimpse of the President and Mrs. Kennedy when they were scheduled to leave the hotel in another two hours.

At eight-forty-five Kennedy unexpectedly emerged from the hotel and went over to the parking lot to shake hands with the people. This habit of breaking from his guards to mingle with the crowds had been a constant worry to the Secret Service; once

again the agents came running to surround the President in the parking lot. His smile was broad and confident as he clasped the outstretched hands. There were cries of: "Where's Jackie?" and the President explained: "Mrs. Kennedy is busy organizing herself. It takes a little longer, you know, but then she looks so much better than we do." Later, at the breakfast, the President was about to give his speech when Mrs. Kennedy entered the room. He paused as the audience gave her an ovation; he noticed that the reporters made notes of the pink suit and the pillbox hat she was wearing, and then he said: "A couple of years ago in France I introduced myself as the man who accompanied Mrs. Kennedy to Paris. I'm getting somewhat the same sensation as I travel around Texas. Nobody wonders what Lyndon and I wear."

As they had done throughout the journey, President Kennedy and Vice President Johnson flew in separate planes to avoid a double tragedy in the event of a crash. On this flight Governor and Mrs. Connally flew with the Kennedys in the sumptuous Air Force One, the Presidential craft. Awaiting them at Love Field was the Presidential limousine, flown out from Washington expressly for the motorcade through downtown Dallas. Its bullet-proof bubble-top had been removed only moments before Air Force One landed: the threat of violence and the threat of rain had both dissipated and the order had come: the President would ride in an open car.

More than five thousand people were at Love Field to greet the President when his plane touched down at eleven-thirty-seven. The formalities of the welcome, the presentation of roses and asters to Mrs. Kennedy, and the hand-shaking with the crowd held up the motorcade for thirteen minutes, and it was eleven-fifty by the time the passengers were all in their cars and ready for the trip into the city. A Dallas police escort led the motorcade, followed by the Presidential limousine bearing the Kennedys and the Connallys. Next was the car of the Secret Service agents assigned to the President. Behind them, in another con-

vertible, were Vice President and Mrs. Johnson, with Senator Yarborough, followed by the car of agents assigned to protect Johnson. The communications car was next, equipped with telephones for the reporters who had been chosen from the White House press corps for this advantageous position on the ride through Dallas. Beyond were the vehicles for the Congressmen, the President's staff, and local dignitaries.

The destination was the Trade Mart, on Stemmons Freeway. Like the airport, the building was northwest of the city and could have been reached on suburban backroads, but this would have canceled out the downtown parade; it would have removed the opportunity to gauge the mood of the people, and this, after all, had been the purpose of the whole trip.

It was Kennedy's show. Lyndon Johnson realized this and had remained unobtrusively in the background throughout the swing across Texas. It was Kennedy the people wanted to see and to cheer; it was Kennedy who was being judged by the Texas reception. Though Johnson was certainly as relieved as Kennedy by the stormy enthusiasm of the turn-out, he could not bask in it as openly as the President, knowing it was not meant for him.

The Dallas luncheon was the last event on the Texas tour. After it the entourage was scheduled to fly to the Vice President's ranch at Johnson City for the weekend. This was on Mrs. Johnson's mind as the motorcade approached downtown Dallas. That morning she had once again checked her household staff by telephone to be sure that everything was in readiness. If affairs proceeded on schedule she would be a busy hostess in approximately two hours.

Thick crowds slowed down the motorcade as it turned into Main Street. Secret Service Agent Clint Hill took a position at the rear left of the Presidential limousine and trotted alongside, his gaze restlessly scanning the jammed sidewalks. In the front seat of the Johnson car Agent Rufus W. Youngblood alertly studied the tall buildings. This was always the worst part of events like these. Although Govern-

ment agents and the Dallas police had repeatedly checked the entire motorcade route, although at this moment plainclothesmen of both the Federal and City agencies were scattered through the crowd and stationed at windows in the buildings, it was impossible to watch every person in the great throng, impossible to place a guard at every window, on every roof, and thus during these moments of dangerous exposure the men responsible for protecting the President and the Vice President were tense, vigilant, and worried. Agents in the two cars following Kennedy and Johnson kept their hands on revolvers and machine guns, the doors of their vehicles partly open.

It was, by the clock atop the Texas Public School Book Depository Building, precisely twelve-thirty when the leading cars of the motorcade emerged from the downtown streets of Dallas, made a sharp left turn, passing the book building, and began to descend a steep embankment which led to an underpass and onward to the Stemmons Freeway. Because of the turn, the cars were moving slowly.

A shot rang out. Most people took it to be a fire cracker. Then there were two more reports. In the Johnson car Agent Youngblood turned quickly, grabbed the Vice President by the right arm, and forced him to the floor. "Get down, get down," Youngblood cried, then he slid over the seat to the rear section and threw his body over the Vice President's. Mrs. Johnson and Senator Yarborough crouched low.

What had happened in a matter of a few seconds stunned the world. President Kennedy had been mortally wounded. Governor Connally had also been shot.

Over the walkie-talkie that Rufus Youngblood was wearing around his neck came the voice of Agent Roy Kelleman in the President's car, saying: "Take off. We're going to Parkland Hospital. Follow us."

The Johnson convertible leapt forward to seventy miles an hour. It was all so sudden, so chaotic, that no one could be sure what had occurred. Aching under the weight of Youngblood's body, the Vice President asked: "What happened?"

Youngblood said: "I don't know, but you'd better be ready to be acting President when we get to the hospital."

Lyndon Johnson said nothing. A few moments later when Youngblood, fearful of another attack, suggested that, for safety, the Vice President should enter the hospital as quickly as possible, Johnson merely said: "Okay."

Youngblood remained on top of Johnson for the four-mile rush to Parkland Hospital, arriving at twelve-thirty-six, five minutes after the shootings. As he stepped from the car, the Vice President rubbed his chest to ease the stiffness brought on by the discomfort of the ride. Observers, remembering Johnson's heart attack in 1955, immediately and erroneously concluded that he was experiencing another cardiac seizure. This incorrect deduction was flashed to a nation already in shock from the brief, confused, and contradictory news bulletins about President Kennedy.

When Lyndon Johnson reached the hospital, seven agents encircled him and hurried his wife and him to a three-room suite on the first floor that was ordinarily used for emergency minor surgery. Five agents remained with the Johnsons; two were posted outside the door with orders to admit no one they did not know.

Indications were that the President was near death, if not already dead. It was disclosed that the doctors had already admitted among themselves that there was nothing they could do. Two priests had arrived. It was becoming increasingly obvious and necessary to provide protection for the new First Family. Johnson's daughter Lynda Bird was a student at the University of Texas at Austin; Luci attended the National Cathedral School for Girls in Washington. Government agents now assigned to the girls found Luci participating in a prayer session with her schoolmates; Lynda Bird had hurried over to the Governor's Mansion to be with the Connally children.

At approximately a quarter to one Dallas time, Mrs. Johnson said she wanted to see Mrs. Kennedy and Mrs. Connally. Accompanied by a Secret Service agent, she

went down the hall and met Mrs. Kennedy outside the door of the room where the President lay. The two women embraced in silence; Mrs. Johnson later revealed that Mrs. Kennedy had softly said: "We had ten years together." Mrs. Johnson then went upstairs to Mrs. Connally, an old friend, and upon confronting each other both women broke into tears.

When Lady Bird Johnson returned to her husband approximately fifteen minutes later, he was President of the United States. A discussion was going on between him, the Secret Service agents, and Malcolm Kilduff, a White House aide. No one could be sure whether the shootings of Kennedy and Connally were the work of a single person or whether there was a large conspiracy to kill other government leaders, but it was agreed that President Johnson should return as quickly as possible to Washington, where he would be safer. Johnson insisted on waiting until Jacqueline Kennedy was ready to go back to Washington. Even when he was told that Mrs. Kennedy would not leave Dallas without her husband's body and that preparations might require what could be a dangerous delay, the new President refused to go. At this point Johnson suggested to his wife that she make notes on everything that was happening. Mrs. Johnson took a pad and pencil from her purse and began to write in shorthand.

Kilduff asked if an official announcement of John Kennedy's death should be made to the press. Johnson felt it would be wiser to delay this until he was safely aboard Air Force One and on his way to Washington. Actually, the announcement was unnecessary. From the departing priests and the hospital staff, reporters in the building had already learned the news and flashed it to the world. It was not known at the hospital that the Dallas police had tracked down a suspect, that he had allegedly murdered a policeman who had spotted him on the street, and that at this very moment squad cars were converging on a neighborhood movie house to capture him.

Unaware of this, the Secret Service

agents with Johnson pleaded with him to leave the hospital, where they could not adequately guard him, and at least go to the Presidential aircraft. He agreed to do so. Arrangements were made for him to ride to Love Field in an unmarked Dallas police car and on a backroads route different from that which others in his party would take. As Johnson, surrounded by agents, went down the hospital corridor to the car, they passed the room where John Kennedy lay. The door was open. Mrs. Kennedy was standing at her husband's side, alone.

At Love Field, Air Force One was being readied for the flight to Washington. Fuel was taken on, the luggage of the Johnson party was transferred, Johnson's personal attendants moved in. The President boarded the plane at one-thirty-five, and the Secret Service agents again urged him to proceed to Washington immediately. "No," he said. "We will wait for Mrs. Kennedy and Mr. Kennedy's body." It was then realized that three or four hours would pass before the arrival at the White House and during that time the United States would be without a President. Texas Congressman Albert Thomas said: "You've got to take the oath of office now, Mr. President."

Johnson was willing, but he wanted to be certain of the legality of the circumstances. He therefore put through a telephone call to Attorney General Robert F. Kennedy, the President's brother, reaching him at home, where, dazed and broken-hearted, he was strolling in the garden with John McCone, head of the Central Intelligence Agency, who had gone to Kennedy's home to console him. After expressing condolences, Johnson asked how Kennedy felt about an immediate inauguration in Dallas. The Attorney General said it seemed all right to him. Johnson then asked who could give the oath and Kennedy said that, to be absolutely sure, he would check his office. Deputy Attorney General Nicholas de B. Katzenbach informed Kennedy that any person qualified to give a Federal oath could swear in a President; Kennedy called Lyndon Johnson

back. In Dallas lived Mrs. Sarah T. Hughes, an old Johnson friend, who had been appointed a Federal District judge by John Kennedy just a few weeks before. She had been at the Trade Mart that noon for the Kennedy speech and, after its cancellation, had gone home. She was home just ten minutes when she received a telephone summons to hurry to Love Field to inaugurate the new President. She was almost there when she realized that she did not know the Presidential oath and that she had forgotten to bring a Bible.

The question of the correct wording of the Presidential oath had been raised aboard Air Force One. To obtain it, a Johnson aide telephoned Katzenbach in Washington, who read it from a copy of the Constitution he had on his desk. When the matter of the Bible arose, Crew member Sergeant Joseph Ayres remembered that President Kennedy had kept one on the nightstand by his bed, and he fetched it.

The hearse bearing Mrs. Kennedy and her husband's body reached Love Field at two-fifteen. After a staircase was drawn up to the rear door of the plane, Secret Service agents and Kennedy aides carried the bronze coffin aboard and Mrs. Kennedy followed. Moments later Judge Hughes arrived at the air terminal and was quickly escorted to the plane. Everyone seemed aware that another high point in this history-packed day was about to occur. Some thirty people—no accurate record was made—crammed into the small forward compartment of the big plane; Johnson, his wife, his aides, Kennedy aides, Judge Hughes, Secret Service agents, Congressmen, three reporters, crew members. Jacqueline Kennedy came in, her hair disheveled, her clothes streaked with blood. People squeezed aside to let her make her way to Lyndon Johnson's left side, but no one was able to bring himself to speak to her.

At precisely two-thirty-eight Judge Hughes, holding the copy of the oath in her left hand, extended the Bible in her right. Lyndon Johnson placed his left hand on the Bible and haltingly raised his right hand. Everyone was silent. A camera

clicked. A tape recorder hummed. Judge Hughes pronounced the oath and Lyndon Johnson repeated it after her. Then the Judge added: "So help me God."

"So help me God," said President Johnson.

No one moved; the silence lingered. Then President Johnson turned to Mrs. Kennedy and kissed her on the cheek and said: "You're so brave to do this, and I'll ever be grateful to you." Mrs. Kennedy nodded and moved away, returning to the rear of the plane, to her husband's coffin, where she remained during the flight to Washington. Johnson next turned to his wife and kissed her. Behind him stood Mrs. Evelyn Lincoln, John Kennedy's personal secretary; Johnson embraced her.

Then the new President gave his first executive order. "Okay. Let's get this plane back to Washington."

Soon after the plane was airborne, Johnson put through a call to Rose Kennedy, President Kennedy's mother, at Hyannisport. The first connection was bad and the call had to be replaced. When he heard Mrs. Kennedy's voice the President found himself unable to speak. "I wish to God I could do something to help you," he managed, and then: "Here's Lady Bird."

Mrs. Johnson said: "Oh, Mrs. Kennedy, we feel as though our hearts had been cut out. But all of us must remember how fortunate the nation was to have had your son as long as it did."

Mrs. Kennedy said: "Thank you, Lady Bird." And that was all.

Both Johnsons next spoke to Mrs. Nellie Connally and learned that although the Governor was still in surgery, word had come from the operating room that, miraculously, the bullet that passed through his chest had not struck any vital organs and that he would live. Relieved, Johnson turned to the crisis of the moment, saying: "I want the world to know that while the leader has fallen the nation is not prostrate." Thus taking up the affairs of government, he ordered that a Cabinet meeting would be held that night in Washington, whereupon he was reminded that Secretary of State Dean Rusk and five other

Cabinet members were en route to a conference in Tokyo, Japan. Actually, news of the assassination had already reached their plane and Rusk had ordered its immediate return to Washington. Since the Cabinet members could not arrive at the Capital until Saturday morning, Johnson rescheduled the meeting for that time. However, he asked Defense Secretary Robert S. McNamara and McGeorge Bundy, the Presidential National Security Assistant, to confer with him that evening. He then summoned the Kennedy aides who were aboard the plane and told them: "The Constitution is putting me in the White House, but there is no law to make you stay there with me. But I need your help. Badly. Not just now, but from here on in." The men assured Johnson they would remain.

Air Force One landed at Andrews Air Force Base at one minute before six, Washington time. It was dark. It had rained in Washington, as it had that day in many parts of the country, as though Nature herself were in mourning. A large crowd had gathered, an army of reporters was waiting, television cameras had been set up. McNamara was there, Bundy, Under Secretary of State George W. Ball, Congressional leaders, Robert Kennedy. As the big plane came to a stop and its engines were silenced, a staircase was put at the front door and several people hurried up before the door was open. A freight lift was put at the rear door and a hearse drew up. There was a flurry of activity at both ends of the aircraft. Moments later the coffin could be seen on the lift, surrounded by seven or eight people, including Jacqueline Kennedy and the Attorney General. The lift slowly lowered to about three feet off the ground, the coffin was removed and placed in the hearse; then Robert Kennedy jumped to the ground, turned, and helped his sister-in-law down. She went directly to the hearse and tried the door, but it was locked, and she turned away with a gesture of helplessness. The driver reached back, unlocked the door, and Mrs. Kennedy entered. Robert Kennedy entered from the other side and the hearse moved quickly away, to Bethesda Naval Hospital.

Only then did Lyndon Johnson leave the plane. Dignitaries approached him and his wife as they reached the bottom of the stairs. There were solemn handclasps and the shaking of heads by men who still could not believe what had happened; the Johnsons were led to microphones that stood in a glare of lights. Then Lyndon Johnson read the statement he had written on the plane. He said:

"This is a sad time for all people. We have suffered a loss that cannot be

weighed. For me, it is a deep personal tragedy. I know the world shares the sorrow that Mrs. Kennedy and her family bear. I will do my best. That is all I can do. I ask for your help—and God's."

He turned then, and accompanied by his aides, went to a waiting helicopter for the short flight to the White House, where he immediately took on the Presidency of his country. He had made the shortest inaugural address in the nation's history.

And the saddest.

November 22, 1963: The administration of the presidential oath of office to Lyndon B. Johnson in jet plane Air Force One at Dallas, Texas, by Federal District Judge Mrs. Sarah T. Hughes.
Photo by Cecil Stoughton, The White House.



Johnson's Second Inauguration January 20, 1965

The President danced.

So rarely had a President danced at his inaugural ball that the only records of such occasions were George Washington's first and that of William Henry Harrison, over a century ago. Lyndon Baines Johnson, therefore, had either revived a precedent or broken one. But this was an inauguration of so many precedents, broken or established, that it set a record in itself.

The election had also been an occasion for records. Running against Senator Barry Goldwater of Arizona, Johnson captured sixty-one per cent of the popular vote, the highest ever, and his total in the Electoral College was second only to Franklin D. Roosevelt's 1936 record-smashing victory over Alfred Landon. Johnson was the first Democrat to win traditionally Republican Vermont since 1912. His predicted triumph became evident so early on election night that its significance was almost overshadowed by what turned out to be a very dull evening. Coming at the end of an explosive campaign during which arch-conservative Barry Goldwater found himself armed with headline-making scandals in the Administration, the decisive day nevertheless was devoid of surprises for everybody except the Republican candidate. His surprise was the size of his defeat. Goldwater narrowly won his own state, and he took five Southern states where racism gave him strength. His opposition to Medicare, the Civil Rights Bill, the sale of wheat to Russia and the absolute Presidential control over the use of nuclear weapons undoubtedly harmed him with millions of liberals in his own party, and he also suffered in having in New York Representative William E. Miller a running mate who seemed always to be snarling.

Johnson's patient smile and quiet manner, paired with the boyish ebullience and Spartan endurance of his running mate, Minnesota Senator Hubert H. Humphrey,

created an impression of calm and confidence which all the heel-nipping of the opposition could not shatter. Johnson also had the advantage of having been the incumbent for almost a year: he showed himself to be a President of force, vigor and stature. Though he lacked the piercing brilliance of John F. Kennedy and the warm flair of Franklin D. Roosevelt, he was certainly in their class as a skillful politician. In fact, his thirty years in the Congress, most of them at high levels, probably better prepared him for the Presidency than any of his predecessors. Not only did he have close friends on Capitol Hill but he also knew where all the "skeletons in the closet" were—two vital advantages for compromises in the traditional tug-of-war between the Congress and the Executive. Moreover, Johnson had a folksy quality which endeared him to the common man. He had been a school teacher; he once said that if he hadn't gone into politics he would have become a preacher, and there were traces of both professions in his speeches. Most of the time he spoke softly, almost monotonously, occasionally putting a practiced smile on his face, like a paternal teacher appealing to the better side of a juvenile delinquent, but when he turned fiery, even when his words did not fit the mood, he sounded so distinctly like a tent-meeting evangelist that a sudden hymn would have been no surprise.

Johnson's folksiness provided the first surprise of his inauguration when, in December, he announced that he would wear an ordinary business suit for his oath-taking instead of the customary top hat, tails and striped pants. Official Washington bemoaned this further loss of Capital glamour. Even Hubert Humphrey was caught off-guard: his tailor had already fitted him for the formal attire. But the decision was typical of the no-nonsense Texan who, despite position, power and personal wealth, remained a country boy at heart. On his trips across the country in the weeks before becoming President in his own right, he was frequently heard calling out to departing visitors: "Y'all come to the inauguration, hear?" They all came.

In December, some 250,000 invitations to various inaugural events were mailed, some with price tags for the gala and the concert. Since many of the very important people had homes and offices in two or three parts of the country, electronic computers were used to avoid duplications. But something went wrong. Hundreds of guests received an invitation at each address, and one New Yorker received several. On Christmas weekend, the inaugural workers were summoned to their office on the Mall for the tedious task of straightening out the mix-up.

The familiar inaugural mess began on Friday, January 15, as thousands poured into the city for a weekend of parties. By Sunday night, all Washington hotels were filled to overflowing, and latecomers were hunting for quarters in suburban Maryland and Virginia, some as far as fifty miles from the Capital. The Johnsons, returning Sunday from a Texas vacation, added to the crush by bringing along a planeload of relatives and friends who packed the White House and overflowed into Blair House. The unexpectedly large crowd quickly grabbed up any remaining tickets for inaugural affairs, which forced the President on Monday to tell Commerce Secretary John T. Connor: "Before you ask me, I'll tell you: I don't have any more tickets to the inauguration either. If you find some of your business friends do have, let's split them between your relatives and mine."

A weekend snow tied up traffic when the numerous receptions by the states began on Monday morning. The President spent most of the day at his desk, working on his inaugural address. He also sent a \$49 billion defense program to Congress and he attended the ceremony at which Commerce Secretary Connor took his oath. It was the distaff side that first participated in an official event: at three, Mrs. Johnson and Mrs. Humphrey shook hands with five thousand women at the Distinguished Ladies Reception in the National Art Gallery. That evening, four banquets, sponsored by the Democratic National Committee and the President's Club, were held for those who had contributed \$1000 to the

campaign. The Johnsons briefly visited the dinners at the Shoreham and the Sheraton Park Hotels. Wealthy Texans had virtually taken over the Sheraton Park; the President greeted the diners with: "Welcome to the Sheraton Texas." During the campaign, Johnson's dominant theme had been "the Great Society," to evolve from a sweeping war against poverty. Now at the Texas dinner he observed that the room did not look like a hotbed of poverty. "But wait 'til you get home and see the bills!" he joked. The Johnsons then returned to the White House for a family dinner of New York steak and baked potatoes, with Baked Alaska for dessert. The Humphreys, meanwhile, visited banquets at the Mayflower Hotel and the International Inn, then dined in a private room at the Inn with thirty-eight guests.

The main event of the evening was the fund-raising gala, attended by ten thousand at the National Armory. The curtain was held for thirty-five minutes as the tardy Presidential party made its way through heavy traffic, and then for two hours there was a parade of entertainers featuring Carol Channing, Harry Belafonte, Julie Andrews, Carol Burnett, Mike Nichols, Elaine May, Johnny Carson and Alfred Hitchcock. A *pas de deux* by Dame Margot Fonteyn and Rudolf Nureyev of the British Royal Ballet was considered the high point of the program. The Johnsons and the Humphreys were introduced to the audience from their box and later met the performers.

Tuesday was more of the same—a lot more. Fifteen different receptions were held during the day, with government officials and diplomats shuttling among them by bus. At noon, addressing a Young Democrats luncheon, Hubert Humphrey poked fun at his imminent obscurity as Vice President by announcing that he had made a study of the Vice Presidency and found that it had been filled by many illustrious men. He asked: "Who can forget those storied Vice Presidents of the past? William A. Wheeler! Daniel D. Tompkins! Garret A. Hobart! And Henry Wilson!" The crowd roared. Actually, Humphrey was assured of

far more prominence in Administration affairs than any of his predecessors, not only because the horizons of the office itself had been expanded but also because President Johnson and he were already old friends, personally closer than any of the men who had filled their roles before them. This in itself was an inauguration first.

Tuesday afternoon, the Johnsons attended the reception given by the governors of the fifty States at the Sheraton Park Hotel. In a jovial mood that contrasted with his usual reserve, the President kissed the ladies, and he was equally warm towards political foes and friends. He had a long talk with New York's Republican Governor Nelson Rockefeller; he told Michigan's Republican Governor George Romney: "Pick up the phone and call me any time." He also had a long talk with Governor Paul Johnson of Mississippi, a state which, because of the Civil Rights Bill, had gone to Goldwater by eighty-seven per cent. From the hotel, the Johnsons went next to a reception at the State Department for winners of the Medal of Freedom. The Humphreys were at a reception given for them at the Shoreham Hotel.

The cultural event of the inauguration occurred Tuesday evening, a concert at Constitution Hall by the National Symphony Orchestra, featuring Isaac Stern, Van Cliburn, Theresa Coleman and Todd Duncan; this was followed by more culture at a State Department reception and dance for composers, writers and performers. Before the evening ended at 1:30 A.M., levity took over when the President's daughter, Luci Baines, led the younger group in an athletic demonstration of the currently popular Watusi and Frug dances.

At 6:45 A.M. on inauguration morning, two aides, Bill Moyers and Jack Valenti, arrived at the President's bedroom with another revision of his speech. They worked until seven-forty; then the President showered, shaved, and dressed in a dark blue suit, after which he had breakfast with his wife. The menu: hot tea, Crenshaw melon and chipped beef on toast. Going to his office, Johnson skimmed the morning newspapers and read his daily secret intelligence report. Meanwhile, the Humphreys

and other notables were arriving at the White House for the ride to the National City Christian Church, at Thomas Circle NW, for a religious service at nine. Protestant, Catholic and Jewish clergymen led what was the first interfaith religious ceremony of its kind. Back at the White House at nine forty-five, Johnson changed to the dark Oxford gray suit he had chosen to wear for his inauguration, and he then visited with his Texas relatives and friends while awaiting the return of other inauguration principals at eleven. Inauguration officials had vowed to keep the day's events on schedule, and their only worry was Hubert Humphrey whose disregard for time had been a campaign headache for his aides. Today, however, the Vice President-elect was running sure and steady.

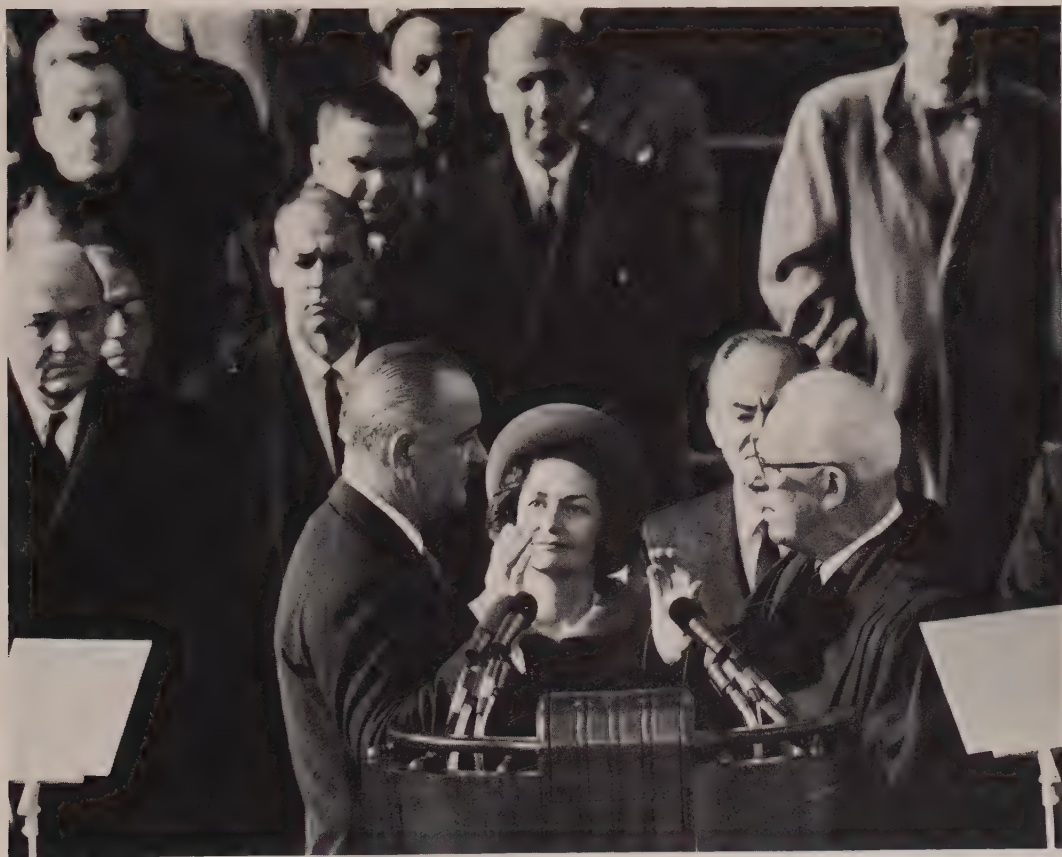
The safeguards taken to protect Lyndon Johnson and Hubert Humphrey were the most stringent in history—but there was good reason for it. Still painful in the nation's memory was the assassination of John F. Kennedy on the streets of Dallas. Having learned again that the country's leaders could be the victims of madmen instead of enemies, every care had to be taken to protect the President and the Vice President along the parade route. Over five thousand security guards were stationed along the parade route, kept in contact by walkie-talkies and closed-circuit television. Orders had been issued that all windows in buildings along Pennsylvania Avenue were to remain closed until after Johnson had returned to the White House. Weapons of armed men marching in the parade were inspected to be sure they contained no bullets. Even four Cochiti Indians in the parade had to remove the steel tips on their arrows. At the Capitol, a thick sheet of bulletproof glass served as a railing at the microphones. And the enclosure from which the President would review the parade at the White House was surrounded by bulletproof glass and made bombproof. The limousine in which Johnson made his round trip to the Capitol was the same vehicle in which President Kennedy had been shot, but now it was reinforced with layers of steel and bulletproof glass.

Everyone knew about these precau-

tions, and the knowing somehow sobered the day, as though the people were embarrassed by the ugly facts of life. The huge crowd along the Avenue was quieter than such crowds should be. Attempts at levity somehow fell flat. Though the only official reference to John F. Kennedy during the day was indirect, when in his speech Johnson recalled his pledge to lead "on that sorrowful day last November," memories of the slain President were everywhere. Many people visited his grave at Arlington Cemetery; his brother, the newly-elected New York Senator Robert F. Kennedy, went there twice. Mrs. Jacqueline Kennedy declined a personal invitation

from the Johnsons to attend the inauguration rather than stir a nation of heartaches by her presence.

There was, then, an undercurrent of restraint in a day that was otherwise filled with the traditional hoopla of inaugurations, particularly Democratic inaugurations, this one heavily flavored with Texas revelry. The Presidential entourage left the White House at eleven-fifteen and was at the Capitol in fifteen minutes. Johnson was led immediately to an office off the Rotunda, where he awaited the signal to go out to the platform. While there, he inserted his contact lenses. The day was clear, the sun warm, the temperature at



January 20, 1965: Mrs. Lady Bird Johnson holds the Bible as President Lyndon B. Johnson receives his oath of office from Chief Justice Earl Warren. *Wide World Photo.*

38°, and a brisk wind occasionally swept across the plaza where ten thousand invited guests awaited the historic moment, while millions watched on television.

About ten minutes later and to the cheers of the crowd, a Congressional escort led Hubert Humphrey to the rostrum. There was then an awkward lapse of six minutes before Lyndon Johnson appeared. Humphrey occupied himself by chatting with the men near him and moving over to Mrs. Johnson to kiss her cheek. When the President came on the platform, events moved swiftly. As Archbishop Robert E. Lucy of San Antonio read the invocation, Johnson and Humphrey, both without hats or coats, stood side by side, their heads deeply bowed. After Leontyne Price of the Metropolitan Opera Company sang "America the Beautiful" and after a prayer by Rabbi Hyman J. Schachtel of Houston, Hubert Humphrey stepped to the microphones to take his oath of office from House Speaker John W. McCormack who, for over a year, had been next in line for the Presidency. The Humphrey family Bible was held by Fred Gates, a Minneapolis businessman and an old friend of the Vice President-elect. Ordinarily a rapid speaker, Humphrey plainly struggled to repeat his oath at a dignified pace. Fervently he added: "So help me God." He then turned and kissed his wife.

After a prayer by Reverend George R. Davis of Washington, Lyndon Johnson came forward for his oath. For unexplained reasons, he stood to the left of the rostrum, as viewed from the audience, instead of on the right, as all his predecessors had stood. Chief Justice Earl Warren faced him. Then Mrs. Lady Bird Johnson came forward to hold the family Bible during the oath, making her the first woman ever to take so active a role in an inauguration. The Chief Justice had enounced the first phrase of the oath before he and Johnson realized they had not raised their right hands and Johnson had not placed his left one on the Bible. They corrected this and proceeded. During the oath, Mrs. Johnson looked at her husband with eyes full of love and pride. It was 12:03, one of the most

punctual inaugurations in the history of the country. The oath finished, President Johnson shook hands with Justice Warren. At the same time Johnson and his wife touched each other's arm.

The President's short 1,500-word address was read slowly and earnestly in twenty-one minutes. Rich in idealism and challenge, it was regarded by many as more of a sermon; there were few interruptions by applause. Urging the exercise of justice, liberty and unity in the pursuit of the Great Society, he said: "I do not believe that the Great Society is the ordered, changeless and sterile battalion of the ants. It is the excitement of becoming—always becoming, trying, probing, failing, resting and trying again—but always trying and always gaining." Mrs. Johnson later said that this was the part of the speech that went straight to her heart; the audience felt it, too, and cheered.

It was when the President was crossing the Rotunda on the way to lunch that he thought to stop and kiss his wife. Seeing this, his two daughters stepped to him and kissed his cheek. Five luncheons were held for the platform celebrities, in the Capitol and in adjoining Government buildings, but the guest lists were not disclosed in order to protect sensitive Washington egos from being wounded by the discovery that some social competitor had been invited to a meal of higher stature.

The inaugural parade started at two, a half-hour late because the President dalled over lunch in the old Supreme Court Chamber as he carried out his custom of trying to have a few private words with everyone within sight. Then, moments after Johnson had entered his limousine for the return to the White House, he startled his guards by leaping out of the car to walk over and greet the band members of Southwest Texas State College, his alma mater. For several uneasy moments, the nation held its breath as Lyndon Johnson performed the function so essential to politicians and now so risky for Presidents—meeting the people.

If the inaugural parade had any spark, it was President Johnson who provided it

by his obvious enjoyment of the spectacle in his honor. Right at the start, he demonstrated his folksiness by taking his dog into the reviewing booth and putting it on a chair, as if to provide it with a better view. On the President's orders, all displays of military might were barred from the parade: each branch of the Armed Forces was allowed one band and one marching unit, as were the service academies. The fifty states were limited to a Governor's car, one band, one marching unit and one float. Texas and Minnesota, however, were permitted a second band, and Texas got in an extra float—a replica of the President's ranch at Johnson City in Texas. To keep the parade on schedule, the 15,000 marchers passed in a hasty and indistinguishable blur in two and a half hours, and the only fun in it was the President himself, clapping, winking, waving, making his O.K. sign of approval, moving back and forth in his booth to greet visitors who stopped in briefly with hearty hospitality. When the parade petered out, President Johnson turned to those nearby and, in the naive neighborliness that was a key to his success as a sophisticated politician, he said: "Thank you very much. You are wonderful people, and you have made this such a lovely day, and we will try so hard to be worthy of your trust and friendship."

This same natural good fun prevailed at the five inaugural balls that night. At each, the President and the Vice President made brief, joking speeches, then danced with their wives, with each other's wife, and

with other wives who hopefully hovered nearby for the honor. At the Mayflower Hotel, President Johnson spied Margaret Truman in a box with her husband, Clifton E. Daniel, managing editor of the *New York Times*, both of them representing President Truman, who had been kept in Missouri on doctor's orders. Going to her, Johnson literally hoisted Mrs. Daniel over the four-foot railing and danced with her, to the crowd's roaring joy.

At an hour when the world was rent by small wars, revolutions, distrust and greed, there was a certain comforting security in watching the President of the United States openly enjoy his inaugural ball like a Texas rancher proudly entertaining kinfolk at his daughter's wedding. On this day, Lyndon Baines Johnson had fulfilled the highest aspiration an American citizen could have by becoming the President in his own right and with an overwhelming mandate from his people. He had already given evidence that he could do the job, and even on this evening of carefree celebration he indicated he wanted to get on with it. When saying good night to the dancers at the Shoreham, he admonished: "Now, I want y'all to get to bed early tonight so we can all get to work early tomorrow for the Great Society." A ripple of laughter from the crowd suggested that he must be joking. But he was not. First thing the next morning, the Cabinet was summoned to the White House, and the work began.

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